

WANDERINGS IN IRELAND



M. M. SHOEMAKER

By M. M. SHOEMAKER

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"The Harp of Erin "

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"Winged Wheels in France," etc.

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1908

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

TO MY AUNT
ANNA L. SHOEMAKER
THESE NOTES ARE AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

ARE you minded for a jaunt through the island of Erin where tears and smiles are near related and sobs and laughter go hand in hand? We will walk, and will take it in donkey-cart and jaunting-car—by train and in motor-cars—and if you suit yourself you will suit me.

Leaving Dublin we will circle northward, with a visit to Tanderagee Castle and the tomb of St. Patrick—God bless him,—then on past the Causeway and down to Derry, and so into the County of Mayo, where in the midst of a fair you will encounter the wildest “Konfusion” and will be introduced to the gentleman who pays the rent.

In the silence and solitudes of the island of Achill you will see tears and hear sobs as you listen to the keening for the dead. Near the island of Clare, Queen Grace O'Malley will almost order you away, as she did her husband, and your motor with all its wings out will roll through the grand scenery of the western coast—now down by the ocean and then far up amidst the sombre mountains—Kylemore Castle and quaint Galway,

Leap Castle—ghost-haunted—and moated Ffrankfort, Holy Cross and the Rock of Cashel—will pass in stately array and be succeeded by a glimpse of army life at Buttevant, and a dinner at Doneraile Court, where you will hear of the only woman Free Mason. Killarney will follow with its music and legends, and Cork and Fermoy, and so on and into the County of Wexford, where you will rush through the lanes and byways and will scare many old ladies—driving as many donkeys—almost into Kingdom Come. You will be welcomed at Bannow House and entertained in that quaintest of all earthly dwellings, “Tintern Abbey,” which was a ruin when the family moved into it more than three centuries ago. You will visit the buried city of Bannow and pass on to where Moore watched the “Meeting of the Waters.” You will visit in stately mansions, and go with a wild rush to the races at the Curragh. At Jigginstown House you will be reminded of the cowardice of a king, and as you bid farewell to Ireland you will lay a wreath on the grave of Daniel O’Connell,—all this and much more if you are so minded.

M. M. S.

UNION CLUB, NEW YORK, January 1, 1908.

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WANDERINGS IN IRELAND

CHAPTER I

Welcome to Ireland—Quaint People of Dublin—Packing the Motor and Departure—Tara Hill; its History and Legends—Ruins at Trim—Tombs of the Druids—Battle-field of the Boyne.

“GLORY be to God, but yer honour is welcome to Ireland.”

An old traveller understands that it is the unexpected which makes the joy of his days. I had come to Europe with the intention of spending some conventional weeks in London, followed by an auto tour with the family through the fair land of France. Fate brings me, upon my first day in town, to Prince's Restaurant, when out of the chaos of faces before me rises one whose owner, a son of Erin whom I had last seen under the cherry blossoms of Japan, advances upon me. Then the conventional promptly drops off and away, and it is but a short while before a motor tour is arranged in the Emerald Isle, a month to be passed amidst its beauties and miseries, its

mirth and its sadness, for all go in one grand company in the land of St. Patrick.

With Boyse of Bannow I shall follow the fancy of the moment, which to my thinking is the only true mode of travel.

"Du Cros" has agreed to furnish a perfectly new Panhard for and upon the same terms which I received in France last year, viz., thirty pounds sterling per week, and everything found except the board and lodging of the chauffeur. These very necessary details arranged we are impatient to be off and leave London on a hot day in June. The smells, dirt, and dust of her wooden streets, driven in clouds over all the grand old city, follow us far out into the green meadows of England until we ask whether the hawthorn blossoms have ever held any fragrance, and have we not been mistaken as to roses. But London is not all of England, and we are finally well beyond her influence and wondering why we remained within her limits with the beautiful country so near at hand. The meadows of England giving way to the mountains of Wales, one catches a glimpse of the stately towers of Conway Castle, and then sails outward and westward upon a level sea, which, on its farther side, holds the haven of desire, Dublin, on the broad waters of the Liffey.

Ireland welcomes us, weeping softly the while, though smiling ever and anon as the sunlight rifts downward from the west. The gang-plank is

slippery and the pavements mucky, but our welcome is a warm one, at least one fat, comfortable looking old woman with a shawl over her head, a gown whose colour I cannot attempt to give, and shoes which have evidently been discarded by her "auld man," greets me with a "Glory be to God, but yer honour is welcome to Ireland!" and then catching sight of my Jap servant, she gives utterance to a very audible aside, "Be the powers of the divil, phat's that he has wid him!" crossing herself vehemently the while, firmly convinced, I doubt not, that she has seen a limb of Satan, which I think he strongly resembles.

The Shelburn Hotel receives us within its walls, unchanged in the thirty years which have elapsed since I last crossed the threshold, a comfortable inn, pleasantly situated upon College Green, where a band of Irish musicians are discoursing American ballads of the early sixties.

One runs into the tide of American tourists here in Dublin, and to-night this hotel is crowded with them. The clatter of tongues proving too much for me, I dine and start to bed as soon as possible—a good book and an easy resting-place are attractive after the long ride from London.

In the hallway I encounter the porter trying to induce an old gentleman to go to bed. Said gentleman is drunk as a gentleman should be, and sound asleep in his chair, holding fast to

a glass of whiskey and soda, from which no efforts of the porter can part him.

“What’s the number of your room, sir?”

The sleeping eyes half open as the happy man murmurs, “Wasn’t you tryin’ to stale my whiskey just now?”

“Well, I thought, sir, ye would be more comfortable in yer room.”

“Let slapin’ dogs lie, me boy. But ’twas in a good cause ye did it, and so I’ll go,” and he staggers off to the lift, sleeps on my shoulders until I get out, and probably on the bench for the rest of the night, as that small lift boy could never move that bulk, redolent of whiskey and good humour.

So far I have heard nothing from Boyse, who was to have rejoined me here, and, when ten o’clock comes round, give him up for the night, and putting out the light am shortly in the land of dreams, only to be awakened by a clatter on the door followed by the entrance of the missing man. He has put up at the Club, having reached here ahead of me. Our car he reports ready for us at nine to-morrow morning, and I shortly drive him out as it has gotten late.

One must be of a sour disposition if one does not laugh in Ireland, and be assured her people will always laugh with one, though at times there sounds a catch of a sob running through it all. Seat yourself on any spot in the island, and something funny is apt, nay almost sure, to occur

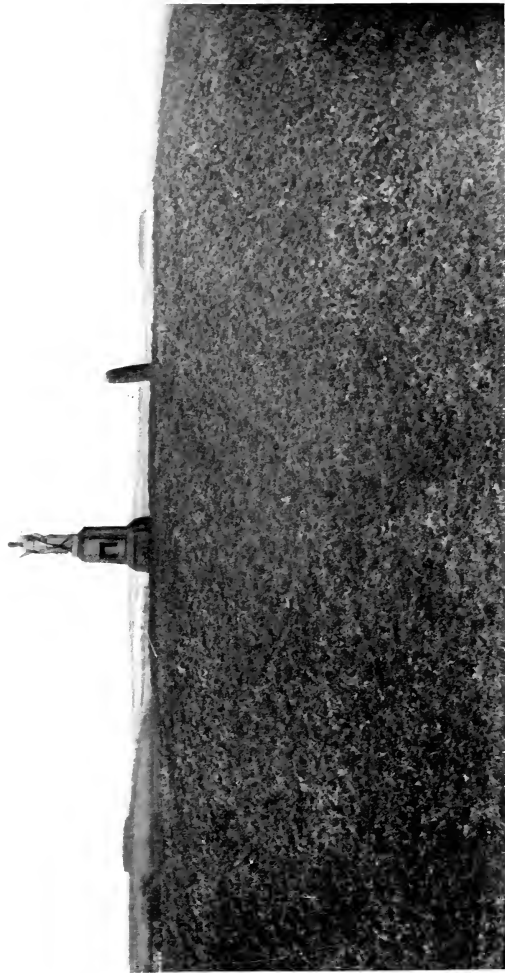


Photo by W. Leonard

Statue of St. Patrick on Tara Hill

before you depart; all of which is apparently arranged for your especial benefit.

It is raining this morning and it is Sunday, which in the dominions of his Majesty does not mean a day of diversion unless you happen to be a guest in some country house. I am in a secluded seat on the portico of the hotel, when directly before me, on the only spot of pavement visible, appears a girl of fourteen dressed in everything which could never by the widest stretch of the imagination have been intended for her when purchased. She summons "Katie darlin'" not to be such a "truble" to her, but to appear and "spake to the gintleman," whereupon from around the corner of a stone post comes "Katie darlin'," a mite of a child some two feet tall with a pair of black eyes sparkling all over her dirty little face. She is robed in what looks like a blue plush opera-cloak on wrong side in front and festooned over what were once shoes; her shock of never combed hair is topped by an old woman's bonnet. "Katie darlin'" is evidently out for her Sunday. She is glad to see every one, and especially "Your honour" after the reception of a "ha'penny." Bless her dirty little face, what will be her portion in this life, I wonder! Yet, after all, being Irish, she is safer than if born of another race, for the women of her land do not go down to death and destruction as easily as those of other countries, be it said to their credit. God grant it may be so with "Katie darlin'," who goes

smilingly away to meet whatever fate the future holds for her, and which disturbs her not at all as yet.

The morning of our start from Dublin opens windy and with drifting clouds but is a fair day for hereabouts, and after all these grey skys are very soothing to one's eyes.

Our motor rolls up at ten A.M. and proves to be a handsome new Panhard of fifteen horse-power. Packing and stowing take a half-hour the first day, as economy of space is to be desired, and the proper arrangement of luggage is a question to be considered. However, all is done and I roll off to the "Kildare Street Club," where Boyse awaits me.

His traps necessitate a new arrangement of all the luggage, which I am not allowed to superintend at all, but am carried off to a room well to the rear where a whiskey and soda is vainly pressed upon me. I should much prefer to stay outside and boss the job of loading up, but that would be undignified. So we stay cooped up until all is arranged, and then sally forth and roll away with the utmost grandeur of demeanour. I object several times during the day to the arrangement of those traps, impressing upon Boyse the truth of the old saying, "if you want a thing done, go,—if not, send—" and pointing out to him that therein lies the reason for the increasing glory and prosperity of our country and the evident decadence of the British Empire.

He does not take me as serious,—perhaps I am not,—but daily life must have its spice and we spend many hours like Pat and “Dinnis” on the quay at Cork of a Saturday evening, “fighting each other for conciliation and hating each other for the love of God.”

Speeding away through Dublin’s busy streets and out into Phoenix Park, existence becomes life once more. The rushing winds drive the last taint of the city and its world of men and women off and away. Beyond the confines of the park we enter at once into the green country; tall hawthorn hedges toss their branches above us as we speed onward, the car moving like a bird. These are not French roads but they are far from bad. Mile after mile glides by us, and a sharp rain forces the top over our heads, but not for long,—it is soon down again, and we give ourselves up for an hour to the enjoyment of mere motion. And then history claims our attention. Dublin is of course rich in its memories but leave it for the present and speeding westward some thirty miles pause at the foot of Tara Hill, the most renowned spot in Ireland. There are few in our Western land who do not remember the sweet old song of Moore’s:

“The harp that once through Tara’s halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara’s walls
As if that soul were fled.”

And there are many to whom its melodies will recall those better days when voices long since sunken into silence sang them off into dreamland with those words.

Green grow the grasses to-day over this site of Ireland's most ancient capital. Gone are its garland-hung walls, silent its harps for ever.

Leaving the present behind, one passes into the remotest recess of the island's past as one mounts the hill. To-day wavering misty shadows close in around me as I move upward, even as though the spirits of the ancient kings and minstrels were yet about, and the winds moan as though driven across the strings of many harps, and there seems melody all around me.

Tara is not a great hill, but a fair green mound from which the ancient kings were wont to spy out all the fair land around them. It was the most sacred spot in the kingdom and none could wear the crown who bore blemish of any sort. Cormac Mac Art, the great King, was, upon the loss of his eye, forced to retire to the hill of Skreen near-by. For twenty-five hundred years, Tara was the palace and burial-place of the kings of Ireland, who every third year met here in great convention. To-day as I stand on its summit nothing of that period, save some long mounds, breaks the green carpet of grass thrown like the covering of our holy communion over this holy of holies. Tara was mentioned by Ptolemy and he called it "illustrious." Its name by some is

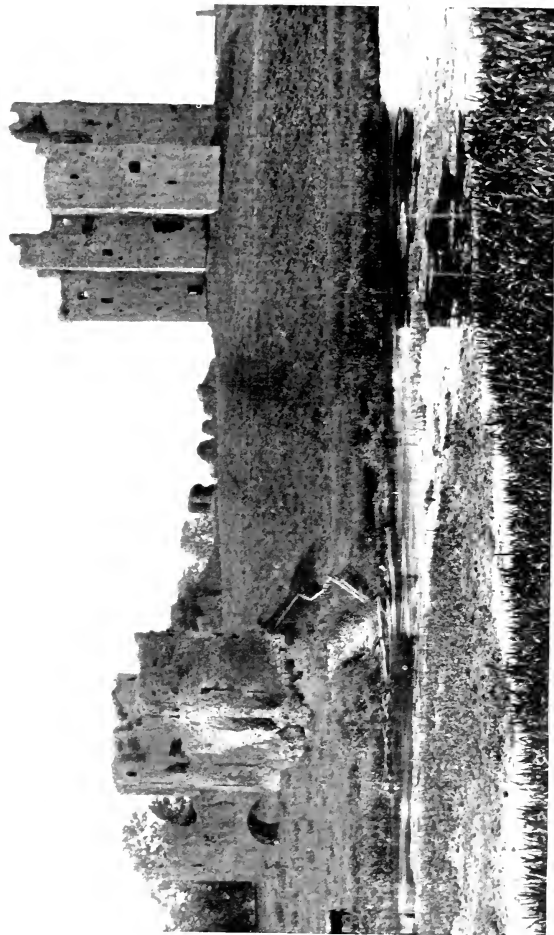


Photo by W. Leonard

Castle of King John Trim

supposed to be taken from that of the wife of a King, Heremon, the first monarch of Ireland. "Thea" was her name and the place was called Temora (the house of Thea), but others call it "the house of music" (Thead, a musical chord, and mur, a house).

The main hall stood nine hundred feet square and "twenty-seven cubits in height." It held its thousand guests daily and on great days the monarch sat on his throne in its centre, his flowing yellow hair bearing the golden crown, his stately form clothed in a brilliant scarlet robe laden with rich ornaments of gold. Golden shoes ornamented with red buckles and bearing stars and animals in gold, were upon his feet; the King of Leinster sat, facing him, the King of Ulster sat on his right, the King of Munster on his left, while the King of Connaught sat behind him. On long rows of seats before him were the druids, bards, philosophers, antiquaries, genealogists, musicians, and the chiefs of all the towns of the kingdom. The assembly was opened by the chief bard, followed by the druidical rites, after which the fire of Saman, or the moon, was lighted. Not until then was the business of the convention taken up. In one part of the palace, the youths were instructed in poetry and music and initiated into the hidden harmony of the universe. Evidently in those days a city must have surrounded the base of this hill, but of the houses of the people little seems to be known and nothing is left.

Wanderings in Ireland

In these long mounds the traveller to-day may trace the outlines of the hall composed of earth and wood from whence one hundred and forty-two kings ruled the land, the great King Cormac dating back to A.D. 227, and he it is who is supposed to have built this hall. Some claim that the celebrated "Stone of Destiny" now in the coronation chair in London was taken from here to Scotland. Of this there is no proof, but so runs the legend.

There is only the music of the wind-swept grasses on Tara Hill to-night, yet surely the moon rising so grandly yonder still holds her feast and is summoning her worshippers from the mists of the valley rising in fantastic forms all around us,—but the only thing bearing semblance of human form which she illumines is a crazy statue of St. Patrick here on the spot where he met and, by the power of the Lord, vanquished the magicians of the king. There could be no fitter heir to inherit and so we leave him in sole possession and go down to our car, which rolls us silently away through the green lanes and on towards Trim's ruined arches and towers. Now the tall "yellow steeple" of the Abbey of St. Mary's, founded by St. Patrick, and close into the town the great Castle of King John loom up in the moonlight. Vast in extent, the castle appears doubly so in this shadowy light, as we glide by it, a huge empty shell covered with clambering ivy.

Rolling on through the town we pass to Navan,

dear to hunters. All this is a fair green country where the grass is good for the cattle, where the poultry thrive, and the Boyne is full of fish, hence one notes on all sides the ruins of many monasteries, for those old monks were always to be found where their stomachs could be well taken care of; and yet with all that they were the power in the land, as the priest is still the power in southern Ireland.

Leaving Navan we turn north-eastward towards Drogheda. The road winds all the way by the banks of the Boyne and while that name recalls to mind most prominently the famous battle of the kings, James and William, still the region was celebrated long ages before either was thought of. The whole valley was a vast necropolis for the ancient kings and druids, and on both sides one sees the remains of a remote antiquity, especially at New Grange where one finds a tumulus covering some two acres. At first glance it resembles an Indian mound in America, but it is far more satisfactory to explore as one finds in its interior a tomb of extraordinary size and rich in carving, which is supposed to date as far back as the earliest bronze age, but who was buried here is a question which has never been settled.

We enter by a passage on its southern side about fifty feet long,—a stone corridor formed by upright slabs about seven feet high and roofed by stones of great size. Our glimmering candles

show the centre tomb to be a lofty domed chamber, circular in form, its roof composed of horizontally placed stones projecting one beyond the other and capped by a single slab some twenty feet above the observer. There are three recesses branching off from the rotunda, probably the tombs of the lesser mortals, while the body of the monarch evidently occupied the centre space.

There is another sepulchre of equal size at Dowth, and doubtless every hill or mound in sight holds others. If the Boyne as it winds and murmurs past them could speak, it could doubtless tell us tales of kings and druids, of royal coronations and priestly ceremonies, of life and death in the long dead past. How was it all, I wonder? Was it picturesque and beautiful or did the barbaric side crowd all that down and out, leaving nothing save a shuddering feeling of horror as one gazed on the rites of the druids?

These tombs were rifled by the Danes a thousand years ago, and therefore, aside from the carvings on their walls, have yielded but little of interest to the antiquary. There is nothing of animal or human life represented, merely coils, lozenges, and spirals, with now and then a fern leaf, but nothing which tells their story as do the Egyptian inscriptions. This valley of the Boyne is beautifully wooded and the roads are fine. Our route lies past the obelisk marking the famous battlefield where the sun of James II. set for ever. The valley is lovely and reminds one greatly

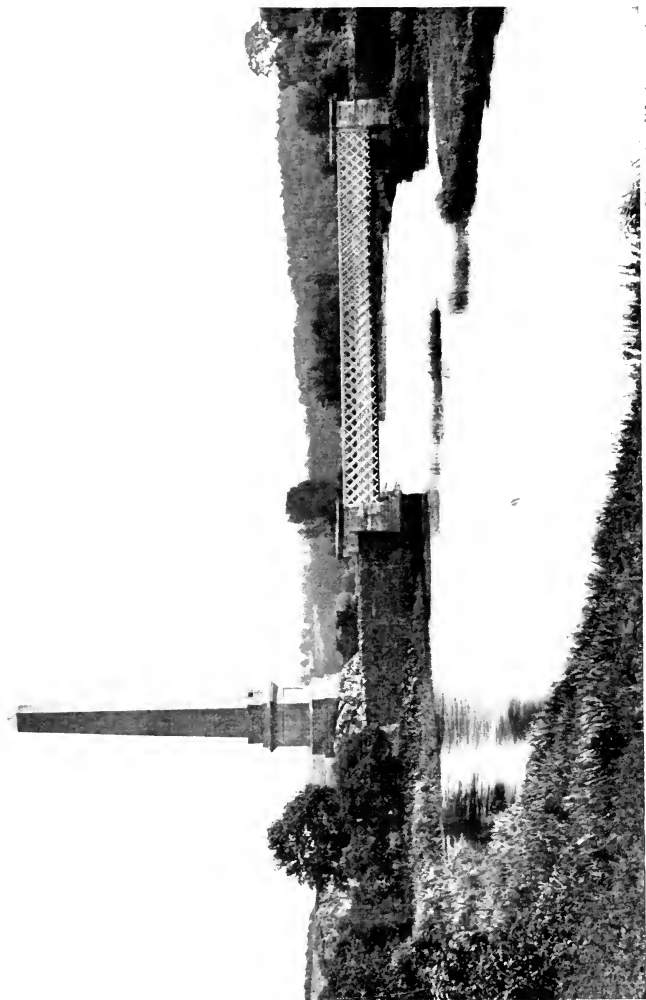


Photo by W. Leonard

Monument on the Battle-field of the Boyne

of that of the Thames near Richmond. It has taken most of the day to make the chauffeur understand that we are not out to kill time and distance. At the rate he would like to travel we should reach Iceland in time for tea even with the ocean to cross, but, as I have forced him to retrace the route several times, he seems at last to understand our determination not to rush.

The whole day's ride has been charming. We did not stop at Drogheda, but passed on to Newry, a twelve-mile ride over a very fine road, and rested at the Victoria Hotel, having covered one hundred and three miles since eleven this morning, with long stoppages several times. The auto has done splendidly and will do better as it gets down to work.

This is the Protestant end of Ireland, prosperous and contented apparently, but not picturesque. That goes with the state of affairs to be found in the southern half.

Newry is a clean town with neat shops and houses, and a good hotel, still there are Irish characteristics which those of us who remember the Irish maid of long ago in America will recognise at once. Many things are broken, "jist came that way"; a complete toilet set is unnecessary where there are windows; and I notice that the salutations sound always wrong end first,—when people meet they say "Good-night," a form never used elsewhere except when parting.

Apparently the hotel is the social club of the

town, where the men of a certain class gather in the evenings, and drawing their chairs in a circle before the bar, spend an hour or so in chaff with the barmaid, drinking porter the while. To-night the talk is of a more serious nature and turns on trade.

It is claimed that what kills all chance of Ireland being a profitable country are the railway rates, that, for instance, it costs more to get corn from Galway to Dublin than from America to any point on the island.

I asked an Irishman whether Gladstone had benefited Ireland, and he replied, "he was the cause of all our trouble, he cost Great Britain two thousand millions sterling and countless lives, and yet they put up statues to him."

The traveller of to-day sees no sign of the upper classes in Newry, though there are estates all around it, and in turning the pages of its history he will discover that it is a place of great antiquity, though its streets to-day show no signs thereof. Prosperous and commonplace would best describe it. However, it is just the prosperous and commonplace which the traveller most welcomes as night comes down upon him, for there, and not amongst the romantic and picturesque, in Ireland at least, does he find comfortable quarters and good food. So it is to-night and so to bed and dreams.

CHAPTER II

Through Newry to Tanderagee Castle—Life in the Castle—
Excursions to Armagh—Its History—The English in
Armagh.

OUR route lies from Newry north-west through Pointz-pass, beyond which as we approach Tanderagee, the castle, a stately stone structure, is seen towering high on a forest-crowned hill with a flag denoting its owner's presence floating from the main tower.

While the castle is a modern structure of some seventy-five years of age,—originally built by the Count de Salis,—it stands on the site of the very ancient stronghold of Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted outlaw of Ireland. As we roll through the quaint town clustering around the hill, where every soul appears to have gone to sleep or gone dead long since, the sound of the motor brings a few pale faces to the doors of the houses, but it is very quiet withal.

Looking upward from this street the growth of trees is so dense that no sign of the castle is visible. We pass through almost a tunnel cut through the rocks and trees, and emerging in a

spacious courtyard, draw up at the main portal where the *maître d'hôtel* meets and conducts us within, our hosts being off somewhere in their motor but will return shortly.

This gives us time for a quiet inspection. We find ourselves in a long, wide, and lofty corridor having a row of windows on its right, while on the left one has entrance first to the main hall and chapel, stately apartments very richly decorated, and then in order follow several drawing-rooms, a library, and a spacious dining-hall, and from the walls of each and all, the painted faces of those who walked these chambers long ago look down upon us with questioning gaze as though they still retained some interest in this world of the living, and yonder dame would, I know, like to hear the latest news from London; but take my advice, my lady, and let it pass, it is productive of just the same unrest and discontent now as when you trod the boards of that great theatre of life,—Dead Sea fruit, the whole of it.

Wondering what part she played in life, my eyes wander to an open window and straightway all thoughts of Madam vanish as I gaze downward through the glades of one of those beautiful parks which abound in these dominions. A stately terrace of stone shrouded in ivy runs below these windows and from it the land drops away into a gentle valley filled with great trees and blossoming banks of rhododendrons with here and there a stretch of grass-land and a gleam of water,



Photo by W. Leonard

Tanderagee Castle

a vista which must have been a perpetual delight to the Duke who collected these books in this library, for a lover of books is generally a lover of nature.

Passing onward you will enter the courtyard and at the end of the long arcades on one side find the billiard and smoking rooms. On the upper floors, aside from the state and family apartments, one finds long rows of bachelor apartments, twenty or thirty of them I should say, and in the middle of the row a cozy octagon chamber where much high revel has held forth, and which looks very lonely just now. There are small closets in the walls which certainly did not hold holy water.

But times are changed at Tanderagee, and while there is to-day high revel within its walls, it comes from the fresh young voices of children and would in no way appeal to the ghosts which haunt the octagon chamber.

After luncheon we visit the little ones in their rooms high up in the sunlight, and very happy, fine children they appear to be. Round-eyed little Lady Mary did the honours and presented her brother, who at the time was making vain attempts to stand on his head in a corner, while the new baby dreamed his days away in a crib by the fire. I am told that the present Duke dying without an heir the estate would pass to a Catholic owner, much to the distaste of the tenants here, who are mostly Protestants, and

that when little Lord Mandeville was born the rejoicings were immense,—every man as he heard it having a pull at the church bell. Now there are two sons and hence little chance of the dreaded misfortune,—though it often happened during the Boer war that many estates in the empire fell to those so distant that no hope had been entertained for an instant of their so passing. Let us trust it will not occur here, for these are fine children.

Passing downward, we spend some hours in wandering over the park, pausing at last by the grave of the late Duke in the little churchyard. I did not notice the graves of any other members of the family. I believe former dukes are interred at Kimbolton, the family seat in England. The church holds some very beautiful windows erected by the present Duchess to the memory of her mother, Helena Zimmerman. As we return to the castle the voices of the children have roused all the echoes of the courtyard into wild replies and now the sunlight streams downward as though in thorough approval.

Tea-time, that most pleasant hour of the day, finds me in the chapel listening to the soft tones of the organ. My hand quite haphazard picks up a volume lying near me whose title at once chains my attention and in view of the base manner in which the author afterward sold his talents to her enemies and slandered his Queen it may be well to quote what he says of that Queen in this preface:

"TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[An Epigram of George Buchanan.]

"MADAM:

"Who now happily holdest the sceptre of the Caledonian coast conveyed from hand to hand through a long line of innumerable ancestors, whose fortune is exceeded by thy merits, thy years by thy virtues, thy sex by thy spirit, and thy noble birth by the nobility of thy manners,

"Receive (but with candour and good nature) these poems upon which I have bestowed a Latine Dress, etc. etc. I durst not cast away this ill-born product of mine lest I should reject what thou hast been pleased to approve. What my poems could not hope for from the wit and genius of the composer perhaps they will obtain from thy good-will and approbation."¹

Deep in thoughts of that most interesting period of Scotch history I do not even hear the dressing bell until its clangour becomes too insistent to be disregarded, and I mount to my room to dress for that most important function of the day—dinner. A bright fire makes the chamber warm and cozy so that it is difficult to resist the temptation to further reverie.

Evidently Tanderagee has been greatly im-

¹ The Preface of George Buchanan's Poetical Paraphrase upon the five books of Psalms.

Translated literally into English by Pat Stobin, A. M. Copied by me from the MS. copy of Stobin at Tanderagee, owned by the Duke of Manchester. The whole book is in MS.

proved of late years. In the building have been placed several modern bath-rooms, a Turkish plunge, and an electric light plant and steam heat, so that the damp, penetrating cold and musty, mouldy smell usually so ever-present in these houses, where fortunes are so constantly spent in decorations and so little done for actual comfort, are absent. From my window I can see on the lake of the park an ancient swan named Billy, alone in all his glory and from choice and bad temper, not necessity. He has killed off all his kind and all other kinds, is in fact a degenerate bird, and when evening comes on he betakes himself with the rest of the "boys" to the village street, and loafs around all night, no dog in the place daring to molest him. I saw him outside of a public house there with a desire for strong drink expressed in his eyes. He is a rake of the worst character but you dare not tell him so. He leaves the park every night before the gates are closed and returns next morning.

There are fine drives in all directions hereabouts, and the roads being good we have many a rush in the motor-cars,—one to an old ruin where the devil is supposed to leave the impress of his foot upon a plank in the floor each night. I doubt if to-day even the devil could reach the plank through the accumulation of dirt thereon.

As we wait in the quadrangle one morning for our motors, to my astonishment I am accosted

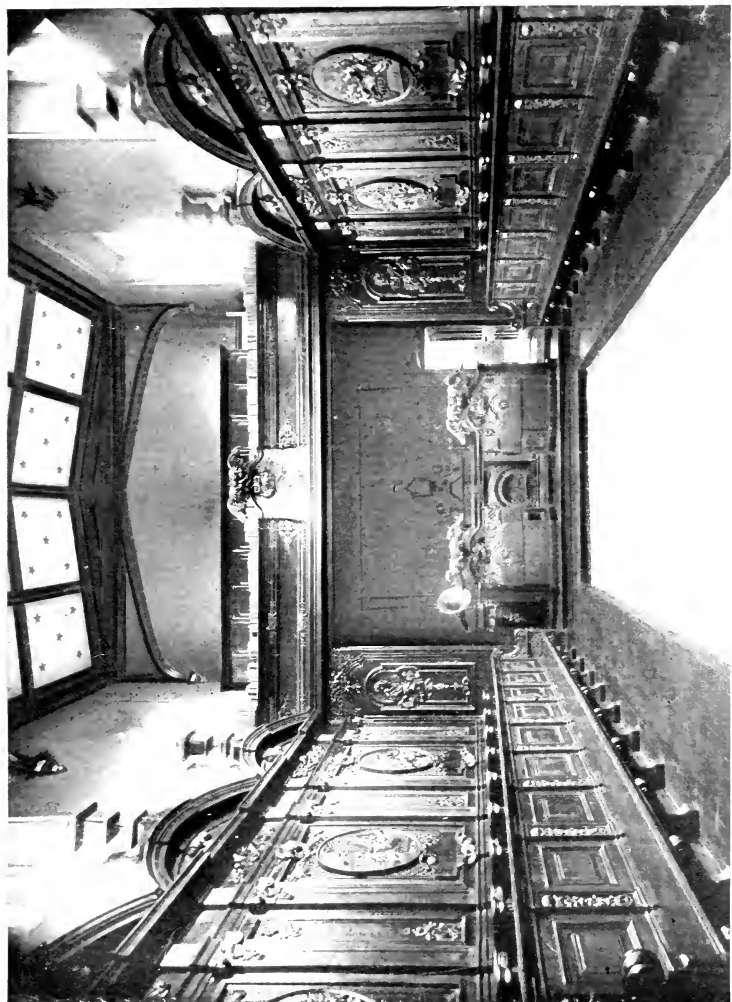


Photo by Wm. Lawrence

Chapel, Tanderagee Castle

in salutation by a name used only at home, and by those I have known for years. "How de do, Mr. Mike?" Around me rise the walls of the castle, but aside from the expressionless faces of the house servants standing near I can see no one until in a dark corner of the court a yet blacker spot suddenly shows a white gleam of teeth, and out into the light comes the speaker. "How de do, sir?— I'se de cook on de boss's car, and I knowed you all your life. Don't you remember nigger John and Miss Nancy Ballentine?" Convulsed with laughter, I can scarcely answer. This explains the hot bread and waffles on the breakfast table, which surprised me for the moment, but which I had entirely forgotten. Bowing and scraping came black "Tom" into the sunshine and it seemed to do his heart good to talk of the old times, of Black John our own cook, and Miss Nancy Ballentine, who "tended de ladies' waitin' room in the C. H. & D. station" when she was not assisting at the marrying or burying of most of us, at the latter wearing a dress composed of the crêpe from many a doorbell. That it did not match in degrees of blackness mattered not at all to the good dame. She arranged it in stripes and she could tell you which particular funeral each of those stripes came from. She has been dead many years, and to have her recalled here was strange indeed, but—the cars come with a rush, and we are off with a rush, speeding through the beautiful park whose trees

certainly equal any I have seen except of course those of California.

I find that my fifteen horse-power Clements keeps up very fairly with the Duke's motor of sixty horse-power. Of course on the wide straight roads of France this could not be, but on these narrow and crooked lanes of Ireland we are never very far apart, and have had many good runs together.

Our motoring carries us often to the town of Armagh where one comes across traces of the hatred of that Catholic Queen, Mary I., for the Irish. She burned this see and three other churches. The cruelties of that Queen to the people of Kings and Queens counties equals anything told in Irish history, but is rarely mentioned by the historians of the day. In fact, all the territory forming now those counties was stolen from its ancient owners and the name changed as above, resulting in a warfare which lasted into the reign of Elizabeth until the people finally disappeared into the mountains. No torture or cruelty was spared.

In *Forgotten facts in Irish History* we read that "it seems very apparent to the student of Irish history that these people received their persecutions not because they were *Catholics*, but because they were *Irish*. The most terrible persecutions took place under the Catholic sovereigns of England and not until those monarchs became so-called heretics was the Church of

Rome turned against them, so that at the present time it is the effort of all to show that the persecution if it exists is because of the religion."

The history of the archbishopric of Dublin is an object-lesson on the exclusion of the Irish from the Church ever since the Conquest. From 1171 down to the Reformation, in 1549, there were twenty-three archbishops of Dublin. Of these not one was Irish. For the archbishopric of Dublin "No Irish need apply!"

The Statute of Kilkenny enacted that no religious house shall receive an Irishman, under penalty of being attainted and having its temporalities seized.

One historian of our times asks:

"But would any Irishman have the hardihood to say that if King Edward VII. were to become a Roman Catholic (which heaven forbid), and to go hand in hand with the Papacy in the prosecution of their Imperial and world-wide projects, that the Pope would oppose the King in any tyrannies he might be disposed to inflict upon Ireland which did not run counter to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church? Would the Pope risk the friendship of the ruler of a great Empire for the sake of what Italians regard as 'a mere eruption on the chin of the world'?"¹

"The centuries of oppressive treatment which Ireland received while the whole kingdom was under

¹The late Professor Stokes ventured to say that an English Peer is a more welcome visitor at the Vatican than an Irish Roman Catholic Bishop.

the 'shelter of the wings of Rome' amply explains the animosity which rankles in the Irish heart towards England and everything English. The whole story of that almost forgotten period is a series of murders, cursings, tyrannies, betrayals, rapacity, hypocrisy, and poverty, which scarcely finds a parallel in the range of history."

Armagh has suffered terribly throughout the years since St. Patrick founded the cathedral, but though abounding in memories, there is little existing of the past in the town to-day. The site of its cathedral is very fine, but the building has suffered a complete restoration.

Our days at Tanderagee have passed pleasantly but they are over at last and bidding our hosts adieu we roll off towards Newry.

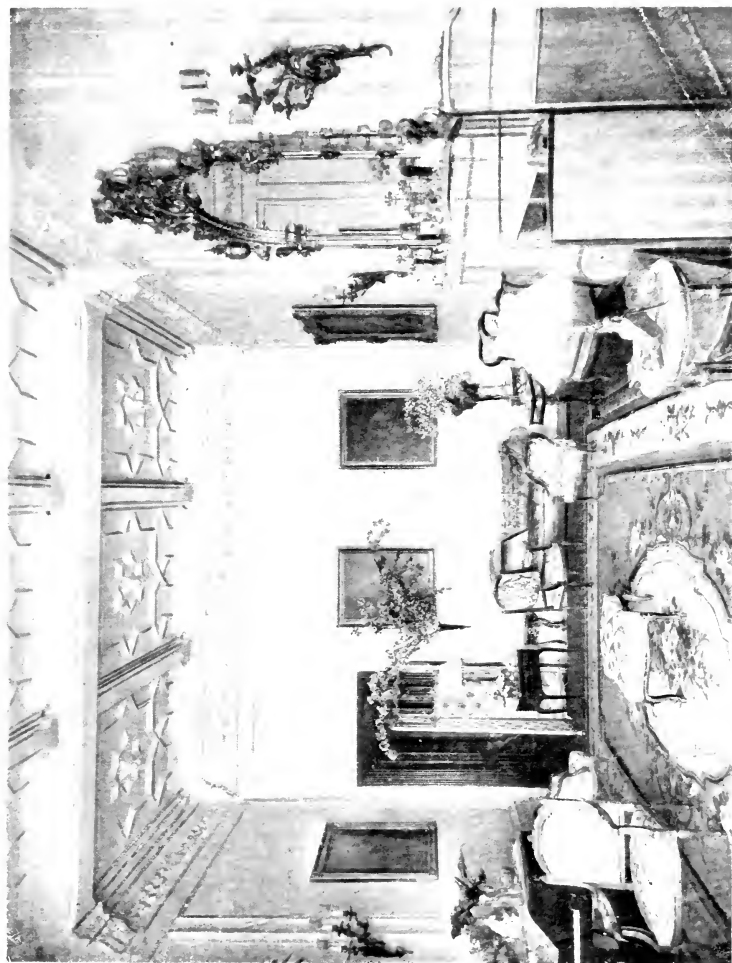


Photo by Wm. Lawrence

Drawing-room, Tanderage Castle

CHAPTER III

Through Newcastle to Downpatrick—Grave of St. Patrick—
His Life and Work—The Old Grave-Digger—Belfast
and Ballygalley Bay—O'Halloran the Outlaw.

IT is nearly six o'clock when we start from Newry towards Newcastle. Our road lies down the river, and so on by the sea the entire distance.

The highway is excellent all the way, some thirty-two miles, and the car speeds onward like a bird. The scenery is lovely, the glimpses of mountain and meadow, sea and sky enchanting.

About 7.20 brings us to the hotel at Slieve Donard, a very large costly establishment built by the railway company. It is evidently a watering-place of some importance, and next month (July) will see it crowded. The place is pleasantly situated by the sea and presided over by the Mourne Mountains. There are golf-links and the walks and drives are fine, but otherwise there is nothing of interest, and we shall move northward to Dundrum.

The morning is clear and crisp as we leave Newcastle, getting lost at once in the many byways, but that is rather a pleasure than an annoyance. All the roadbeds are fine hereabouts

and we roll merrily along over hill and down dale until Downpatrick comes into view, and we pass up her streets to her ancient cathedral, and there pay our devotions at the grave of St. Patrick.

The church stands well above its ancient city and is visible from all the country round about. Several places claim the birthplace of St. Patrick, but that benign Scotchman was born near Dunbarton. He himself says that his father was a deacon and his grandfather a *priest*. He was a nephew of St. Martin of Tours, the sister of that holy man having been the mother of the Irish patron. His name was Succat, but it is by his Latin name of Patricius that he is known best to the millions who revere his memory.

Ireland during its first millennium was called Scotland, and its people "Scots," and by these St. Patrick was taken prisoner when he was but sixteen years of age and carried to Antrim, where he was held for six years and forced to care for the swine of Michu, a chieftain. We are told that this occurred in the mountain of Llemish near Ballymena. During this period his thoughts were ever turned towards Christianity and after having effected his escape he is next heard of at Auxerre with its Bishop, Germanus, by whom he was admitted to holy orders. His thoughts always turned towards Ireland and here he landed when he was sixty years of age near the present church of Saul on Strangford Lough in

432 A.D. This was but four miles from Downpatrick, and there the Lord promptly blessed his work by enabling him to convert the chieftain of the district, Dichu, to Christianity, receiving as a gift the barn of that same chieftain, which formed the first Christian church of this island. The present church of Saul stands on the spot and that name is but a corruption of the ancient one of "Patrick's Sabbal," or barn.

From here the faith spread until it covered all the land, and here in 492 he died.

Both Armagh and Dundaletglass—Downpatrick—claimed a right to provide him with a tomb, and to settle the dispute two untamed oxen were yoked to his bier, and they stopped on this hill of Downpatrick. As to what sort of a wild ride they gave his saintship before, out of wind, they rested on this hill, history is silent, but, being Irish, there is no doubt but that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

I have always regretted that during an ocean voyage which I once made with the late Bishop Donnelly, I did not make inquiry concerning this funeral progress, for I have no doubt but that his reverence—he was not a Bishop then—knew all about it. I have never met any one who more thoroughly appreciated the sunshine and sorrow, the laughter and tears of the land he loved so well, and I greatly regret that that voyage was so short and that the good Bishop so soon thereafter entered into his rest. But to return.

As far as the actual grave of St. Patrick is concerned, there is, of course, no certainty; that he was buried somewhere on this hill appears beyond doubt, and probably near the spot the church was built on, but that his body remained long in the grave after he was elevated to the sainthood is clearly doubtful. Probably every church in Ireland has at one time contained a relic of his. As for this original church here, it is spoken of way back in the sixth century and again in the eleventh. The first claimed to have been erected by the saint himself.

The relics of Columba were brought from Iona here and it is related that it was that saint who enshrined those of St. Patrick just three-score years after his death. In his tomb were found his goblet, his Angel's Gospel, and the Bell of the Testament.

Into St. Patrick's tomb went also the bones of St. Brigid. The Danes came here, and Strongbow and King John passed by.

The present church is supposed to be only the choir of the great edifice—the second church—built by De Courcey and destroyed by Edward, Lord Cromwell in 1605; but it is so completely restored that it is of little interest, though very comfortable withal.

Just outside there stands a venerable gravedigger amongst the tombs, who might almost have been here fifteen hundred years ago, and certainly he would resent any insinuation that he

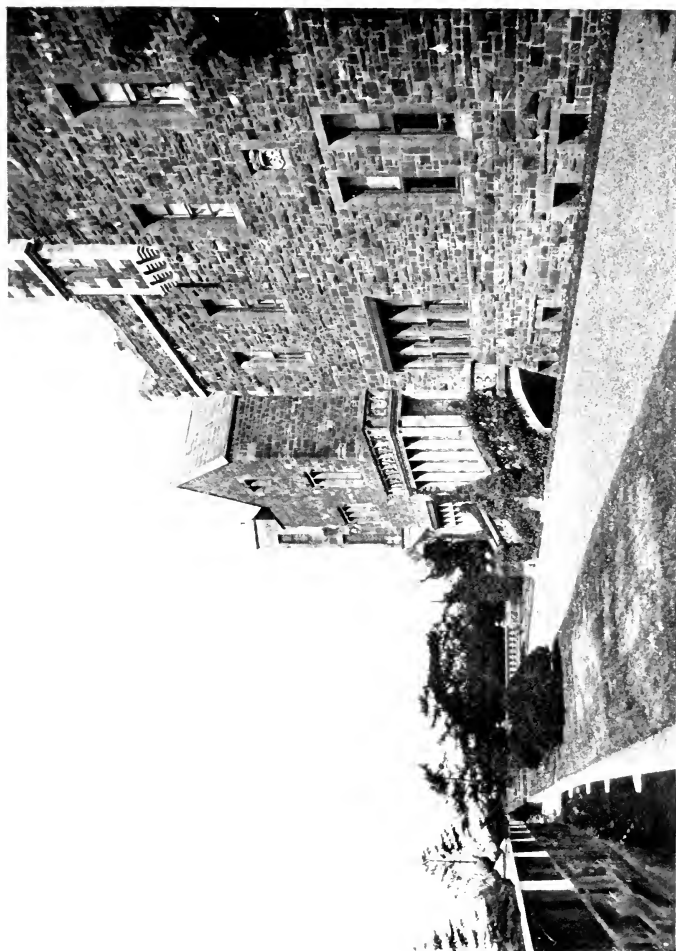


Photo by Wm. Lawrence

Terrace at Tanderagee Castle

was not well informed upon all which may or may not have occurred since the death of the saint. He is leaning upon his rake near the church door, and returns our salutation in an antique manner, nothing about him as it were, belonging to this latter day or date. "Yes, the cathedral can be visited, but perhaps 't would be as well to visit the tomb, I will show you that,—who better?"

It is off amongst a tangle of tombstones and high grasses, a great flat irregular boulder engraved with a Celtic cross and the saint's name—evidently the sinful dead have crowded as closely as possible around the saintly ashes in order perhaps to pass into the heavenly gates unobserved with such great company to chain the attention of St. Peter. But some of these around started on their last journey hundreds of years after St. Patrick,—still, as we are told that "in His sight a thousand years are but as yesterday," perhaps they all arrived together, and I doubt not that for his beloved Irish the holy Patrick would delay his entry as long as possible and even come back again from that farther shore at the calling of some late comers.

When I ask this grave-digger whether this be indeed the grave of the holy man, he looks wise, plucks a bit of grass from a near-by grave, and seizes his opportunity for an oration. It is useless to stop him with questions, he will answer as and when it pleases him; and so, sitting upon

the tomb with the sunlight falling in a glowing benediction upon us living and upon the old cathedral and its silent company, he speaks on and on. "There's many, your honour, phwat has heads but don't use thim. Is this *the* grave you ask. Well I have puzzled out the question for many years. I *don't* believe it is, as I suggested this spot to the antiquary society myself. In owlden days the spot prayed upon as his tomb was under yonder middle window of the church, but whin a bishop came along who wanted more silf-glory than one driveway would give him, he made that one there, and in so doing moved the owld tombstone,—not that I am claiming that even that was the first one laid upon the blessed corpse, for an owld woman of eighty who lived here until she was ten and then moved away, came back to bid farewell to her native town on going to America, and upon being shown the tomb undher the window asked since whin had the dead taken to moving their graves, for whin she left here it was below there in the valley. But we know it was around here some place, and this new spot is as good as any other." "Did St. Pathrick build that church?—no, sure, yer honour, he was not the kind of a man who wint around glorifying himself. If he had had as much money as that cost 't would be the poor who would have got it. Still, the church yonder is fifteen hundred years old, though it has been so built over that it is hard to believe it."

The old man would have talked on for ever, but, like most of his age, it would have been but vain repetition, and so we move off and away, feeling sure that the spirit of the benign old saint returns now and then in floods of warm sunlight to his ancient cathedral of Downpatrick.

Like most grave-diggers, the man up there knew more of the past than of the present, and when he told us that we would find a fine ferry from Strangford across the outlet of the lough of that name he spoke without advisement. We found a proposition to place some planks from one boat to another and so to ferry us and our great machine over one of the deepest, swiftest currents passing outward to the sea. It is useless to say that I vetoed this proposition, so we rolled backward almost to Downpatrick, and then turned north-west towards Belfast, which we reached for luncheon.

When I pass a city like Belfast without notice, it is not that there is not much of interest there, but that it has been so often described, and I would confine these notes to those more unfamiliar spots with which Ireland abounds, places of which the general run of travellers knows nothing. Yet Belfast, like its great neighbour Glasgow, possesses much of interest of which the guide-books make no note.

Leaving the busy city of the north, our route lies towards the sea and by the sea for some hours, the roads all very good. We pass Carrickfergus

and Larne and on the shores of Ballygalley Bay, coming to a sudden stoppage, discover on investigation that our stupid chauffeur has allowed the gasoline to run out. What to do is a problem, as we are some miles from any town and the road is a lonely one. To assist in a solution of the question Boyse goes to sleep in the motor and I go out on a lonely rock at sea where O'Halloran, that most renowned outlaw in Irish history, built his tower,—all in ruins now. For ten years he kept all this district in subjection and was killed in 1681.

There is but little left of his stronghold here—an angle of a tower, an outline of a wall or two,—all on a tiny island around which murmur the waters of the Irish Sea, while far out, seemingly afloat, in the hazy distance rise the shadowy shores of Scotland. That is Cantyre and Arran over yonder. There are no sails in sight and the sea is asleep. The highroad winds away close down by the shore on either hand, while high behind it the fantastic cliffs tower some three hundred feet and more, wild and desolate. To have passed this way in the days of O'Halloran, without paying heavy tribute, if he allowed you to go at all, would have been well-nigh impossible, and our further progress, unless that petrol comes, is as effectively prohibited.

But there is peace about just now, the drifting clouds above, the lapping waters and silent hills all around, Boyse still sleeping, and the auto



Photo by W. Leonard

The Tomb of St. Patrick

seemingly dead, while Yama occupies a pinnacle of an adjacent rock, a bronze Buddha on its travels, as it were. But far down the coast road a white speck shortly evolves into a jaunting-car laden with petrol cans—we had sent word back by a passing cyclist—whose contents are promptly transferred into our tank, and then with all paid for we glide away to the north, with one last glimpse at the ruined tower in its bay of Ballygalley.

I should make the chauffeur pay for his stupidity about that petrol, but I don't suppose I shall do so.

The ride to Ballycastle is joyous, the road very fine and smooth, running now by the glistening sea and then far up a thousand feet amidst the silence of the hill and moors, over which flocks of sheep are browsing upon grass rich and thick.

Several towns are holding fairs, and we have met two "Irish gentlemen" returning home who would not care to-day whether the Emerald Isle got her freedom or not. One led a huge stallion which pranced and snorted at our passing, but while unable to stand straight, his keeper held on to his charge, and I doubt not got him home safely, occupying most all the roadway in his progress. It will be a very sorry day indeed when an Irishman, no matter what his condition, cannot hold on to a horse.

Ballycastle is reached at eight o'clock and we find quarters in a very comfortable inn—the Marine Hotel,—after a run of over one hundred miles.

CHAPTER IV

Ballycastle to the Causeway—Prosperity of Northern Ireland—Bundoran—Gay Life in County Mayo—Mantua House—Troubles in Roscommon—Wit of the People—Irish Girls—Emigration to America—Episode of the Horse—People of the Hills—Chats by the Wayside—Mallaranny.

IT is nineteen miles from Ballycastle to the Causeway. Immediately upon leaving the former place, in fact quite within the town's precincts, we struck one of those steep short hills which seem greatly to try the temper of motors. While they will later mount much more difficult and longer slopes, with apparently no difficulty, such a hill so soon after breakfast always disagrees with them, and so it was just here. In fact, it looked as though we must get out and walk, but with an additional spurt and snort it was over the summit, and we tobogganed down the other slope at a speed which made us hold on tightly.

All this ride to the Causeway is up and down the wildest hills, close beside yet high above the neighbouring ocean, and at times the route lies down such steep inclines that I confess I take them in great trepidation, commanding Robert

to go slowly. This he consents to do at the very summit, but half-way down with what a whiz and a roar do we finish the descent, rushing far up the next incline!

There is a safer, far safer, route just inland, but the vote was against that. Yet at times when the wind is roaring past us, as we rush downward and we realise that a break in any part of our car might hurl us over the wall and hundreds of feet downward, we almost wish we had selected the safer route. The road is so close to the cliff's wall that the prospect along the coast is at all times grandly impressive while from far beneath arise the vague, delusive voices of the ocean. Pausing for a space we cross the wall and creep out on to a projecting headland and drink in the superb panorama. Far below us and far out to sea spreads the great floor of the Giant's Causeway, while on either hand away into the hazy distance of this lovely day in June stretch the fantastic cliffs and headlands of this romantic coast, showing by their jagged outlines the effects of their ceaseless battle with the sea. On the headland where we stand green grasses spangled with buttercups roll inland into broad meadow lands and towards distant purple mountains. This world may hold more lovely spots than Erin's Isle, but if so, I have never seen them.

As there are very few signboards in Ireland a motor tour is a constant study of the map and one must come provided with such. Before

leaving London I purchased a set of Stanford's, seven in all, covering this island, and very finely gotten up.¹ It is a pleasure to study them and a child could scarcely go wrong, though we have enjoyed the pleasure of getting lost several times.

So far my luck of two years back in France, as to weather, has followed us. Aside from one shower the first day we have had fine weather all the time, not all sunshine but no rains, and the cool grey skies with rifts of sunlight breaking through them, illuminating like a search-light spots of the land or sea, are beautiful.

The auto has settled down to serious work by now and rushes singing along, working better and better as the hours fly by. Leaving the Causeway our route lies inland through Bushmills, Coleraine, and Limavady.

All this end of Ireland appears prosperous. The highroads and villages are well kept. The land is strongly Protestant, its men and women fine, serious specimens of humanity, and there are no heaps of manure and filth near the tidy houses, while the old mothers go smilingly along through life.

Even the hens in this island have a degree of understanding denied their French sisters. Scarce

¹ There are also Mecridy's Maps for Cyclists and Tourists, published at the office of the *Irish Cyclist*, Dame Court, Dublin, at one shilling each. A very excellent lot of maps. Just what one wants and no more, and not so expensive as Stanford's.

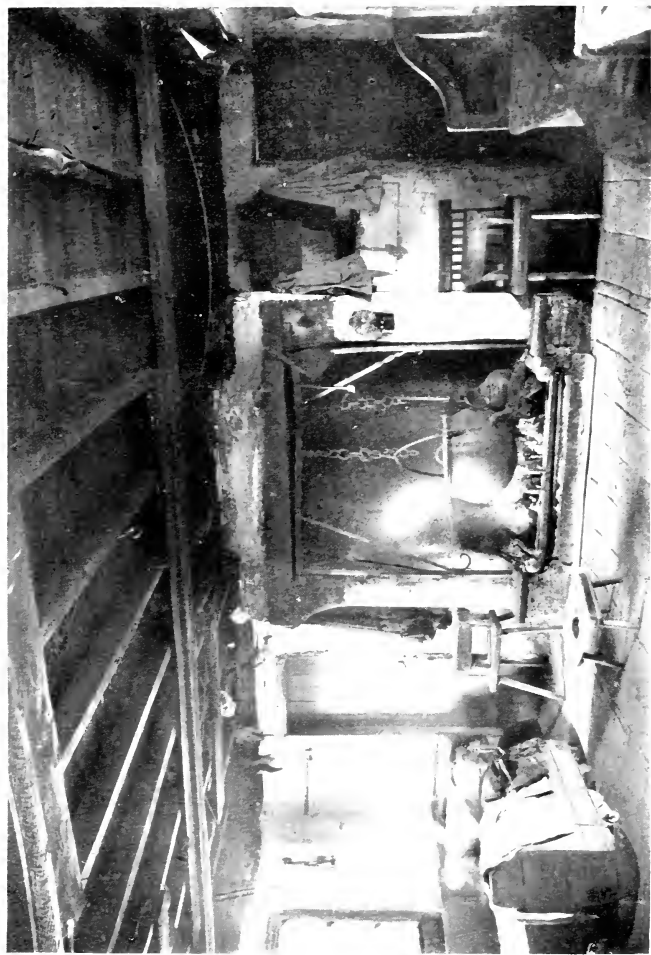


Photo by W. Leonard

The Interior of a Cabin of the North

one has attempted to cross our pathway and none have gotten killed.

Lunching at Londonderry we made a rapid run to Bundoran on the Atlantic coast. The ride was pleasant with good roads nearly all the way, part way over the highlands and part by the shores of Lough Erne. Bundoran is a desolate, bleak sort of watering-place, lonely and dispiriting, but with a comfortable hotel of the Great Northern Railway Company.

We depart next morning with every feeling of satisfaction. It is a dreary place and the life led therein is dreary also. The power of the ocean is so great here that it has carved the whole coast with caverns and gulches until the observer wonders whether it will not eventually carry off Bundoran, town, hotel, and all.

So we roll off into the sunshine and from the moment we enter County Sligo the fun begins. A spirited sprint with half a dozen young steers leads us through a group of jaunting-cars from which our passing causes men and women to descend in anything but a dignified manner. One portly dame in a white cap slips and sits down upon mother earth with much emphasis. Her remarks, though few, were to the point. Another gathers her skirts well around her waist, and regardless of a foot or more of panties takes a flying leap over a mud wall, and "Glory be to God's" resound on all sides. A flock of geese in attempting escape through the bars of a gate get

wedged therein, and keep the gate going by the motion of their wings, and as it swings to and fro rend the air with their squawking. On the whole the excitement would satisfy the most exacting and there is more to come.

This being the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul has been seized upon for fairs, and in all the villages great preparations have been made for their celebration. Towards each town droves of animals, mostly cattle but also many pigs, the latter scrubbed to cleanliness, make stately progress, the pigs in carts bedded with straw—not a mortal in any of the fairs is as clean as the pigs.

We were approaching one of these fairs, and moving as slowly as could be if we were to move at all. Cattle and pigs were all around us and generally paid no attention to our car, but one sportive young heifer decided otherwise, and with a snort and a whisk of tail she was off in the opposite direction. Evidently a leader of fashion in her circle, she created a fashion there and then for there was scarce a pig or cow which did not follow suit, urged on by many dogs. The noise and confusion was appalling, and the manner in which old men and women, comfortable Irish “widdies,” young men and maidens, took to trees and stumps gave added animation to the landscape. By this time we had come to a halt. I did not want to laugh, and the suppression of that emotion caused the tears to course down my face. Just then a man advanced towards us, his face

aflame, his raised right arm grasping a bowlder, while as he came onward he shouted furiously, "I'll larn yez, I'll larn yez." There was nothing to do save sit silently, and this we did. The nearer he came, the lower got his arm, until he had passed us as though we were not there. Then the arm went up again and all the fury returned while the air rang with his "I'll larn yez," but towards whom directed it was impossible to determine as he walked steadily away from us all the time. I cannot say that I altogether blame him as it must have been somewhat difficult for the owners to separate their new purchases from that concourse of rushing animals. What a good time they had to be sure!

The man was our first instance of hostility in Ireland. In fact the people were generally very friendly towards us, assisting whenever assistance was required, which fortunately was not often. Certainly we met with none of the jealous hatred which often greets a prosperous looking man in France, and causes him to think of the guillotine, or the lowering glances and sometimes violence of the Swiss. Still the Swiss have some justice on their side. The passing machine covers the meadow grass with dust and the cattle will not eat it, which to the people spells ruin.

However, auto cars cannot be kept out of Switzerland, and her government should take the matter in hand and, by oiling the highways, obviate the difficulty.

No oil will, however, ever be needed in Ireland. While we had but one rain during the entire tour, of the first summer, the night dews did away with all dust. As for the highways and lesser avenues and byways, I expected to find much that was rough and almost impassable, but on the whole they are all very good indeed. Except in Galway I remember none that were bad, and I circled the entire island and crossed and recrossed it many times.

From Sligo we take a run through the county of Roscommon, which seems to suffer most from these evil days, and to carry on its face a look of sadness and neglect. Things are not at rest here and the press daily holds its records of "outrages" in Roscommon, but let us leave that until tomorrow. Certainly there are no traces of it as our car rolls up the broad avenue of Mantua House, the estate of Mr. Bowen, where as the rain comes down a warm welcome and bright fire cause us to forget that there is storm and darkness outside and perhaps sorrow and trouble all around.

Mantua House is a spacious, square building, in a large park. It has some three centuries to its credit but yet it is a cheery, pleasant abiding-place and smiles at the passer-by like a saintly old lady. It is said that the fairies abided once under its doorstep and when some few years ago a vestibule was added an old woman appeared and kneeling down cursed the workmen for disturbing them. But the little spirits do not seem to have minded it much and the inhabitants of the "House in the



Photo by W. Leonard

A Woman of the North

Bog" live on in peace. My night's slumber under its roof was undisturbed and dreamless.

There is much of interest in the house in the shape of portraits, and those of seven generations, whose owners had passed their lives here, looked down upon us while at dinner. I fear I appear morose and a bad guest for I cannot keep my eyes and thoughts from these old portraits, wondering what the lives of their owners were and how I shall feel if ever my painted face looks down from some shadowy canvas on a company at dinner a century or two hence. If such portrait should exist it will probably be marked "Portrait of a gentleman" as one so often reads in a catalogue when name and owner are long, long forgotten as of no importance. How poor a thing is earthly immortality and yet how we all long for it, how we dread to be amongst those "*forgotten*." But they are not "forgotten" in Mantua House, as I was told the names and dates of all of them. Later, in the glow of the turf fire, those around us in the spacious hall almost quicken into life and gaze into its glowing depths as we are doing and as they have each in turn done in the old mansion, until the bell of time sounded for them and they passed away into shadowland. I think that for glowing warmth and depth of colour a turf fire surpasses all others. The brown earth burns deeply but glows to its very heart, and as it burns throws off a pungent smoke which recalls to your memory the "Princess of Thule,"

and finally getting into your brain drives you off to bed and the mantle of sleep falls upon the "House in the Bog."

It is a misty morning in which we bid our hosts good-bye but not to be too hard upon us the sun shines now and then as we roll off between the dripping hedgerows whose boughs, reaching at us as though endeavouring to stay our progress, scrape the top of our hood as the car glides onward. As I have stated, the county of Roscommon suffers more than any other section of Ireland in these days of "cattle driving." Here it is first impressed upon the traveller that there is trouble abroad. Numbers of men with lowering glances loaf around doing nothing save smoke their stumpy pipes and all the rich land hereabouts stands neglected and deserted.

As to this driving of the cattle which is the cause of most of the trouble, the landowners generally rent their fields for grazing, but the people are determined that they shall *sell* them their lands and at prices dictated *not* by the *owners*, but by the *purchaser*. This being refused, they will not allow the grazing, and drive a man's cattle back to him, leaving the land of no profit to its owner, and hoping thereby to force him to their methods. There would appear to be small justice in all this.

There is much trouble of this description all over the island but it is only in Roscommon that the fact has impressed itself upon us and we hear

of it constantly. One man told me that he had been out with seven packs of hounds which had been poisoned and related the story of a landlord who spent not less than forty thousand pounds a year on his estate keeping it and his tenantry in the best of conditions. He was waited upon by a committee from the League, who informed him that if he allowed certain men, all his friends, to hunt with his hounds, he and his pack would be boycotted. He replied that he lived in the country because he considered it his duty to do so, that he spent all his money here for the same reason, giving employment to hundreds, keeping all in plenty, but that if such a threat was carried out, he would sell everything and leave. It was carried out, and he closed his estate, sold his horses and hounds in England, and left this island, the loss to his section being enormous, and all for the sake, as in most of our "strikes," of a few ringleaders who fatten on the poor men they hoodwink, while their families starve.

At present a man may go into many sections of Ireland and demand land, placing his own price thereon and the owner has got to accept it. What an opportunity for dishonesty lies there! It is so common for all Europe, and I have noticed several very bitter "communications" in the Irish press lately—to point to the so-called lawlessness of America, *i.e.*, the United States, that it is something to note the present state of affairs in parts of Ireland. For instance, here in Ros-

common, no man has been convicted of murder for years, yet there have been many terrible crimes of that sort committed; one where a son and daughter murdered their old father on his doorstep that they might get the little place. They were tried and *acquitted*. Again every one has heard of the case of Mr. and Mrs. Blake which occurred but lately in Galway. Refusing to sell their lands they were both fired upon and wounded while returning from mass and almost under the walls of the church. The people standing round simply roared with laughter. No one was apprehended for that crime though every one in the country could tell who were the assailants.

It is scarcely just for an outsider to pass upon the affairs of a foreign country, but when, as I have stated, one's own land is constantly held up to the most violent criticism, while at the same time the daily press of our critics teems with reports of like and worse in their own country, one cannot be blamed for so doing.

I was told later that there is much trouble around Cashel, but personally I saw no signs of it save in Roscommon. Elsewhere it is very easy to disbelieve the reports, for surely in no part of the world are the prospects more entrancing to the traveller—on the surface at least—than in this island with its lovely lakes, its beautiful mountains and seas, its picturesque people, and above all its luxuriant vegetation. Every old tower is shrouded in ivy, and the grass is soft as velvet, showing the



Mantua House
Roscommon

richness of the soil, and is beautiful beyond description. With all their sorrow and tears these people appear full of sunshine and laughter, and if you smile at them you are always greeted pleasantly, while you find them at all times full of jests and quaint humour which keep you in a constant state of laughter. The other day I gave a man a sixpence as a tip. Being possessed of true politeness, he would not directly reflect upon my generosity, or the lack thereof, but gravely regarding the coin a moment, and scratching his head the while in a meditative fashion, he exclaimed, "Bad luck to the Boer war which blew the two shillings away and left the sixpence."

It is almost impossible to change the habits and customs inborn in these peasants, no matter how many years may be passed in foreign lands. It is a well-known fact that girls that have lived in cleanly, pleasant homes in America, with all which that means, on returning here, as they often do, and marrying some Irish lad, soon sink to the level from which they had raised themselves by emigrating. Their savings all gone to buy the hut from their husband's brothers and sisters and poor as when they left Ireland, they are soon seen standing barefooted in the manure and filth, pitching it into a wretched cart, drawn by a most wretched looking donkey, all their good clothes and dainty habits a thing of the past and I doubt if greatly regretted.

Occasionally, however, the reverse holds true.

A lady not long since came over bringing her Irish maid with her, and on reaching Queenstown told the girl that she could, if she desired, go home for a visit and rejoin her mistress later in Dublin. The girl went, but before the mistress reached Dublin the telegraph wires were laden with messages from the maid, so fearful was she that the mistress would leave her, and when she rejoined her remarked with a gasp, "but ma'am, I did not know it was like that; why the pig slept in the room wid us." But there are not many who mind the pig and a girl returned and married here will cuff her children, dirty with dirt which would have sickened her while in her American home, out of the way of the "gentleman who pays the rent."

As for the emigration of these or any other peoples to our country, if they who come are honest and willing to work, they will find no difficulty in obtaining plenty of employment, provided they go where it is and do not expect it to be ready to their hand on landing. Most who get into trouble and, returning home, tell woful tales about impositions, etc., are those who insist upon remaining in the congested districts of the East. The whole South and great West, from St. Louis to the Pacific, and from Canada to Mexico, is open to them, a vast empire, where all may live if they will work and where there is room for all who come. The systems of irrigation in action and proposed by our government, in the west, are

reclaiming a vast empire yet to be peopled, while in the South labour brings high figures and is difficult to obtain, especially in our great cotton mills in South Carolina and Georgia and in the lumber mills of Florida.

But thousands who come to us have no intention of working and insist upon remaining around and in our crowded cities and districts where the devil soon finds plenty of employment for their idle hands, and his arch agents—ward politicians—lend him most efficient assistance. I know that only last winter one of the owners of a great lumber mill in Florida, at his own expense, brought from the immigrant bureau in New York a large number of men who no sooner got to Florida than they ran off and became tramps, having from the start no intention of working.

That there is much truth in *The Jungle* and other books of like sort is beyond doubt, but there is no necessity for any man, woman, or child's remaining in such places unless he so desires. Most of them having lived in abject poverty and wretchedness at home, continue, by nature, to do so abroad, and will never change, and such as these by their very habits contribute largely to the state of affairs described in that book. The hope lies in the future, not for them, but for their children, who certainly *will* change. Such change is difficult if not impossible after man's estate is reached, not only with the poor but also with the well-to-do and rich.

To all proposed emigrants to the United States I would say again, if you are honest men and will come willing to work, you are welcome and there is plenty for you to do and space for all. If you expect or insist upon loafing around the cities, declining work, and expecting to be supported, you will be disappointed, you will end in the workhouse—stay away, we don't want you.

The roads through Roscommon from Mantua House are bad. We encountered but few good stretches for some miles from that house; then they became better. On one of these we were making rapid progress down grade, when suddenly some hundred or so yards ahead two men came out from a gateway leading a huge black mare. She was evidently restive and we slowed up but as we came to a stop a hundred feet off she reared, broke loose, and fell over backwards, then rolling over plunged forward towards a gate and succeeded in fastening the metal pointed horns upon her collar so securely under the bar of the gate that she was held immovable upon her knees. Notwithstanding her great power she could not stir an inch. When the gate was thrown open, she sprang forward in the wildest fright and her owner stood by and cursed us to the extent of his ability. He certainly heard us coming and should not have brought her out, but it's all one-sided with horse-men,—they expect to do exactly as suits them and if anything happens, the other party, no matter what they are on or in, are always to blame. In



A View in Ballina, A typical Irish town

every case we come, as we did there, to a dead stop at once, and I must say that all of our accidents have arisen because the men have much less sense than the horses, which I notice in nearly every case rarely evince fright until their owners jump at them and drag at their bridles. I have never listened to a more perfect line of curses than were poured forth in that case; they seemed to linger in the air long after we had placed hills and dales between ourselves and the old man, which we did as soon as possible.

As we stopped for luncheon later on I questioned a car driver as to a large building near by.

"Is that a court-house over there?"

"Yis, sir, but we have n't much use for it. Only open it wanst a fortnight, and shortly we won't open it at all, at all. Thim lawyers 've 'ad their own way long enough, it's time the car drivers had a show." (Wherein lawyers interfered with car drivers was not stated.)

"Are you mostly Catholics around here?"

"Yis, sir."

"Is not that a Methodist chapel yonder?"

"Yis, but not much good at all, and would shut up altogether only some old man with more money than sinse left it twenty pounds a year."

Passing onward into the highlands, we stopped for water at a little stone house, from which the children swarmed out like flies,—seven,—belonging to one man, and his wife ventures the statement that if we come back in seven years there will

be seven more. She speaks feelingly; evidently there is no race suicide here.

This far western Ireland is much like the highlands of Scotland, but far wilder. Auto cars are rarely seen here. While the land is still orderly and apparently prosperous, I think I note the change towards the shiftlessness so prevalent in the south. There are many roofless and abandoned cottages and the heaps of manure are becoming more frequent.

We shall shortly reach Newport near Clew Bay and pass on to Mallaranny and Achill Island, the wildest part of Ireland. Well up into the hills, we pause for some slight repairs, and the usual group of men and boys, a girl and a dog, appear as from nowhere and squat on the adjacent bank. They say they can speak the ancient tongue and that all the old customs and usages are still in vogue hereabouts. I ask for a wake, but that puzzles them. "It might be difficult to arrange, sir." However, I shall probably attend one before I leave the land, hoping that it may not prove my own. I ask if these boys live near here.

"They all do, sir."

"Well, it's a beautiful spot." His eyes and mine wander off over the solitary moorland and up to the more solitary mountains.

"It is indade, sir."

"I have a streak of Irish blood in my own veins," I venture to add.

"Have ye, now, sir, and were ye born in Ireland?"

"No, we left here more than two centuries ago."

"Time you war havin' a wake indade, sir." That turns the laugh on me, and I throw a shilling at the crowd for drinks, which results in a wild scramble down into a muddy ditch and a wilder waving of legs in the air as each and all go head first into the mud.

Quiet restored, my former conversationalist, somewhat the worse for mud, remarks. "And indade, sir, ye seem to have a good time, 't is wishin' I am that all the people here had the likes," and with an echo to the wish and a wave of the hand we glide off and away into the valley.

This ride has indeed been beautiful, but just as we enter the village of Mallaranny (County Mayo) and are speeding down a steep incline, a little yellow-headed urchin toddles directly across our track; a catastrophe seems unavoidable; women shriek and howl, and men stand paralysed, but one old crone grabs the boy just as Robert brings our car to a halt, with not six inches to spare. The baby, not at all frightened, howls with rage because his progress has been cut short. The old crone proceeds to spank the child until I tell her that if any one deserves punishment it is herself for her neglect. A few more miles brings us to the hotel and in a very sleepy state, as the air all day has been chilly; but we are not

so sleepy that we cannot see at once that this is not such a chamber of discomfort, such a cold storage as that place at Bundoran. In point of situation and objects of interest there can also be no comparison. As a centre to explore this beautiful section and study these people Malla-ranny could not be improved upon. The house stands high and overlooks land and sea for miles, and in whichever direction the eye roams the prospect is attractive, while Bundoran Hotel stands on a bleak moor over which the howling winds from all the North Atlantic sweep with terrible force. The town is dreary and of no interest, and the mountains too far away, while the climate is raw and unpleasant, whereas Mallaranny, much to the south, is swept by balmy winds and well sheltered on the north. Both places have salt water in the house, but here the bathrooms are large and the tubs are small swimming-tanks. There is a man at the head of that house and a woman at the head of this, and there lies the difference so far as the houses are concerned. Of course I do not mean to state that it is warm here. In fact the air is cold all over the land, and while there have been no rains so far, we wear fur coats and use fur robes all the time, and would be most uncomfortable without them.



Photo by W. Leonard

A Glimpse of Achill

CHAPTER V

The Island of Achill—Picturesque Scenery—Poverty of the People—"Keening" for the Dead—"The Gentleman Who Pays the Rint"—Superstitious Legends.

THE island of Achill lies off the west coast of Ireland. Exposed to the full fury of the North Atlantic winds it is one of the bleakest spots on the globe. The manners and customs of its people change but slightly with the passing years.

Leaving the hotel on a misty morning, we roll off towards the sea. The way is narrow for a car and we pass uncomfortably near sleeping brown bogs whose quiet waters would promptly cover us up and suck us down past all resurrection were our wheels to slip over the brink.

Reaching a hill up which a man is driving cattle, our chauffeur sounds the horn and pushes gently forward, causing the animals to give way, whereupon their owner holds up his hand in indignant protest with a "Would ye dhrive the *cattle!*" To his thinking we should plod slowly up that miles-long hill behind his herd rather than cause them to move to one side,—to "dhrive the *cattle!*" being in his eyes little short of sacrilege. Yet his sort does not hesitate to drive other

men's cattle off of still other men's land, and consider it their right so to do.

The long muddy road runs on the cliffs over the sea and finally turns down towards the coast, apparently losing itself in the waste. This is not the highway and we so discover in season to prevent an accident. Just then a small boy comes racing after us shouting that we should have turned off higher up. A few half-pennies and our thanks make him smilingly offer to return and show us the route, and a lift in the car completes his happiness,—the first time he has ever ridden in an automobile, I doubt not.

The traveller does not notice anything unusual until, having crossed the Peninsula of Curraun, he enters upon one of the strangest spots on earth. In the foreground, deep in a valley is a mysterious pool, black as night: all around rise the gloomy mountains, while over the peak to the west the sun is sending long shafts of purple and gold into the distant hollows, where brown turf fields stretch away, and low-walled, whitewashed, and thatched cottages spot the landscape, and the scarlet skirts worn by all the women throw splashes of vivid colour here and there. The whole is gloomy and sombre to a degree. The winds blow coldly and we draw our furs closely about us as the car speeds onward over roads not made for such usage. This indeed is ancient Ireland and one hears the Celtic tongue on all sides.

Holiday is held here as in Sligo, and the encounters with cattle and ponies are frequent. Here is a pony drawing a load of heavy timber which he insists upon running off with on our approach. Of course, we halt until we can creep by him. Yonder is a man to whom the fair has proven a not unmixed blessing. He lies upon his face on a bank, blind drunk, and will not take home with him the drinks consumed at the fair. His wife and father stand by trying to hold an old horse, but the bridle breaks and off he goes ahead of us, losing finally both blanket and saddle, and vanishing up a mountain. Another old gentleman, held on his horse by a dutiful son, curses us to the King’s taste but in Celtic which we do not understand. Only the women are sober after the day’s bout, and many is the beautiful face set off by the scarlet dress, which greets us smilingly or hides its sorrow from our glances.

Now the road grows wilder and wilder,—there is absolutely no sound save the moan of the distant ocean.

As we near the remotest part of the island, where the mountains raise their heads in solemn grandeur, there are no signs of human habitation except one lonely cottage. Its door is open, but there is no evidence of life. Suddenly the air shivers with the weirdest, loneliest cry I have ever listened to,—a sustained, penetrating wail rising and falling on the sad

air and then shuddering away into silence, silence, silence rendered all the sadder by the fast approaching shadows of night. It is the famous "keening" or mourning cry for the dead. There are professional keeners and when one is informed of a death she starts for the house of sorrow and commences this melancholy cry as she goes. All the way over hill and dale, by these dark pools and through the bog pathways she goes, her cry bringing the women and children to the doors of all the huts. As she approaches the dead the cry dies away and ceases as she enters the cottage. Walking round the bier she commences anew and passing outward and away fills all the silence of the deepening night with her melancholy plaint. To hear it any place in Ireland is sad enough, to hear it amidst the desolation of Achill is almost terrifying and never to be forgotten. To-night it sounds like the voices of lost souls from the depths of the dark Atlantic.

I have heard a cry like that from the Arab women of a desert town, but nowhere else on earth, and I doubt if any other people possess one of such concentrated, desolate sorrow as this,—a sound which almost makes the heart stand still.

Why should these people mourn the advent of peace? Surely it is better for them to sleep than to wake; better to die than to live.

Through the open doorway of this hut as we pass we catch but a glimpse of an old woman bowed



Photo by W. Leonard

Slievemore and Dugort, Achill

in sorrow and a sheeted, silent form on the bed in the corner.

Our car glides slowly and silently by and we move onward, more and more into the island of Achill, into the heart of ancient Ireland, until, rounding the shoulder of a desolate mountain, we come suddenly upon the sea. This is no bay or inlet, no capes guard us here, there is no lighthouse in sight to indicate that man ever sends his ships out there. That is the heart of the ocean, the deep sea. The waves, black as midnight and hurled forward with the force of the Gulf Stream, and all the currents of the North Atlantic, come thundering in with such power that one instinctively draws backward, while the coast is all cut and jagged, torn up and thrown pell-mell by the ceaseless onslaught. You realise that just out there are vast depths, awful forces, and that once within their grasp nothing save an interposition of God could save you; even this land scarcely seems a safe abiding-place.

The sky above is black as the waters beneath it and the winds sigh upward from the underworld as though laden with the misery of these people of Achill.

Are there not scenes and times when the great truth of the existence of the Deity is impressed upon one? By the deep sea, amidst the solitude of the mountains and the silence of the desert, from the song of a bird far overhead, and always from the eyes of a little child does not the assurance

come to man, past all doubting, that verily there is—a God? Has the atheist ever existed who has not experienced this many times throughout his wretched life?

The face of Ireland in the far western section seems constantly covered with tears. The sadness and poverty of the people passes all comprehension. Surely the love of their home land must be very great to keep them here at all.

Lady Dudley has established a most excellent charity hereabouts in the shape of contribution boxes for the establishment of district nurses in these the poorest sections of Ireland. The girls have a sadly hard time of it as often they find nothing to rest on in these hovels save a box or head of a barrel. We are stopping in front of one now that would be considered unfit for cattle at home, a low stone hut thatched in rotting straw patched up with turf. There is no window, and the door has no glass. The interior, plainly visible, is horrible in its sodden wretchedness. Before the doorstep is a bog of manure and all kinds of filth in which the pigs and ducks are at work. As our eyes wander away and up to the hills, white with stone, we wonder why in God's name with feet to walk upon every soul does not leave this island, which is not intended for man to live upon; yet here they are and plenty of them, and many seem cheery and happy. The woman of this wretched hovel before us is pitching manure into a cart, and as she stands, barefooted, in the filth above

her ankles, sings and talks to me in the liveliest fashion. Just beyond is a bog whose waters, black as night, and spangled with water lilies, reflect as in a mirror a flock of geese and a woman in a brilliant scarlet petticoat. Beyond rise the mountains sombre and gloomy and over all lowers a sky dark with storms. Then the rain falls, but only for an instant, when the sunlight descending in long shafts of intense light turns even this scene of desolation into one of beauty. If these people were moved into a richer and more fertile section would they remain there, or would one shortly find these filthy hovels occupied again by their original owners? If so, their love of home passes comprehension.

One cannot but feel that many of the countless millions yearly sent to foreign missions were better spent here, where, by improving the body, the salvation of the soul would be more easily attempted, for it is impossible to believe that with such horrible, sordid conditions, there can be any deep belief in the goodness of God.

When in Teheran, Persia, I could not but observe the extensive missionary buildings, and when I asked what people the work was amongst, the reply came "Nestorian Christians." So, all the contributions from the churches are expended upon those who are already Christians. For (as is certainly not known at home) a Persian to be converted does not mean loss of caste as in India but *death*, and hence conversion to Christianity

amongst them is impossible. Persia is the most fanatical of all nations, where one may not even look into a mosque, much less enter, yet millions continue to pour into that land yearly. Comment should be unnecessary, but I cannot help feeling that comment is needed when looking out over a scene like this before us to-day. There are plenty of plague spots in our own new land which need close attention; for instance, in the mountains of Virginia where the people are so ignorant that they not only cannot read, but do not know what reading is. It is a disgrace to our land that the ministers from these mountains are forced to go begging through the churches for money to carry on their work, but,—it is not half so picturesque and interesting to help such as to send millions to the land of the Sultan of Ispahan and perchance be able to rescue some Lalla Rookh or encounter the veiled prophet of Khorassan.

I find I am very apt—so to speak—to tumble off the island of Achill into almost any part of the world, so let us return once more.

The population of Achill is steadily decreasing, and now counts but forty-six hundred. These people have been described as a lot of thieves and murderers with, I should judge, very little justice in the charge. They had no such appearance to my eye.

The soil on the island is so thin and poor that her men cannot raise enough upon it to pay their



Photo by W. Leonard

Fisherfolk of Achill

rent and are forced to seek every year work in more favoured sections.

It is claimed these islanders consist of four great families, whose members can be easily distinguished from each other, the French Lavelles, the English Scholefields, the creole Caulfields, the Danish Morans. But there are also pure Irish to be found in the O'Malleys, Gaughans, and Monahans. The houses are but heaps of rude stones (which have been moulded by the tide), round of gable, and roofed by fern, heather, and shingles fastened by straw bands. Often there are no chimneys.

We stop at the town of Dugort under the shadow of the sombre mountain, "Slievemore," which rises immediately behind it. The town is an attempt on the part of one church to upset the authority of another amongst these people, and judging by the absolute desolation of the place I should say that the move has not been successful. There are some good houses and a church, but the people do not appear to be about. In the dreary hotel, we spent some time in an inspection of the most marvellous collection of paintings it has ever been our misfortune to examine. There were several of them and they occupied most of the hallway. We were unable to discover what one of them was intended to portray. We asked the barmaid and she seemed equally in doubt. B. suggested the mountain of Slievemore—I thought, a leg of mutton. The artist is the

hotel proprietor. We left a request that he would "Please not do it again" which seemed greatly to relieve the young woman in charge.

At the door stands a jaunting-car waiting to take the luggage of a man, who has been fishing hereabouts, to the station. We offer him a lift in our motor and I tell the barmaid to give a glass of whiskey to his car driver. It appears, when it comes, to be a fair sized drink, but the old chap cocks his eye first on it and then at me, remarking, as he touches his cap, "And did ye say, sir, it was *twelve* years old—indade thin it's *small* for its *age*." As we roll off he promises to pick us up when our car breaks down as he knows it *will*. If that is to occur it is well to start, as we are miles from Mallaranny and well know that aside from this dreary hotel no hospitality would or could be offered us in this desolate region, and that the feeling here is not, especially after the "day off," of the best, as is proven by the curses hurled at us once more by the old gentleman whom we encountered on our way out. Later we meet the load of timbers and find that the drunken man has been deposited face down on the top, while his poor wife and old father trudge along behind.

How different all here from the Ireland decked out for the tourist! How sad and stern and strange! As I turn to look back upon it the daylight departs and the shadows grow blacker and deeper, only the waters of the lake catching for an

instant a fleeting glow which soon dies out into ashes; and with the coming of night silence and solitude, profound and unbroken, rest upon the island of Achill.

Yet there we saw some wonderfully beautiful women, women whose type has made Ireland famous, great blue-grey eyes and jet black hair,—or the fairest of blondes with pale yellow hair and blue eyes, like the rain-washed heaven of their native land. Again, as we rolled by some white-walled, rose embowered cottage, an ancient dame in high frilled cap would smile us a welcome, or, as once to-day, I saw such a splendid young fellow, whose eyes beamed down into those of his baby boy held in his arms. There was happiness there. He must have married “his Nora” and the boy must have had its mother’s eyes. Happiness, yes truly, such as comes not often to the portals of a palace. The man smiles in my face as the car rolls by. In fact, nowhere in all the years of my wanderings have I met such quick response to a smile or greeting as in these wilds of Ireland—save when drink, the curse of the land, had destroyed the man; but always with the women one has seemed welcome.

As for the pigs, they are so clean and so pink that one imagines that they wear silk socks and pumps. Do they walk?—bless you, no,—not on holidays at least, but ride in state, and here at last you meet and understand “the gintleman phat pays the rint.” I firmly believe they have

all been shaved. B. says not, not till after death. But those were very lovely and complacent pigs. I was only astonished that they were not riding in motor cars.

After the desolation of Achill it is pleasant to return to the hotel at Mallaranny. Owned by the Great Western Railway Company, it is most comfortable; a cozy fire before which a tabby cat is purring greets us as we enter the reading-room and we drop rugs and books with a sigh of contentment. Dinner over, the evening is passed deep in the history, romance, and poetry of the spot just visited.

Probably in no part of Ireland does superstition persist so strongly as in Achill. Many of the legends are gruesome and cluster about death and the grave. Many are beautiful, like that of the swans, and there is one about the seals, which they believe are the people who were drowned in the great flood. Not until this world is destroyed by fire will they be permitted to enter heaven, but once in every hundred years they resume their human shape upon earth, and it was during one of these periods that an incident happened which is still talked about in the island of Achill.

“John of the Glen had fallen asleep. Now the place he had chosen to repose in was for all the world like a basket; there was the high rock above him, and a ledge or rock all round, so that where he lay might be called a sandy cradle.



Photo by W. Leonard

A Lonely Road in Commemara

There he slumbered as snug as an egg in a thrush's nest, and he might have slept about *two* hours, when he hears singing—a note of music, he used to say, would bring the life back to him if he had been dead a month—so he woke up; and to be sure, of all outlandish tunes, and, to quote his words again, ‘put the one the old cow died of to the back of it,’ he never heard the like before; the words were queerer than the music—for John was a fine scholar, and had a quarter's Latin, to say nothing of six months' dancing; so that he could flog the world at single or double handed reel, and split many a door with the strength of his hornpipe. ‘Meuhla machree,’ he says, ‘who's in it at all?’ he says. ‘Sure it is n't among haythins I am,’ he says, ‘smuggled out of my native country,’ he says, ‘like a poor keg of Inishowen,’ he says, ‘by the murdering English?’ and ‘blessed father,’ he says again, ‘to my own knowledge it's neyther Latin or Hebrew they 're at, nor any other livin' language, barring it's Turkey’; for what gave him that thought was the grand sound of the words. So, 'cute enough, he dragged himself up to the edge of the ledge of the rock that overlooked the wide ocean, and what should he see but about twenty as fine well-grown men and women as ever you looked on, dancing! not a hearty jig or a reel, but a solemn sort of dance on the sands, while they sung their unnatural song, all as solemn as they danced; and they had such queer things on their heads as never were seen before, and the

ladies' hair was twisted and twined round and round their heads.

“ Well, John crossed himself to be sure like a good Christian, and swore if he ever saw Newport again to pay greater attention to his duty, and to take an ‘ obligation ’ on himself which he knew he ought to have done before ; and still the people seemed so quiet and so like Christians, that he grew the less fearful the longer he looked ; and at last his attention was drawn off the strangers by a great heap of skins that were piled together on the strand close beside him, so that by reaching his arm over the ledge, he could draw them, or one of them, over. Now John did a little in skins himself, and he thought he had never seen them so beautifully dressed before ; they were seal skins, shining all of them like satin, though some were black, and more of them grey ; but at the very top of the pile right under his hand was the most curious of them all—snowy and silver white. Now John thought there could be no harm in looking at the skin, for he had always a mighty great taste for natural curiosities, and it was as easy to put it back as to bring it over ; so he just, quiet and easy, reaches in the skin, and soothing it down with his hand, he thought no down of the young wild swan was ever half so smooth, and then he began to think what it was worth, and while he was thinking and judging, quite innocent like, what it would fetch in Newport, or maybe Galway, there was a skirl of a screech among the dancers

and singers; and before poor John had time to return the skin, all of them came hurrying towards where he lay; so believing they were sea-pirates, or some new-fashioned revenue-officers, he crept into the sand, dragging the silver-coloured skin with him, thinking it would n't be honest to its *rare* owner to leave it in their way. Well, for ever so long, nothing could equal the ullabaloo and 'shindy' kicked up all about where he lay—such talking and screaming and bellowing; and at last he hears another awful roar, and then all was as still as a bridegroom's tongue at the end of the first month, except a sort of snuffling and snorting in the sand. When that had been over some time he thought he would begin to look about him again and he drew himself cautiously up on his elbows, and after securing the skin in his bosom (for he thought some of them might be skulking about still, and he wished to find the owner), he moved on and on, until at last he rested his chin upon the very top of the ledge and casting his eye along the line of coast, not a sight or a sign of any living thing did he see but a great fat seal walloping as fast as ever it could into the ocean: well, he shook himself, and stood up; and he had not done so long, when just round the corner of the rock, he heard the low wailing voice of a young girl, soft and low, and full of sorrow, like the bleat of a kid for its mother, or a dove for its mate, or a maiden crying after her lover yet ashamed to raise her voice. 'Oh, murder!' thought John O'Glin,

‘this will never do; I’m a gone man! that voice—an’ it not saying a word, only murmuring like a south breeze in a pink shell—will be the death of me; it has more real, true music in it than all the bagpipes between this and Londonderry. Oh, I’m kilt entirely through the ear,’ he says, ‘which is the high-road to my heart. Oh, there’s a moan! that’s natural music! The “Shan Van Do,” the “Dark Valley,” and the “Blackbird” itself are fools to that!’ To spring over was the work of a single minute; and, sure enough, sitting there, leaning the sweetest little head that ever carried two eyes in it upon its dawshy hand, was as lovely a young lady as ever John looked on. She had a loose sort of dress, drawn in at her throat with a gold string, and he saw at once that she was one of the outlandish people who had disappeared all so quick.

“‘Avourneen das! my lady,’ says John, making his best bow, ‘and what ails you, darling stranger?’ Well, she made no answer, only looked askew at him, and John O’Glin thought she did n’t sigh so bitterly as she had done at first; and he came a little nearer, and ‘Cushla-ma-chree, beauty of the waters,’ he says, ‘I’m sorry for your trouble.’

“So she turns round her little face to him, and her eyes were as dark as the best black turf, and as round as a periwinkle.

“‘Creature,’ she says, ‘do you speak Hebrew?’ ‘I’d speak anything,’ he answers, ‘to speak

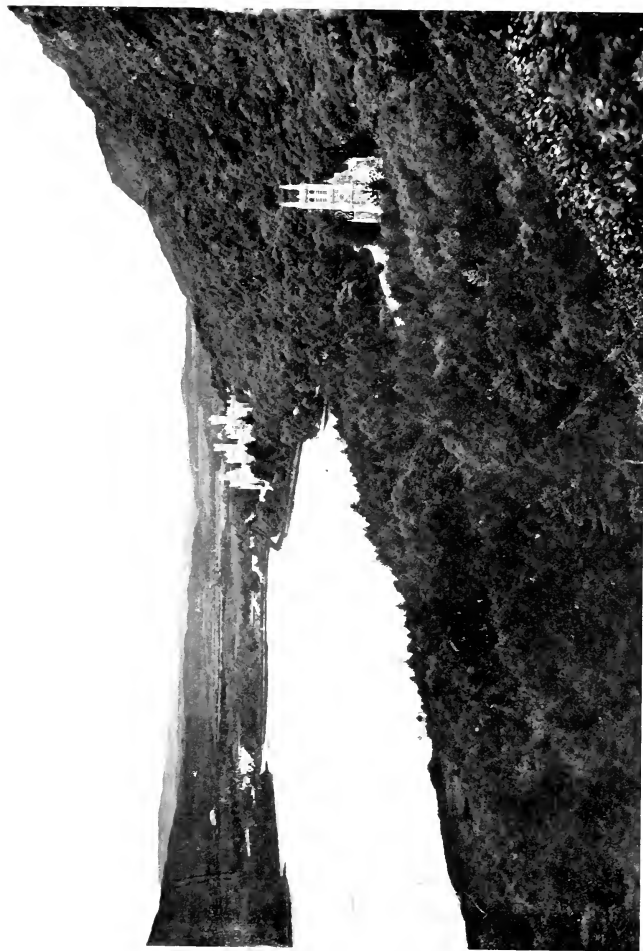


Photo by W. Leonard

Kylemore Castle

with you.' 'Then,' she says again, '*have you seen my skin?*' 'Yes, darling,' he says in reply, looking at her with every eye in his head. 'Where, where is it?' she cries, jumping up and clasping her two little hands together, and dropping on her knees before John.

" 'Where is it?' he repeats, raising her gently up; 'why, on yourself, to be sure, as white and as clear as the foam on a wave in June.'

" 'Oh, it's the other skin I want,' she cries, bursting into tears. 'Shall I skin myself and give it you, to please you, my lady?' he replies; 'sure I will, and welcome, if it will do you any good, sooner than have you bawling and roaring this way,' he says, 'like an angel,' he says.

" 'What a funny creature you are!' she answers, laughing a lilt of a laugh up in his face; 'but you're not a seal,' she says, 'and so your skin would do me no good.'

" 'Whew!' thought John O'Glin; 'whew! now all the blossom is out on the May-bush; now my eyes are opened'; for he knew the sense of what he had seen, and how the whole was a memory of the old world.

" 'I'll tell you what it is,' said the poor fellow, for it never took him any time at all to fall in love; 'I'll tell you what it is, don't bother any more about your bit of a skin, but take me instead of it—that is,' he said, and he changed colour at the bare thought of it, 'that is, unless you're married in your own country.' And as all their discourse

went on in Hebrew and Latin, which John said he had not a perfect knowledge of, he found it hard to make her understand at first, though she was quick enough too; and she said she was not married, but might have been, only she had no mind to the seal, who was her father's prime minister, but that she had always made up her mind to marry none but a prince. 'And are you a king's son?' she says. 'I am,' says John, as bould as murder, and putting a great stretch on himself. 'More than that, I'm a king's great-grandson—in these twisting times there's no knowing who may turn up a king; but I've the blood in my veins of twenty kings—and what's better than that, Irish kings.'

"'And have you a palace to take me to?' she says, 'and a golden girdle to give me?'

"Now this, John thought, was mighty mean of her; but he looked in her eyes and forgot it. 'Our love,' he says, 'pulse of my beating heart, will build its own palace; and this girdle,' and he falls on his knees by her side, and throws his arm round her waist, 'is better than a girdle of gold!' Well, to be sure, there was no boy in Mayo had better right to know how to make love than John O'Glin, for no one ever had more practice; and the upshot of it was that (never, you may be sure, letting on to her about the seal-skin) he clapt her behind him on Molche, and carried her home; and that same night, after he had hid the skin in the thatch, he went to the

priest—and he told him a good part of the truth; and when he showed his reverence how she had fine gold rings and chains, and as much cut coral as would make a reef, the priest did not look to hear any more, but tied them at once. Time passed on gaily with John O’Glin: he did not get a car for Molche, because no car could go over the Mayo mountains in those days; but he got two or three stout little nags, and his wife helped him wonderful at the fishing—there was n’t a fin could come within half a mile of her that she would n’t catch—ay, and bring to shore too; only (and this was the only cross or trouble John ever had with her, and it brought him a shame-face many a time) she ’d never wait to dress anything for herself, *only eat it raw*; and this certainly gave him a great deal of uneasiness. She ’d eat six herrings, live enough to go down her throat of themselves, without hardly drawing her breath, and spoil the market of cod or salmon by biting off the tails. When John would speak to her about it, why she ’d cry and want to go back to her father, and go poking about after the skin, which she ’d never mention at any other time; so John thought it would be best to let her have her own way, for when she had, it’s nursing the children, and singing, and fishing she ’d be all day long; they had three little children, and John had full and plenty for them all, for she never objected to his selling her rings, or chain, or corals; and he took bit after bit of land, and prospered

greatly, and was a sober, steady man, well-to-do; and if he could have broke her of that ugly trick she had of eating raw fish, he'd never say no to her yes; and she taught the young ones Hebrew, and never asked them to touch a morsel of fish until it was put over the turf; and there were no prettier children in all the barony than the 'seal-woman's'; with such lovely hair and round blinking eyes, that set the head swimming in no time; and they had sweet voices, and kind hearts that would share the last bit they had in the world with any one, gentle or simple, that knew what it was to be hungry; and, the Lord he knows, it is n't in Mayo their hearts would stiffen for want of practice.

"Still John was often uneasy about his wife. More than once, when she went with him to the shore, he'd see one or two seals walloping nearer than he liked; and once, when he took up his gun to fire at a great bottle-nosed one that was asleep on the sandbank, she made him swear never to do so: 'For who knows,' she says, 'but it's one of my relations you'd be murdering?' And sometimes she'd sit melancholy-like, watching the waves, and tears would roll down her little cheeks; but John would soon kiss them away.

"Poor fellow! much as he loved her, he knew she was a sly little devil; for when he'd be lamenting bitterly how cute the fish were grown, or anything that way, she'd come up and sit down by him, and lay her soft round cheek close to his, and take his



"Biddy"
The Lunatic of Kylemore

hand between hers, and say, 'Ah, John darlin', if you'd only find my skin for me that I lost when I found you, see the beautiful fish I'd bring you from the bottom of the sea, and the fine things. Oh! John, it's you then could drive a carriage through Newport, if there were but roads to drive it on.'

"But he'd stand out that he knew nothing of the skin; and it's a wonder he was heart-proof against her soft, deluding, soothing ways; you'd have thought she'd been a right woman all her life, to hear her working away at the 'Ah, do,' and 'Ah, don't'; and then, if she didn't exactly get what she wanted, she'd pout a bit; and if that did n't do, she'd bring him the youngest baby; and if he was hardened entirely, she'd sit down in a corner and cry; that never failed, except when she'd talk of the skin—and out and out, she never got any good of him about it—at all! But there's no end of female wit; they'll sit putting that and that together, and looking as soft and as fair-faced all the while as if they had no more care than a blind piper's dog, that has nothing to do but to catch the halfpence. 'I may as well give up watching her' said John to himself; 'for even if she did find it, and that's not likely, she might leave me (though that's not easy), but she'd never leave the children'; and so he gave her a parting kiss, and set off to the fair of Castlebar. He was away four days, longer certainly than there was any call to have been, and his mind reproached

him on his way home for leaving her so long; for he was very tender about her, seeing that though she was only a seal's daughter, that seal was a king, and he made up his mind he'd never quit her so long again. And when he came to the door, it did not fly open, as it used, and show him his pretty wife, his little children, and a sparkling turf fire—he had to knock at his own door.

“‘Push it in, daddy,’ cried out the eldest boy; “‘mammy shut it after her, and we’re weak with the hunger.’ So John did as his child told him, and his heart fainted, and he staggered into the room, and then up the ladder to the thatch—*It was gone!*—and John sat down, and his three children climbed about him, and they all wept bitterly.

“‘Oh, daddy, why were n’t you back the second day, as you said you’d be?’ said one. ‘And mammy bade us kiss you and love you, and that she’d come back if she’d be let; but she found something in the thatch that took her away.’

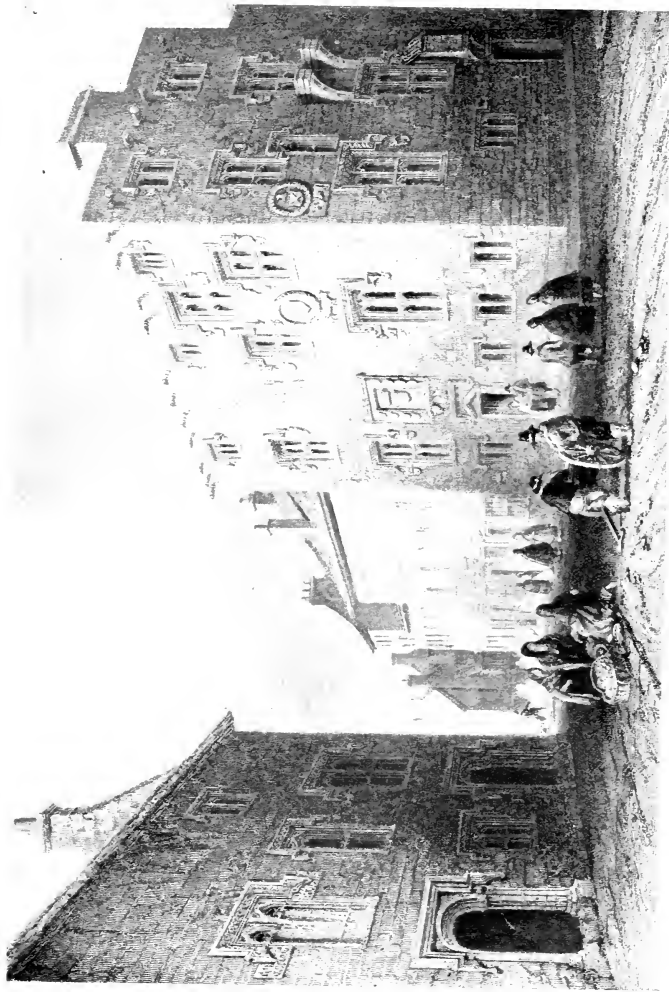
“‘She’ll never come back, darlings, till we’re all in our graves,’ said poor John—‘she’ll never come back under ninety years; and where will we all be then? She was ten years my delight and ten years my joy, and ever since ye came into the world she was the best of mothers to ye all! but she’s gone—she’s gone for ever! Oh, how could you leave me, and I so fond of ye? Maybe I would have burnt the skin, only for the knowledge that if I did, I would shorten her days on earth,

and her soul would have to begin over again as a babby seal, and I could n't do what would be all as one as murder.'

"So poor John lamented, and betook himself and the three children to the shore, and would wail and cry, but he never saw her after; and the children, so pretty in their infancy, grew up little withered atomies, that you 'd tell anywhere to be seal's children—little, cute, yellow, shrivelled, dawshy creatures—only very sharp indeed at the learning, and crabbed in the languages, beating priest, minister, and schoolmaster—particularly at the Hebrew. More than once, though John never saw her, he heard his wife singing the songs they often sung together, right under the water; and he 'd sing in answer, and then there 'd be a sighing and sobbing. Oh! it was very hard upon John, for he never married again, though he knew he 'd never live till her time was up to come again upon the earth even for twelve hours; but he was a fine moral man all the latter part of his life—as that showed."

As I close my book and put out my candle for the night the moonlight streaming in at the window draws me to the casement. The bay is like a sheet of quivering silver with the mountains of Achill and the island of Clare towering darkly above it. On the highway winding off white in the clear light no sign of life is visible and but for the softly sobbing winds, the silence of the night is intense. The tide is flowing to the sea and the

waters are deserted save for one slowly drifting boat. One is scarcely conscious at first of any sound other than that of the winds but, as the boat draws nearer on the air floats upward one of those sad crooning melodies of these people—at first a low monotone which rises and rises, wailing all around and far above until the very mountains seem to throw back the sorrow of it. Then it falters away into silence.



From a steel engraving

The Lynch House, Galway

CHAPTER VI

Monastery of Burrishoole—Queen Grace O'Malley and Her Castle of Carrig-a-Hooly—Her Appearance at the Court of Elizabeth—Dismissal of Her Husband—Wild Scenery of the West Coast—The Ancient Tongue—Recess—Kylemore Castle—Crazy Biddy.

LEAVING Mallaranny we retrace our route towards Newport and pass near Burrishoole, the ruined monastery of the Dominicans, and then the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, from whence that Amazon Queen of this section and of the island of Clare, Grace O'Malley, dismissed her lord and husband of a year's standing.

Carrig-a-Hooly is to-day a square pile of very solid construction, standing upon a rock, and at one time protected by a massive surrounding wall. The few windows or loopholes are far apart and very narrow. From which one Queen Grace dismissed her approaching lord is not related but that the dismissal was short, sharp, and to the point, effective, there seems no doubt, as she continued to hold sway over all the County of Mayo and the adjoining islands, to say nothing of as much of the neighbouring counties as she could cove into submission.

The monastery of Burrishoole is said to have been her burial-place, and there her skull was for a long time preserved as a precious relic, but it is also stated that, together with those of many others buried there, her bones were stolen and being carted to Scotland were ground up for manure, enriching the land as those of Cæsar were used to stop the chinks and keep the wind away.

It was well for the thieves here that they worked and escaped in the night, for such desecration would have resulted in their quick dispatch had the superstitious peasantry caught them.

Many of the latter believe that the skull of the Queen was miraculously restored to its niche in the abbey, but if so it has mouldered into dust long since.

The skulls still to be seen here are regarded with deep veneration and are often borrowed by the peasantry to boil milk in, which being served to the sick one is a sure antidote for all ills.

Queen Grace of Mayo strongly reminds one of another Queen in a far-off country,—Tamara, whose ruined “Castle of Roses” still keeps watch over the Caucasus.

This castle of Queen Grace, like so many old towers, is supposed to cover buried treasures, guarded at night by a mounted horseman.

There is, however, another scene in her life which, whilst not productive of such results as the one at Carrig-a-Hooly, must have been picturesque and startling in the extreme.

Imagine the court of the great Elizabeth, with the daughter of Henry VIII. on the throne in all the heyday of her fuss and feathers, robed gorgeously and wearing a great farthingale—beneath the hem of her short skirt one notes the jewelled buckles on her high-heeled shoes,—from her pallid face flash a pair of reddish eyes and above her pallid brow her red hair is piled high and adorned with many of the pearls and jewels which have come into her possession from the robbery of her Scottish prisoner by the rebel lords. Huge butterfly wings of gauze rise from the shoulders but give nothing ethereal to the appearance of the sovereign,—Elizabeth was of the earth earthy. Around her are grouped all the splendid of that golden age,—the grave prime minister, Cecil Burleigh, the gallant Leicester, the boy Essex, the splendid Sir Philip Sidney, together with all the foreign diplomats and beautiful women of the court.

In the space before her stands an equally imperious figure,—the sovereign of this island of Clare. What could have been her dress in those days three hundred years ago? How did they robe the dames of high estate in Ireland then, I wonder, and must continue to wonder, for there is no account left us, but I am sure she was a beauty with fair skin, brown eyes and a glory of red gold hair.

The Queen of England has just offered to make her a countess, and we can imagine the half amazed and wholly amused expression of her

majestic countenance when the offer is coolly refused with the remark that "I consider myself just as great a Queen as your Majesty."

Then the Irishwoman went home and did things, short, sharp, and to the point, effective: secured possession of all the fortified castles of the island and all the treasures and men at arms, and there occurred that dismissal already recorded.

It had been agreed on her marriage that either party could terminate the matrimonial arrangement at a year's end by a simple announcement to the other. On the day in question the countess observed from one of the loopholes of Carrig-a-Hooly the approach of her liege lord, and thereupon, to surely forestall such action on his part, hailed him and announced that "all was off" between them, making no mention of a return of any of the castles, men, or treasures be they his or not. She should have been Queen of Scotland. She would promptly have settled the cases of each and every rebel lord from Moray down, and John Knox would have heard a truth or two which would have made his ears tingle,—neither could her Majesty of England have meddled so easily in the affairs of the northern kingdom.

As our car rolls onward round the bay towards Louisburgh, her island of Clare blocks the entrance to the westward. Rearing sharply its cliffs against a glittering sky, it strongly reminds one of the island of Capri and occupies about the same



Photo by W. Leonard

The Abbey of St. Dominick
Lorrha

relative position here as that island does in the bay of Naples.

But the blue of these northern waters is to my thinking vastly different from that in the South. There is a sensuous cast to all the colouring around Naples, whilst here both heaven and sea are of a bright fair rain-washed blue. The air is full of health and life, the waters sparkle, and the strong winds force one to jam a cap down over the eyes and go for a brisk walk or sail, returning ravenous for one's dinner; whilst in the south

“ With dreamful eyes my spirit lies,
Under the walls of Paradise.”

And one's body is very apt to contract a fever during the trance.

Personally in Naples, with all its charm and interest, I always feel that death stalks wide, the mortal part of me is forever in evidence. Here, a new lease of life and health comes with every intake of the glorious air.

The winds blow strongly to-day while over the mountains dense black clouds gloom, through whose shadows one brilliant shaft of sunlight strikes a white sail far out at sea.

On the rocks the kelp gatherers are abroad with their long rakes, gathering a slimy harvest. What a living thing that kelp seems to be. How quiet its slumbers in the dark pool of the rocks while the waters are afar out, but watch it when the tide turns. At the first ripple it startles into life

and reaches out its long snake-like feelers towards the coming sea.

Leaving the ocean for a time and turning inland, we pass some bad roads, but finally mount upward until in the heart of the mountains and the wildest section of Connemara their surface becomes smoother and the wings come out on our hubs and the car skims birdlike onward.

Fortunately the day has become divine and sunlight and shadow chase each other in fascinating lights and shadows over the mountains. Up in the higher valleys where the white cottages are few and far between, the vast black turf fields stretch to where the brown mountains rise to the blue skies. Here and there the scarlet skirt of a peasant woman at work in a distant field glows against the brown earth, while donkey carts, each with a solitary old dame perched on a pile of turf, pass us now and then, the little beast which draws them paying us no attention, save by a pointing of the ears. This is not a holy day, so there are no fairs and fewer cattle on the highroads, hence fewer races, though now and then we do have a spirited brush, and several old women shake their fists at us as we pass by. Coasting down the hills which surround the lovely lake of Doo Lough, we come finally down by the shores of the harbour of Killary or Killary Bay, where the fleets of the nation may and do enter far inland in safety.

Lunching at Leenane in a comfortable and clean

inn made an already pleasant day seem all the more enjoyable.

The road, from Leenane on, lay westward by the waters of the Sound, and then south and up until a superb panorama of sea and land was spread out before us.

Those who go yearly to some genteel watering place know little of the outer sea, never comprehend the majesty of the ocean as it rolls in on Ireland's western coast, a vast wash of wild waters, glorious and majestic, roaring around jagged cliffs, which appear actually at war with it, while the winds murmuring over bogs and lowlands one instant are in the next roaring outward to greet the ocean. All around here there is no sound of human life, and a strange sad sort of sunlight falls over the mountains and shimmers downward into the sea.

The desolation of this coast is intense to-day but how far more terribly desolate it must have appeared to the poor sailors on those hulking ships of the Armada, hurled to their destruction hereabouts. I doubt not but that the last thoughts of the poor wretches as they sank in these thundering surges were of the vine-clad sunny hills of far Andalusia with the tinkling of guitars and the music of the Danza they were never again to hear.

As we leave the sea and turn again inward, the scenery becomes wild in the extreme. Sombre mountains surround lonely valleys with here and

there a lonely lake reflecting the sky. The roads on the whole are good, save for many ridges formed by the backbone of the old stone bridges. If the car does not slow down one is thrown out of one's seat, and some of these ridges would destroy if passed at full speed.

The higher we mount the more joyous the motion until we seem to be skimming like a swallow. One nasty angle almost causes our undoing, but it is passed in safety by the quick action of our chauffeur, who certainly understands well how to handle a motor, though I think he was thoroughly frightened that time; we came very near shooting down into the lake.

Orders are strict that no risk of destroying animals is to be run unless the safety of the car necessitates it, but to-day we did kill a poor pussy who jumped from a wall directly in our path, and not a yard away. It was done in a flash, and kitty's joyous days were over. Poor thing! as with us life was the best she had, and it is gone. The incident quite clouded the day for some time.

At another time a fine dog, a collie, sprang at us and was thrown down and the motor passed over him. I looked back, quite expecting to see his mangled body lying on the highway, but instead of that saw him take a stone wall in a fashion creditable to the best hunter in Ireland, and none the worse for his experience. But that does not often occur.

Our route to-day from Mallaranny lay via Newport and

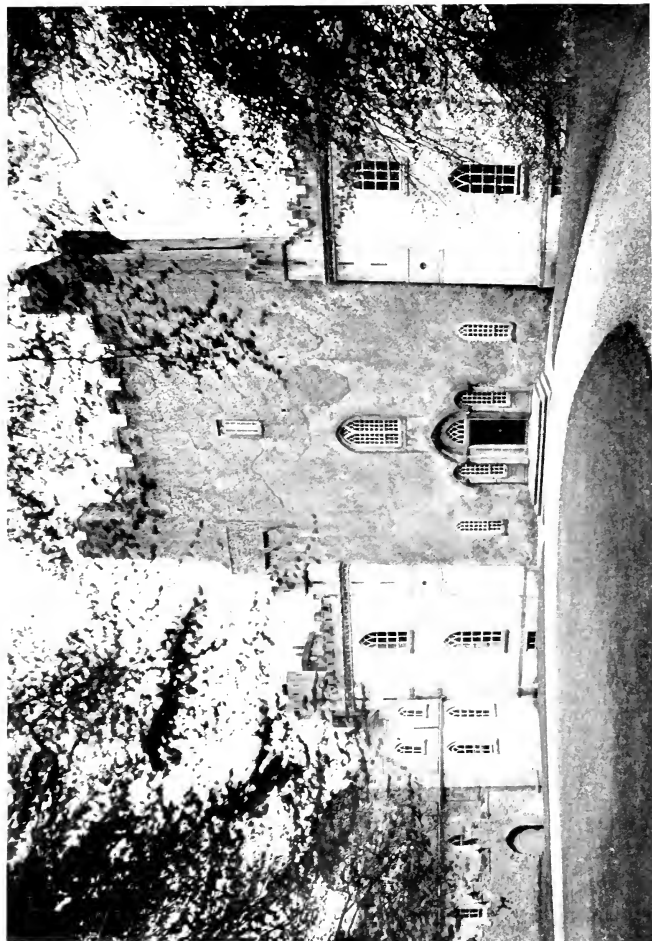


Photo by W. Leonard

Leap Castle from the Court



It does not strike the traveller as singular that—while English is spoken by all—he hears so much of the ancient tongue in remote sections; there is the natural home for it: but I confess I was much astonished during a recent visit to Canada to find that, after one hundred and fifty years, from Montreal east, French is the language of the people. While in the larger cities English is of course spoken, it is not the prevailing tongue, and in all the small towns and rural districts French is the tongue, and thousands of the people cannot speak English at all. In one of the greater cities if a man would obtain a position in the police or fire departments he must be able to read, write, and speak French, but a Frenchman is *not* obliged to read, write, and speak English. All the estimates for public improvements are in French alone, though the bidders are all English or Americans, generally the latter. Of course, they must be translated into English by the bidders, and what an opportunity is here presented for breaking a contract by a claim of incorrect translation. In fact, it would seem to an outsider that Canada is much more loyal to France than to England, even after a century and a half of Saxon rule. Giving due allowance to the treaty

Westport to Louisburgh, then south over the mountains past Doo Lough, round Killary Harbour to Leenane, west past Lough Fee to Tully Chapel, south to Letterfrack, west and south to Clifden, south to Ballinaboy Bridge, south-east to Toombeola Bridge, north to Ballynahinch Station, and east to Recess.

with France and to the power of the Church of Rome, such a state of affairs at this date is singular to say the least.

As for the attempt in Ireland to revive the ancient Celtic amongst these people, personally I do not think it will be successful, nor do I understand the move; while it is well to keep it alive for students and savants, what possible good can it serve the desperately poor and ignorant of the land, how can they use it? At least so it appears to a looker-on. (I have not been able to extract a good reason for the move from any of its many advocates with whom I have conversed on this tour.)

Surely English is destined to be the language of men, not only in Ireland but all over the world, and to my thinking this is the greatest work accomplished by that nation. After all, is it not a case of the survival of the fittest, and can any one deny that that tongue is already the most widely spoken and more rapidly spreading than any or all others?

Go where you will you will find that next to the language of each country it is the one in use, and I believe that in generations to come it will wipe out all the trouble caused by the inhabitants of Babylon in their desire to get above high-water mark.

For professors and students it would be well to maintain these ancient tongues as long as possible, but surely the poor of Ireland could be benefited

to a greater degree by other means than an attempt to restore to daily use the ancient, almost forgotten, and fast dying tongue of their forefathers.

As for the travellers in this land to-day it is confusing and irritating to be confronted by a sign-post of absolutely no value, intelligible only to those who know the Celtic tongue. The peasants cannot read them and do not require them, hence, to all concerned, they mean as much here as the verst posts do to a stranger in Russia.

As for the milestones, they tell a story hereabouts concerning what happened between two towns separated some eighteen miles from each other. The figures on the stones having become almost obliterated by time and weather an order was given to a workman in one of the towns to recut the lot. He took them up one by one and placed them in the proper order in his stoneyard, but when completed it is evident that, before the work of replacing them began, he must have celebrated the event in the usual manner. Certainly the fact remains that he began at the wrong end of the pile, placing the one marked "17" where the first stone should have been, and so on with the lot, the result being that sundry gentlemen the worse for wear coming from one town discovered that their utmost endeavours to reach home only took them farther afield—where they finally brought up is not related. As for the man from the other town, when at the end of the first mile "17" stared at him from the stone he became

convinced that the devil was after him and shook his first at a solitary magpie which had just flown over his head. I must confess that I doubt these tales. However but for our maps we should have been completely astray in western Ireland for all the use the sign-posts were to us.

There is a charming little town at Recess, but unless you are a sportsman, not much of interest.

Letters from home necessitate B.'s return, and we must call at Kylemore Castle before we start. Distanced from Recess some thirteen miles, a journey thither and back would with horses necessitate a whole day's time, but with a motor it's only just around the block so to speak.

The morning is sunny and fair, and we drink in the rushing sea-breeze as we roll away over gentle hills and valleys between the higher mountains, and though the hills are treeless the whole panorama is attractive.

Our driver reports his petrol low, with none to be had at Recess, hence we must fill the tank at Kylemore sufficiently to get us to Galway if it can be done.

Kylemore Castle stands in a sheltered valley close by the sea though not in view of it. It faces a lovely lake and is really built on the side of the mountain which rises directly behind it to the height of two thousand feet.

Across the lake the view is blocked by a similar range. While the shrubbery is fine and the grass very luxuriant and green around the mansion,



Photo by W. Leonard

Leap Castle

all the hills and mountains are absolutely treeless.

The place, but lately purchased by the Duke of M., was built by Mr. Henry at an expense, on the estate, of a million sterling. Reverses forced its sale, and it was bought by its present owner. There is nothing ancient, the house having but some fifty years to its credit, but it is capable of being, and, in the present owner's hands, will be made a charming dwelling-place, and certainly, swept by the winds of the North Atlantic, it must be at all seasons very healthy. Filled with a large company or with a few congenial people it should be an enjoyable spot.

Its gardens are very extensive and one passes through endless conservatories full of flowers and fruits. As we round a corner close to the stable, we encounter the quaint figure of a woman with straggling grey locks, tumbling down over a pallid face. In a dress of rags and barefooted, she is dancing a crazy jig all by herself. There are weird gleams in her eyes as they rove over the sombre mountains, seeking kindred spirits, I fancy, as she croons in a monotone the notes of some quaint melody which still drifts across her brain. She shows as she catches sight of our party that she is no respecter of persons as she grabs the Duke by the coat and won't let go, imploring him to "lock up the castle and I'll be round a Monday." When he implores her to put off her coming for a day or so she declines and

sticks to "Monday." I cannot but doubt in some degree her insanity, at least it has not destroyed her womanly vanity, for when I tell her I want to take her picture, she at once attempts to smooth her hair and dress, and striking what she thinks will be a becoming pose, tells me to "go ahead," and after the snap remarks, "You had better take another for fear that is a failure."

Yesterday, having gone to the kitchen of the castle for her "bit of meat," she found a new cook, who, not knowing about her, ordered her out, whereupon she seized a knife from the table and there ensued a handicap, go as you please, all over the place, with the cook in the lead and Biddy a close second. After that she got her meat in peace.

As we return from an inspection of the grounds she is being conducted off the terrace by the butler. But Biddy has a mind of her own and no one save this butler could get her away, if it suited her to remain, which it generally does. We are told she is deeply in love with him and that there is a photo extant with Biddy on her knees, clasping his legs and imploring him to marry her. Now the butler is a most stately personage; he has the cast of countenance of the great Louis of France, the same beak-like nose and downward sweep of the face lines running from it, the same haughty pose of the head, in fact, deck him in a high wig, court suit, and ruffles, and great red heels and you have Louis le Grand; take them away and

you have the butler, the object of Biddy's devotion, to whom it makes no difference whether he be king or butler. But Biddy in her rags is after all the most picturesque thing about Kylemore; her eyes are bright if she is crazy—but where in all the world will you find brighter eyes than amongst the beggars of Ireland, and they seem equally pleased whether one gives or not (Biddy did not beg, neither did she hesitate to take what we gave her). Like all beggars, many of them are rogues, but, ah, risk that, for you may by your half crown relieve for the time real heart-breaking misery, and such poverty as you cannot conceive of. Go to Achill if you would be convinced of that.

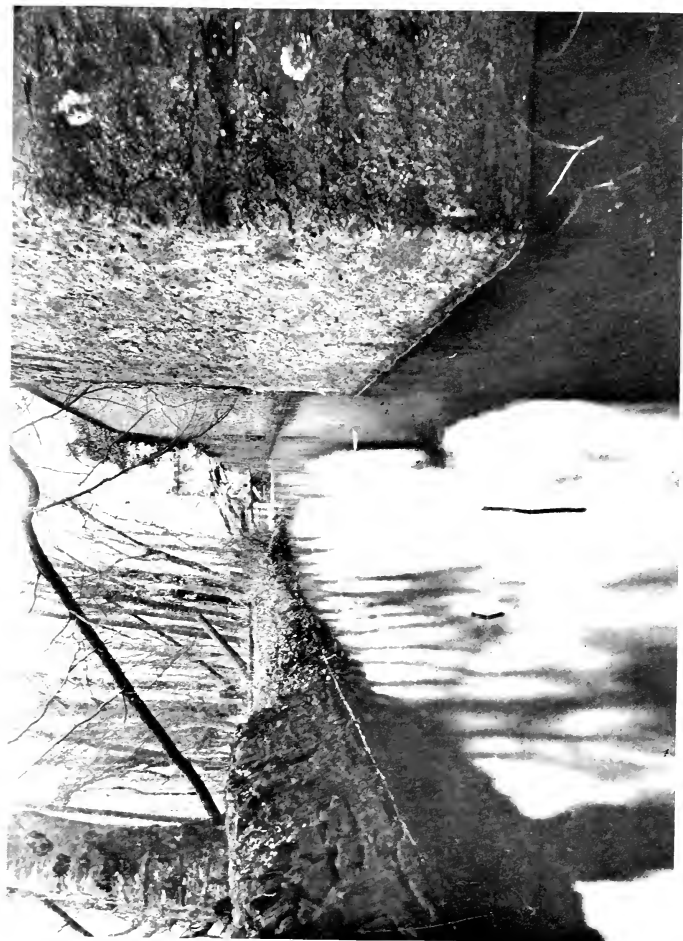
Yesterday while watching a train pass at Recess a boy approached and just looked at me, but with a look of such hungry suffering that a shilling was promptly forthcoming. Then I questioned him, and found that he had been ill and could at best make but a sixpence a day, that his brother drove the car for the hotel, getting as wages only the uncertain tips of the visitors, which, never many, in this remote spot are indeed few and far between in this bad season. His father had worked in the neighbouring marble quarries, but pestered and beset by a law-suit over his little hovel had, as the boy expressed it, "gone dotty," and could work no more. The mother did what she could and a sister was a cripple. So that all they had to live upon was what he and his brother could earn.

Just as he finished a ducal train rolled by. His Grace was transporting his family and effects from one great castle to another. Surely the contrasts in life are heartrending, yet I doubt not that this Duke will and does do all he can to relieve the sufferings of the poor on his estates—sufferings intensified and made all the more horrible by the unprincipled leaders of the leagues in this land, and masters of strikes in ours and others.

But to return to Kylemore, the interior of the castle at present is in a state of transition, so that it is impossible to describe it. Built against the side of the mountain, some of its staircases are literally laid on the solid rock. Many of the rooms are spacious and stately and in the hands of the present owners will doubtless be made very handsome.

The glimpses of mountains and lake from its windows are entrancing. On the whole I think one might come to love Kylemore very dearly. It has cost vast sums of money as it stands and much more will be expended before the end, if indeed the end ever is reached in these great places where the expenditure of money is concerned. This one will require a fortune to maintain.

Of the two Irish seats of the Duke of Manchester I should much prefer Kylemore to Tanderagee. While the latter is beautiful in its park and great trees, the former is a place of endless possibilities. Shooting and fishing are abundant and of the best, whilst to the lovers of the picturesque the mountains are an eternal joy, and close by is the jobling



Moat at Pfrankfort Castle

and sobbing of the sea. Its quaint people are an endless source of amusement and study. To enjoy it one must dwell there, and I depart with regret at our short sojourn or rather call.

Our petrol has run out and there is none in this locality. However, the chauffeur manages to buy some from the man at the station and with a sputter and roar we are off and away through the mountain glens, turning for a last glimpse of Kylemore, and her little church, both gleaming white amongst the forests by the lake, and guarded by the brooding mountains.

CHAPTER VII

The Ancient City of Galway—Quaint People, Curious Houses, Vile Hotel—Parsonstown—Wingfield House—Leap Castle and its Ghosts—Ffranckfort Castle—Clonmacnoise—Holy Cross Abbey.

AS we enter Galway from Recess, the roads become anything but agreeable; there are many crossings and bridge backs which throw us from our seats, and without extreme care on the part of the chauffeur would destroy the car. Fortunately the weather is moist and there is little dust, which in Galway is most disagreeable, the soil being limestone.

If you would see an ancient Irish city, purely Irish and undefiled by the progress of this latter day, come to Galway, where she sits close down by the sea. It is evidently to this section what Paris is to all France. There may have been in other times those of the upper classes here, but they do not appear on her streets to-day. Narrow and winding, they are lined with ancient houses many of which bear pretentious coats of arms and much carving, but all are now the dwelling-places of the people.

The streets are jammed as this is Saturday

evening and we move cautiously along. At one point, owing to instructions from Boyse to turn to the right and from me to go to the left, the motor car almost runs over the pavement, scaring a buxom dame half to death. "'T was the mercy of God the dur was open behint us, or ye'd 'ave smashed mesel' and the childer entirely." But at the same time she laughs and gives us a "God bless ye." While we are learning the route from her, a perfect Irish gentleman, properly drunk, reels up and leaning over the front of the car gazes at us in a most affectionate fashion. Barefooted, rosy-cheeked urchins are running in all directions, numerous women stand around doing up their hair, and there is more of the ancient tongue to be heard than at any other point except in Achill.

As a child I learned a lot of it, meaninglessly, from the old servants at home, and recalling many phrases here have at times launched them forth, generally with dire results.

To-day as we wend our way slowly through these crowded streets, it greets our ears on all sides.

The quaint figures which one encountered in America thirty years ago must have come from here. Boarding ship in yonder harbour they landed on our shores absolutely unchanged and unique. One never sees them nowadays. Even in Ireland they are to be met with only in the remote districts; they are here in the good city of Galway but you will look for them in vain farther east.

The story of the first appearance of my dear old nurse upon the streets of our city has become a household tale with us. Just in from the "owld country," she decked herself in her best for her Sunday's outing. A gown of the most vivid emerald green whose skirt spread over a voluminous hoop was composed of four huge flounces bound in bright red; a huge bonnet of green and blue circled around her anything but classic countenance—certainly her nose could never have been called "Roman"; she carried an orange and green sunshade. Her appearance created a sensation which almost ended in a riot. She was too much for the American youth as he was for her, and she fled homeward pursued by a howling mob of the gamins.

I must pay tribute to the women who have come to us from this island,—respected and self-respecting, they have proven most excellent servants, with never a shadow of immorality amongst any of them, thoroughly honest and upright, and during months of absence, and sometimes years, left in entire charge of the households of which they kept as perfect watch and ward as though they were indeed their own, and, in fact, they soon learned to look upon the dwellings of their employer as home, with no desire to change unless to marry and set up their own firesides, and even then they never have forgotten and often return to the places where they lived so long through days of sorrow and days of mirth, not



Frankfurt Castle

only servants but friends in the best acceptation of that word.

While Galway is a town of but some fourteen thousand people, the crowds on its streets to-night would convey the impression of a much greater population. They simply swarm all over the place.

The city dates far enough back to have been mentioned by Ptolemy, and probably took its name from the Gaels or foreign merchants who once lived here. Galway appears on the pages of history in 1124 A.D. and from that date onward it was fought for by every tribe of the island. Just hereabouts there were thirteen tribes who strictly guarded themselves against all intercourse with the native Irish. Indeed there was a law that "none bearing an O or Mac in his name shall struttle one swaggere through the streets of Galway."

But those days are past and there must certainly be many who bear such prefixes to their names who are strutting these streets in this year of grace 1907.

This was one of the most important seaports trading with Spain, and there may be seen, even at this date, Spanish traits and features intermingled with the Celtic, and many of its ancient houses hold the touch of the South in their lines. Galway was loyal to King Charles and suffered horribly from the forces of Cromwell in consequence.

While there are quaint structures still to be

found in the streets they require looking for and one must be prepared to endure much squalor and dirt and endless smells which will not recall the perfume bazaars of the Orient, though it has always struck me that the perfumes of the Orient were thickly strewed that they might drown out much more horrible smells than were ever to be found in Ireland.

The most interesting and famous of all the old houses is that of the Lynch family whose façade holds some curious carvings, notably that of a monkey carrying off a child, one of the children of the family having been saved from death by fire by a pet monkey.

From the window of this house in 1493, its owner, James Lynch, hanged his own son for murder.

Legend and truth are probably greatly mixed in the story told to-day. The murder was that of a young Spaniard of whom the son was jealous, and whom he stabbed to death. His mother besought her kinsfolk to save him and them the disgrace of a public death by hanging, the father being determined that the law should be obeyed. They met and roused the populace which collected in a multitude outside the old house, to-day so full of its noisy poor. The father, finding it would be impossible to conduct his son to the place of execution, led him to one of the great windows high up in the mansion and from thence launched him into eternity at the rope's end. The people, awed

into silence by his stern justice, dispersed in quiet to their homes. To-day the street is called Dead Man's Lane, and it is claimed that the tablet with skull and cross-bones and its motto, "Remember deathe—vanite of vanite and all is but vanite," was placed there to commemorate the dark occurrence, but if so it was not until more than a century had rolled by.

It is said that this stern, sorrowing father never appeared in public after his execution of his son.

The family of Lynch appeared here from Austria in 1274 and until 1654 was of great prominence; then it vanished entirely.

The old house rises in state still from its squalid surroundings and the gloom upon its face seems to come as much from its present degradation as from its sad history.

With all its dirt and squalor Galway is possessed of greater interest than any other Irish city, though with the hurried march of time in these latter days, the antiquary must search more and more each year if he would discover aught.

One of the most singular and interesting parts is to be found in the district just outside the walls and on the river. It is called Claddagh, and consists of a colony of fishermen numbering with their families some five or six thousand. Their marketplace adjoins one of the city's ancient gates. They are a well ordered and governed people, having a king or mayor elected from time to time whose word is law and from whose decision they

never appeal; neither will they acknowledge any other authority. They are religious and will not sail away nor fish on Sunday or feast day.

At one period they were sufficient unto themselves and always married in their own set. That is changed now and neither does one often see the old and picturesque costume of their women,—a red gown and blue mantle.

However, even to-day their part of Galway is cleaner and more wholesome than its other sections.

Its people are very superstitious and will not fish nor permit others to do so unless the day and hour be lucky. Some have tried to break through this but were forced to give up the attempt, as their lives were in danger.

An Irishman in the city stated that times were very bad, they “had had very good crops and hence could not raise the cry of famine and so bring in the cash from England and America. When they can do that every one is well off and happy.”

But, as I have stated, squalor, dirt, and evil smells so abound that one is fairly driven off and away from this quaintest of the Irish towns.

You may spend a time in her old church of St. Nicholas, but if you enter the adjoining graveyard the terrible neglect will drive you forth in horror, a horror in no way quieted by a sojourn at the awful railway hotel, a place so vilely dirty that nothing save acute hunger forces us



Photo by W. Leonard

Clonmacnoise

to remain an instant within its doors. I ask the waiter for a toothpick. "Well, really, sor, we have none, but here's one of me own, which I'll lend yez." In the search for it he pulls from the same pocket a dirty handkerchief and a stump of a clay pipe. My laughter brings a twinkle to his eyes and procures us a much better luncheon than we had reason, from the appearance of the dirty table, to expect.

There is no excuse for this hotel. It is a disgrace to the railroad which owns and runs it. These railway hotels are generally cleanly and well kept. Certainly such is the case in England and Scotland and in the west and north of Ireland. But in Galway the broken-down, dilapidated, and filthy state of affairs is disgusting in the extreme. One hesitates to eat anything which comes from the kitchen, and we confine ourselves to boiled ham and cheese.

From Galway our route lies eastward to Parsonstown and had we followed the map would have been simple enough, but the advice of sundry home-going men, all somewhat the worse for liquor, sent us astray several times, but in a motor that is of little moment.

Parsonstown, or Birr, lies directly east of Galway and en route we pass by Lorrha, where I stop a moment to inspect its ancient abbey. It is of interest to some Americans as having been the burial-place for centuries of a well-known family, the Carrolls. There are no monuments

or tablets, as dead have been buried upon dead within the ruined walls for years on years, even unto to-day, as a fresh mound with a half-withered wreath of flowers upon it testifies.

Birr Castle was the original seat of the Carrolls, but they appear to have owned numerous others in this locality, such as Leap and Ffranckfort.

The life of the dwellers must have been very crude and rude, but they were all very tenacious of their right of sepulchre with their forefathers. Each old will directs, after kindly returning the "soul to the God who gave it," that their bodies be buried "in the chapel adjoining the Abbey of St. Dominick in Lorrha," and so it was done; but, as I have stated, years have gone and other dead have claimed the same graves in this holy spot, until the place, now a tangle of ivy and wild brier, is buried deeply and heaped high with the silent sleepers whose rest is rarely disturbed by a passer from the great outer world of the living.

In the surrounding graveyard the dead sleep closely together and the spot is better cared for than is usually the case. Apparently they are not so soon forgotten, at least, one is not horrified by the appalling desolation and abandonment usually to be found in such places in rural Ireland. Of course the people are very poor, but at least they could lock the doors of the vaults and cut the grass over the graves of their dead. It may be that they consider that nothing is necessary or can be done once they pass beneath the sod

of "holy ground," that, having been consecrated by the church, any touch of man's hand would be a desecration thereof. Be that as it may the effects upon one from another land is horrible. Such is not the case here in Lorrha, I am pleased to state.

A quick run of nine miles brings us to the quaint old city of Birr, just as the night closes in.

Birr is an eminently respectable town. Its streets are wide and its houses have a delightful seclusion which reminds one of the main square in Frederick City, Maryland. There are arched doorways shaded by climbing vines and bearing great brass knockers. There are family cats every here and there, and ancient dames peer at you from behind lace curtains. In its main square at the base of the column to the Duke of Cumberland and his victory of Culloden, one of the present citizens of Birr is declaiming. He does not declaim long; truth compels me to state that he is tight, and that even now two servants of the law are escorting him into the calaboose. Pity 'tis, 'tis true. But this is Saturday night and a man must have his little enjoyments.

We descend at the door of an hotel whose name sets us whistling, "Mr. Dooley's Hotel." I think it fairly good—Boyse does not agree with me but withal we are very comfortable in it.

Birr is the very centre of Ireland, and probably takes airs to herself in consequence.

We arrive here very weary to-night. There

are days when motoring is not all joy—this has been one. The lime dust and cold winds around Galway have cut our faces into segments, and I find a bath, an open fire, and easy chair too attractive to resist, but Boyse has gone off in a jaunting-car eight miles to see some friends and arrange for a visit to-morrow to an ancient castle where a real ghost still holds forth. We shall see what we shall see, but it would take more than a ghost to keep me awake to-night, much less to make me drive sixteen miles to call, but it seems nothing to Boyse who does not return until late—too late to talk—and so good-night.

Morning dawns in mist and rain, which continue off and on all day long. Birr is as silent as only an Irish or English town knows how to be on a Sunday,—every shop is closed, the houses show scarce any sign of life, while Cumberland upon his column seems to offer an apology for being in gala array on the first day of the week.

Boyse's friends near here have bidden us to luncheon after an inspection of that ancient seat of the O'Carrolls, Leap Castle (pronounced "Lep"). So rain and mist defying, we roll off at ten A.M. leaving Yama and our kit behind us. The roads are slippery and the car skids a little, but the chauffeur is alive to the danger, which is minimised to the fullest extent by chains on the wheels. Some ten miles out we turn into a spacious park and are welcomed at the door of the mansion of "Wingfield" by the daughters of the house,



Photo by W. Leonard

Abbey of the Holy Cross

three lovely Irish women, and I know of no land which can produce more beautiful women than Ireland; striking forms, faces, and figures are the rule not the exception in this land of the harp. There is a type of reddish golden hair, fair clear complexion, and sky-blue eyes which is especially beautiful to my thinking; it belongs to the upper classes, at least I have never noted it in a daughter of the people,—there the dark blue-grey eyes and black hair, or pale straw-coloured hair combined with palest of blue eyes, prevail.

I have a painting by our poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read, which shows the type I speak of, yet where did he ever see it? Certainly not amongst those emigrants who came to America in his time. The painting, called *The Harp of Erin*,¹ represents a white-clad woman chained to a rock in the sea, whose waves dash up around her. Reddish golden hair floats over her shoulders, which are draped in a green scarf. Blue eyes of the colour of the deepest heaven gaze mournfully upon you and her arms are raised to play upon a harp. The artist was in his happiest mood when he painted this picture and for it he refused a large price, expecting at the period of the Fenian excitement, in the sixties, to have it lithographed and so realise vast sums, but fate in some form, how I know not, intervened, and his idea was never carried out, or the Fenian bubble burst before it could be accomplished.

¹ See Frontispiece.

But to return to Wingfield. We gather in two of the ladies and speed off over the slippery highway to Leap Castle. Now Leap, I would have you know, is THE ghost castle of Ireland, owning more spooks to the room than all the others together. En route thither we pass under the shadow of "Knockshigowna" or hill of the fairies, and it would seem on this shadowy morning that the ruin on its summit shows signs of a strange agitation; perhaps the shades are aware of our approach to their favourite castle in the valley and trust that we may tarry until night falls and their dominion maintains,—for until then, they must stay where they are, high up on yonder hill, which is the centre of all the fairy romance and legend of the island. The forest is dense here and we roll under the bending boughs, heavy with the night's dew, and glittering in the sunlight. At the end of a long green tunnel the tower of Leap Castle blocks the way.

Leap stands overlooking a fair valley, a great square tower to which have been added wings on either side. It was one of the most ancient seats of the O'Carrolls, who seem to have left a most excellent memory hereabouts as expert sheep-stealers. All of these ancient castles were composed of simply one great strong tower. Everything else is of much later date. We have seen a dozen such in the past few days. Leap is no exception. Fortunately its owner, Mr. D., is at home and welcomes us to what has been

in his family since the days of the Restoration, a period when many of the Irish castles passed into the hands of Englishmen.

We enter the lower floor of the great tower, which in the days of the O'Carrolls was evidently the great hall, where many of those weird, barbarous feasts one associates with such places must have occurred. To-day its appearance is peaceful enough. Pictures anything but terrible surround us and no ghosts can stand this clear light of day.

From its windows you enjoy a superb panorama, and from its terrace one of its ancient owners leapt his horse when pursued by some enemy—hence the name. He was a rider superior to any even Ireland can show at the present time for the drop is quite thirty feet.

The wings of the castle flank the tower on either hand, but aside from containing cheery rooms with much fine old furniture, are not of interest, at least when compared to the hall, around which a gallery circles in the second story, to which stairs in the thickness of the walls conduct one. In one of the angles there is an oubliette to anywhere below,—in another a stair mounts to a chapel in the top, dismantled and disused now save by the ghost of a priest which walks here with his head under his arm, and it is reported that one of the chatelaines of the castle fled here from following footsteps which she could not understand, and flinging the great door to behind her

used her fair arm as a staple, only to have it broken in two by a force no mortal could withstand. She fainted, but before losing consciousness saw passing by her the shadow of the headless monk. If you sleep in one of those chambers below there you will awaken to find your hand drawn over the bedside and blood slowly dripping from your fingers,—there are stains on the old oaken flooring even now. Which ghost does that is not stated.

No direct heir ever inherits “Leap,” and when misfortune is following fast on the footsteps of the family, a ghostly sheep appears and with a claw of great length (that kind of sheep have “claws”) scratches on the panels of the great oaken portals. Every properly self-respecting house in Ireland has a ghost, but Leap has more than its share, and no peasant of the island would venture to pass a night alone in the dungeon under its great tower. There was nothing ghostly about the very good Irish whiskey which we had there,—so toasting all ghosts malign or beneficent and bidding our host a thankful adieu, we depart under the dripping skies and return to peaceful-looking Wingfield, only to learn that it too has its ghost, but a friendly one, being a great white goose which walks around the walls of the home park and so wards off all evil from the occupants.

A cheerful luncheon with agreeable people will banish any amount of spooks. It is so in this case.

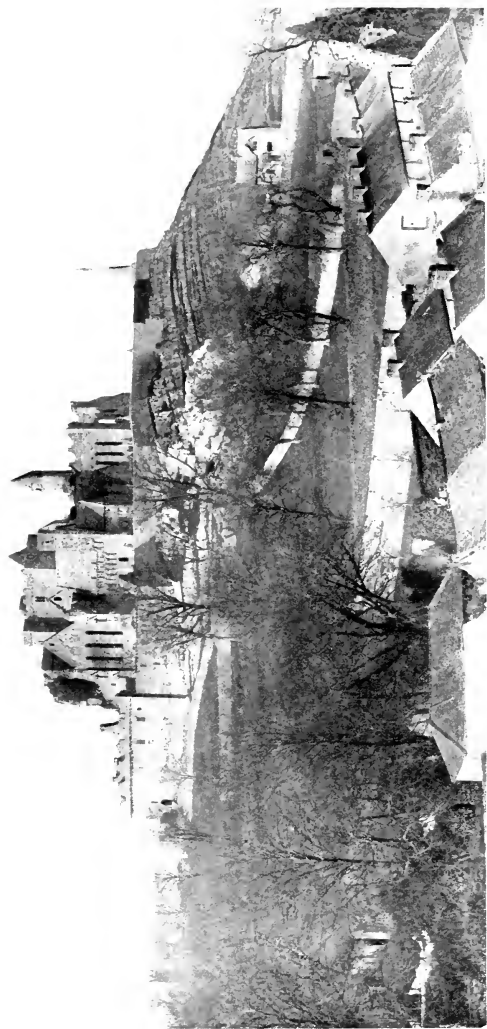


Photo by W. Leonard

Rock of Cashel

Wingfield could never be called a lonely place. Each of its fair chatelaines has a pet dog of her own and there are half a dozen stray dogs belonging to no one and every one. *They* are not allowed in any room unless they find the door open and in Ireland doors are rarely closed. If the dining-room door *is* open at meal-time and they about, it's first come first served, with odds on the dogs,—ditto at tea-time,—in fact, any old time or meal, and there are dogs enough to fill all vacancies and be present upon all occasions.

It is a merry meal we have, but the best of things must end and so we rise to depart. As I step forward to open the door for the ladies I find the knob gone and the act impossible; but we troop around by another way and settle ourselves before a bright fire in the drawing-room.

We are told by our hostess that the parson came to call the other day. The doorbell was broken but the door open. Upon entering the drawing-room and closing the door the knob came off in his hand. In the meantime numbers of dogs had collected in the hall. Remembering that the family were probably all out, he went to the bell to summon help, when *that* handle came off also; going to the window to get out, he could not keep it up until he had called into service a small table; thus he managed to tumble out on to the lawn amidst ten or a dozen barking dogs not at that moment on duty inside. He has not called since.

However to my thinking Irish dogs are good-natured.

Warm-hearted hospitality reigns in that house and may good luck and happiness for ever abide therewith.

After luncheon we start again with our fair guides on a visit to another famous house, Ffrankfort Castle, some eleven miles away, a veritable moated grange owned by Major Rolleston.

Our way lies through the forest. There are few hills hereabouts and no sign-posts to any of the roads, so that one might well lose the route, and but for our fair companions we certainly should have done so several times since we lost sight of the hill of the fairies and entered these labyrinths of the forest.

Turning at last through an ancient gateway, we see through the vistas of the trees and on a level stretch of ground a great enclosure some hundreds of yards each way surrounded by a high stone wall, through whose pointed gateway there are glimpses of a castellated mansion. As we draw nearer a moat full of water discloses itself around the outer wall, and rumbling over a drawbridge which has long since forgotten its function, we enter the enclosure.

As the car draws towards the house, which stands in the centre of the place, a saturnine face, with a long, hooked nose, gazes at us through the dusty diamond-shaped panes of a window.

Here is a mansion of the olden times, and one

so secluded that few from the outer world ever find it.

The house, built at several different periods, stands in the centre of the enclosure. I should judge that the main portion was of the date of Elizabeth but the left still holds a large round tower of a much older period and the main doorway of heavy old oak, very thick, and studded with nails folded back in several panels. A very curious bit of work.

It would seem to-day that the gentleman behind the window either doubts our being otherwise than spirituelle, or doubts our characters, and so declines to admit us, but he does come finally, and we enter an old-time place which knows nothing of the changes of these latter days and cares less for them.

In a large square hall we are greeted by our host, a typical Irish gentleman. He presents us to the ladies of the family, and we are welcomed as one is always welcomed in Ireland.

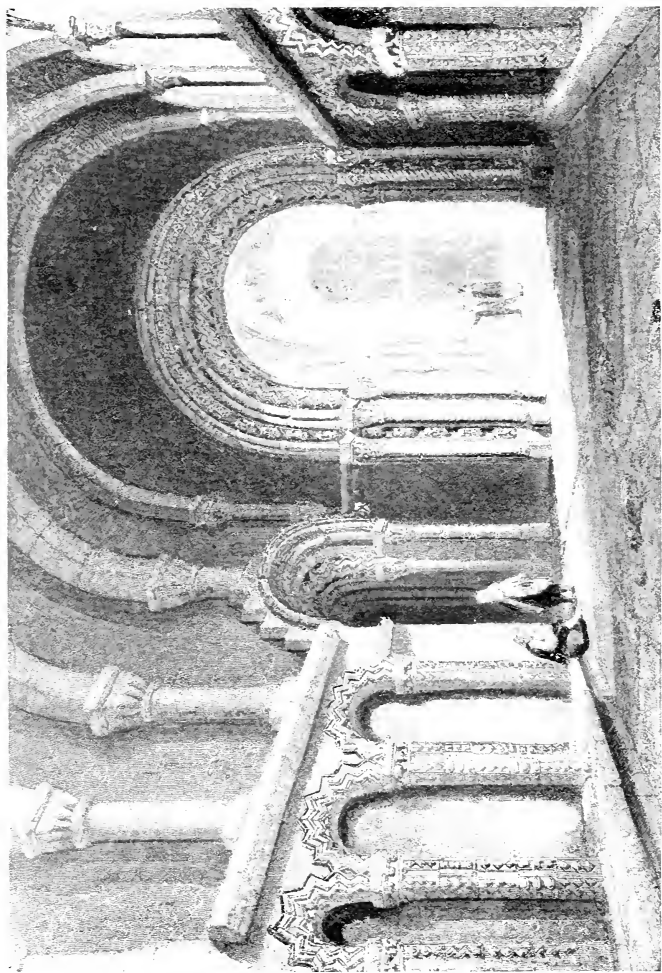
The owner, Major Rolleston, will not believe that I am an American as he cannot "hear the voice." I know just what he means and finally convince him that America like England has many accents.

They are charmed when they find that I really desire to see the old house, and we are soon at work, at least the Major and I are,—leaving the rest to discuss "tea." The Major acts as my guide over the place and out into a lovely flower-garden; he is greatly interested also in the

cultivation of vegetables, and remarks with regret "you don't care for farming." Confessing my shortcomings in that respect his interest in me dies out, and he shortly conducts me back towards the old house, over another drawbridge, which, like its fellow in front, has long since forgotten its ancient usage. One might spend hours over such a place and not exhaust its interest. I understand that it is the only perfectly *moated* mansion remaining in Ireland. There are fish in the moat, and on one side a man can swim in six feet of water for some hundreds of feet. The portions of the building which we inspected consisted of a large square hall, dining- and drawing-rooms which stretch across its front, and a large library in the rear.

The hallway, like most in the land, is decorated with the antlers of many deer, and in the drawing-room quaint prints and engravings and portraits of long dead dames and squires adorn the wall, while through the diamond-shaped panes of the casement the leaf-flecked sunshine starts many a face into life as it flits across them. One feels that one should be dressed in the costume of the Golden days.

Ffrankfort is not a splendid place, but it is homelike and beautiful. Is it peace or stagnation which broods over a spot like this? Do these people live or merely vegetate? To a man who has passed his years where the pulses of life beat the strongest it seems at first like stagnation, as



From a steel engraving

Cormac's Chapel, Rock of Cashel

though these woods must suffocate as they crowd so closely around the outer enclosure, ever advancing towards the house,—indeed one great tree in its haste or intentness to get here has fallen, and now projects over moat and wall and far into the enclosure, where its branches peer about them. Yet when one has been here a space there is a “peace, be still” over it all, a sense of brooding, that is very calming to one’s spirit.

Everything belongs to the long ago except our auto, which I order out of sight, round the corner, with a command to stay there until it is wanted and not intrude this twentieth century upon the sixteenth. But we cannot remain for ever, and the car, shortly summoned, glides forth and rolls us off and away, through the great gateway and over the bridge of the moat and so off into the aisles of the forest whose trees closing in around it hide the old hall from view as though by the dropping of a curtain, and again I ask, is it peace and contentment, or stagnation, to abide in Ffranckfort Castle?

I think it was Bayard Taylor who, in his early life, desired the seclusion of an island in some far off southern sea, there to dwell in close communion with nature, there to look from nature up to nature’s God,—but as his years advanced and his sands of life ran towards a finish, that desire changed to one which would place him where the pulses of life beat the strongest, and his last words were, “Oh, for more of this stuff called Life!”

The shadows of night and the falling rain make it dark as we reach once more our quarters in Birr where a bright fire in our sitting-room is, to say the least, attractive, and where the discussion pro and con as to the merits of "Mr. Dooley's Hotel" are revived. "Beastly" comes from behind Boyse's book where he sits reading deep down in an arm-chair; but here is a cosy little room, easy chairs and a bright fire, a dinner-table attractively spread and an attractive dark-eyed lassie waiting to serve us. May I never encounter worse than that on my pilgrimage through life.

To-morrow we go to Clonmacnoise and to-night, as I sit reading about it, my thoughts become a strange jumble of crosses and round towers, haunted castles, and ancient Manor-houses towards which I am carried in a wild rush through the aisles of the forest surrounded and pursued by dogs, geese, fairies, and ghosts until the top of the hill of the fairies is reached and I am being tried for high treason because of my doubts to-day of the powers of each and all of them. The headless monk is my judge while the sheep with the long claw prosecutes the suit against me. My fingers are dripping blood, it seems, and I am about to be delivered to the dogs of Wingfield when I distinctly hear it stated that I am snoring and had better go to bed. Perhaps such is the case; so good night.

As Clonmacnoise stands on the banks of the

Shannon and is but some thirty miles north of Birr, and the day yet young, we are off for a run thither. The morning is moist and the roads slippery, but we make good progress, most of the way through narrow lanes, and sometimes through pastures, to the astonishment of the cattle settled for their noonday's sleep.

Clonmacnoise was once the Oxford of Ireland, where the sons of the nobles were sent for education, its name "Cluan-mac-noise" meaning "the secluded recess of the sons of nobles."¹

It was in addition, one of the favourite burial places of the Irish kings. Even to-day, to be interred here is considered a blessing, as those so honoured pass straight to heaven.

The Abbey dates from the days of St. Kieran, 548 A.D.,—he died of the plague and was buried here,—and at one time was one of the richest, compressing within its bounds almost the half of Ireland. It flourished all through the wars with the Danes, and seems to have been finally plundered by the English, who carried off the wonderful bells and every other movable object. From that time onward the roofless churches and buildings fell more and more a prey to advancing time, until the whole became as we see it to-day, a small ruined church, a fragment of a castle, a round tower, and a stately cross, crowded upon by the graves of those who have eagerly

¹ Another authority interprets the name (Cluain-maccu-Nois) "the meadow of the sons of Nos."

sought this direct route to the realms of the blessed, but, for us, this world is as yet too full of interest, and we do not envy these dead even though they have here found the portals of heaven.

At Clonmacnoise is one of the many holy wells dating from pagan days, and which the traveller finds all over Ireland. These wells would appear to have formed a prominent feature in the paganism of the ancient nations. There are traces of them all over Africa, Asia and Europe.

It's a slippery, sliding run back to Birr, which the motor several times attempts to take backwards, but it ends safely and we reach "Mr. Dooley's Hotel" for luncheon.

It is a misty morning as we depart from Birr, but mist at this season in Ireland falls like a benediction upon man and upon all the world of green around him—and where else in this world will you find such green as in Ireland?

To-day the woods and meadows stretch away before us and over all bends a grey sky with patches of vivid blue and white cutting through it every here and there.

We had arranged to visit with our hosts of yesterday another of the "most ancient" and still inhabited castles of this section, but fearing a change to rain in the weather we give that up and roll off to the south-west, until finally we reach a fair green valley through whose grasses and beneath whose bending trees lazily rolls the river Suir, a river just wide enough to suit one's



Photo by W. Leonard

The Cross of Cashel and Throne of the Kings of Munster
Rock of Cashel

fancy, full of fish and water lilies, and by whose banks, amidst a thick grove of stately trees, the ancient Abbey of the Holy Cross rears its grey walls and delicate traceries.

Holy Cross is one of the finest ruins in all Ireland, and was evidently an abbey of great wealth and importance. Truly those monks of old knew where to build and when they brought the relic of the Cross bestowed by Pope Pascal II. in 1110 to this spot and erected its shrine, they made no mistake. It is not difficult to restore in the mind's eye the ancient structure to what it once was, or to repeople it with the forms and faces of ancient days. Yonder door in the outer wall must often have given egress to the fat white-robed abbot and his jolly crowd of monks, come out to inspect the baskets of fish and other good things brought by the people who crowded around them. There were also hampers of fruit and vegetables, and other things which looked strangely like casks of wine. Back of all rose the stately abbey, while the river flowed onward waving its lilies and grasses, and the soft air was full of the sound of sacred bells and murmuring waters.

To-day we face a stately ruin and there is no sound of bells or sight of abbot, only the river still murmurs amongst its lilies, but Holy Cross is as beautiful in her ruin as she could ever have been in the days of her splendour.

A comely dame admits us through the abbot's portal, and for hours we wander as the fancy

dictates, pausing now in the choir with its ancient tombs, climbing high on the great tower with its prospect of God's eternal resurrection all around, or resting where the high altar is draped in trailing ivy and splendid with golden lichen.

The mists have disappeared, the sunlight is warm and strong and one can almost see the fish in the river, while the air is laden with the fragrance of lilies, and there is a hush over all as though this ancient dame were sitting for her portrait.

How completely the rush and trouble of the world drops away in a spot like this! How the soul is lulled into slumber, and the "Peace, be still" of God comes down upon one!

CHAPTER VIII

The Rock of Cashel—Its Cathedral, Palace, and Round Tower
—Its History and Legends—Kilmallock: its Ruins and
History—The Desmonds—Horse Fair at Buttevant.

THE usual dram-shop exists near this one-time shrine of the cross and outside of it we found a man somewhat half seas over who had insisted upon showing us the abbey, but we were equally insistent that we would not submit to such a desecration, and so the good woman in charge of it, with much pleasure on her part,—“the likes of him, to be sure, to be troublin’ the gintlemen!”—had locked him out. He was on hand when we came away, determined to get at least a sixpence for a drink, but to all of his wiles we proved insensible. Just before we entered the car he moved off a pace, and regarding me from top to toe remarked, “Well, I must say, sor, that ’s the handsomest fitting coat I ever saw.” As said coat was a wretched production of a Chinese tailor of Yokohama the flattery was too fulsome and fell flat, upon obdurate ears, but he bestowed his benediction upon us for all that as the car rolled off.

This section would seem to be the very heart

of Ireland. There are traces of ecclesiastical ruins everywhere, and one's interest is intensified each moment until it reaches its climax some nine miles from Holy Cross, when the land drops gently into a vast valley from the centre of which, rising some three hundred feet, and crowned with ruins, towers the Rock of Cashel. At its base clusters the town and in the spreading meadows round about there are many stately ruins. As we approach, the town gives scant evidence of life, until one wonders whether any one exists there. We certainly do not see a half-dozen living things, men or animals, before we desert the car and climb the rock.

It is a glorious day as we pass upward to the hill and the old town and ruins take on a kindly look under the streaming sunshine—for sunshine "streams" in Ireland; the sky is never cloudless and the sun breaking through sends its light always in long streaming shafts, as though it were a great searchlight directed by some giant power; and so it is to-day, and just now it is turned full upon the Rock until all the ruins seem quivering with life.

But it passes, and as we enter and the iron gate clangs behind us the whole place is full of the sadness of decay. This was the Stirling of Ireland for here is cathedral, castle, and round tower.

The stories of war and bloodshed have passed away and Cashel has fallen more and more into

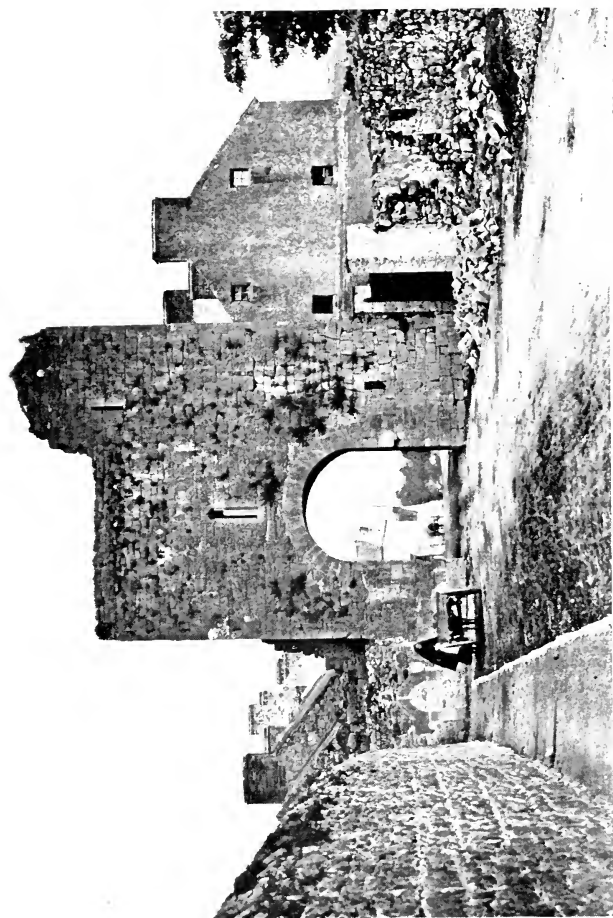


Photo by W. Leonard

Ancient Gateway, Kilmalloch

ruin and decay with the flight of years. An old guide, whose name does not seem to be given, made it the labour of his life and love to restore as best he could what was remaining. Here he lived on the charity of the poor, which never failed him, doing his best, and it was much, to gather together the crumbling stones and replace them in their old positions. Finally he died and was buried here and his work, almost undone by neglect and time, was finally taken up by one of equal taste and greater power, Archdeacon Cotton, who devoted time, energy, and private means to preserve this most interesting spot in Ireland from destruction. His work here started in Ireland the same movement towards the preservation of these ancient places with which Sir Walter Scott was so identified in Scotland.

To both, the lover of antiquities owes an eternal debt of gratitude.

Of Cashel it is related that Archbishop Brice in 1744, not being able to drive his carriage to the top of the rock, procured an act of Parliament to remove the cathedral down into the town, whereupon the roof was actually taken off for the value of the lead and the venerable pile abandoned to ruin.

As we pass the iron gateway which now guards the ruins and the dead who sleep around and in them (for the whole is now a great necropolis) the eye is first attracted by a rude cross rising from an equally rude base; on one side is carved

the crucifixion, and on the other a figure of St. Patrick. Here it is said the kings of Munster were crowned and here also tribute was paid by those of lesser state, and it is claimed that a hollow on one side was caused by the throwing down of the tribute gold through many years.

Passing onward one enters the quaint Cormac's Chapel, one of the most interesting remains in Ireland. Its original stone roof is still in place and possesses two very singular square towers on either side, one of which carries its pyramidal roof, but the other is open to the sky. The chapel is not large, being but fifty-three feet long and having only a nave and choir. It is Norman in its character; the very rich decorations of its arches and niches are all of that style.

The cathedral is, of course, a ruin, but stately and beautiful. Its interior is crowded with flat tombstones and even to-day interments take place here, and be assured to have the right of burial in Cashel Church is a hallmark of nobility which no money can purchase; only blood ties with those long since laid to rest will gain you a right to sleep there, and the same holds with Muckcross.

There is not much left of the castle. Outward amongst the many graves which cover the rock, the eye is at once attracted by the stately round tower, rising a hundred feet above the rock. To my thinking there is nothing more majestic than these simple towers with their conical caps, and one weaves around them all manner of romances

and stories, which probably are very far from the truth.

There seems little doubt that they are simply the campaniles of this northern land and it appears certain that they did not make their appearance until after the advent of Christianity. They were probably used also for watch towers and are to be found all down the coast at points where the Danes were apt to land.

In those days the Danes were the marauders of Europe, and Ireland did not escape their attention.

The ancient annals of the island call these towers, of which seventy are still standing, "Cloico-heach" or house of a bell. There are two in the land which have most impressed me, this one high on the Rock of Cashel and the one at Glendalough, deep down in a valley. Of that one I shall speak later on.

Cashel as a place of importance dates from the early kings of Munster and from the days of St. Patrick—the fifth century—when St. Declan founded a church here.

Its name probably came from a stone fort or "Caiseal." It was also called the City of the Kings. Here in 1172 Henry the Second received the homage of Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, and the princes of Offaly and Decies, and England became the ruler of the land. Here he read aloud that famous papal bull. Edward Bruce passed by Cashel and paused to hold a parliament.

The Butlers and Fitzgeralds warred all over the place and the great Earl of Kildare in 1495 burned down the cathedral, and when called by the King of England to accounting, declared that he would not have thought of committing such a sacrilege but that he was told that the archbishop was surely in the church; whereupon the King exclaimed, "If all Ireland cannot govern this man, he is the fittest to govern all Ireland," and thereupon appointed him viceroy the following year.

The rock and town were given up to plunder and slaughter by Lord Inchiquin in 1647 when twenty monks and many of the people were slain, but Cashel shines forth most brilliantly as the seat for centuries of an archbishop, and as the stranger stands on the rock to-day it is not difficult to picture the scenes and pageants of that period. Restore in your minds the church and palace to their former grandeur, rebuild and repeople the many monasteries which dot the green valley around the rock, fill the shady lanes with the gorgeous processions of the Church of Rome advancing to some great ceremonial in the cathedral already crowded with a multitude bowed in prayer, place the gorgeously robed archbishop on his throne before the altar ablaze with gold and lighted candles, while the sunlight streaming through the painted windows casts the greater glory of God over all, and the organ sends its deep solemn tones forth under the stately arches.

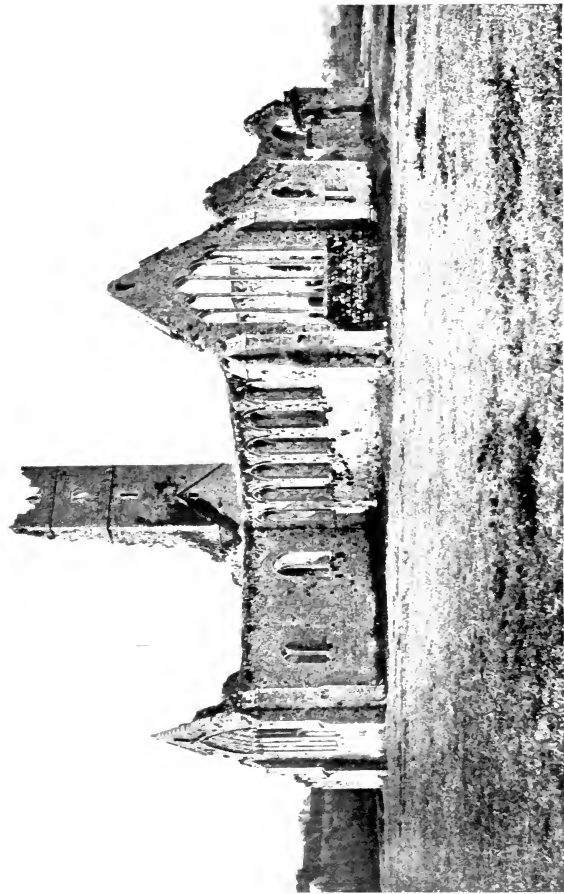


Photo by W. Leonard

Dominican Abbey, Kilmallock

Then you have Cashel at its best; but passing outward your eye would have been at once attracted by the stately round tower, as stately to-day as it was then, which would tell you at once that, as some believed, long before the cross came to Cashel the pagans held their barbarous rites and ceremonies on this rock.

Again, we are told that Cashel was first founded in the reign of Coro, son of Loo-ee, and that its name was Sheedrum, also called Drum-feevea; from the woods about. Through the forests and up to the rock at that time came two swineherds, with their pigs, Kellarn, herdsman to the King of Ely, and Doordry, herdsman for the King of Ormond, and there appeared to them here a figure as brilliant as the sun, and whose voice, more melodious than any music of this world, was consecrating the hill and prophesying the coming of St. Patrick. The news soon reached Coro, who came hither without delay and built a palace here called Lis-no-Lachree, or the fort of heroes, and being King of Munster his royal tribute was received on this rock, then called Currick-Patrick,—wherefore it was called Cashel, *i.e.*, Cios-ail, or the rock of tribute.

All that is but a legend and story of the long ago, yet this great round tower bears enduring testimony that Cashel was occupied long before the English invasion. Indeed the chapel of Cormac is undoubtedly of before that period but the cathedral dates from 1169, and the castle from 1260.

The whole was originally surrounded by a wall, of which no trace remains to us.

But after all it is the prospect from the outer walls which will longest hold your attention, the beautiful panorama of the golden vale of Tipperary spread out before you, while beyond range the stately Galty Mountains and the Slievenaman and Clonmel hills, the old town clustering around the base of the rock, its twisting narrow streets bordered by quaint houses while the green meadows around are dotted with ruined abbeys and many a tower of far more ancient date.

If Ireland *is* unhappy, she does not show it here to the passing stranger to-day. All is peace down amongst those meadows and beside those still waters.

Yonder is the Abbey of Horl, the equal of Holy Cross, but to inspect all the abbeys one passes would take a lifetime.

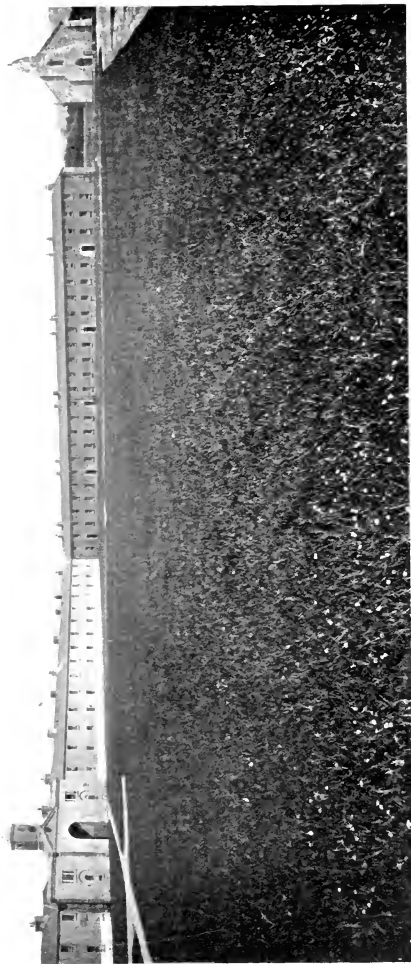
As we return to the car, I notice that there is trouble of some sort. An old Irishman stands near-by and a little girl is trying vainly to draw him away. As we arrive Yama remarks that the old man is insulting, and in as low a tone as I can command I bid him pay no attention as the man is drunk. That may be, but not so drunk as to deaden his hearing for he promptly replies, "Yes, sor, I am drunk, but I am drunk on my own whiskey, and I am not travellin' around wid a monkey man." It was well-nigh impossible to keep grave faces, but for the Jap's

sake we succeeded, and the car started, not, however, without another shot from the old man: “Well, good-bye to yez, and I forgive ye if ye did say I am drunk.” I am glad to state that that was the only experience of the kind which we encountered. What may have occurred before we reached the car I cannot say,—I certainly did not question the Jap on the subject, judging it better to drop the whole matter, but I have little doubt but that he did or said something to enrage the old man. The only one concerned for whom I felt any pity was the little granddaughter, who vainly endeavoured to lead him away. Poor child, her eyes were full of tears and I felt very sorry for her. In this world of ours it seems always her sex which must suffer.

Our route from Cashel to Buttevant lies through rich meadow-lands where the grass is greener and the buttercups of a deeper golden than anywhere else in the world I think, unless it be in the “blue grass” regions of our own Kentucky. This was certainly the land of promise to all who lived here or could force their way in; almost every turn in the road brings us upon some ruined tower or castle, whilst fragments of ecclesiastical buildings dot the landscape far and near. Indeed, as we roll leisurely along on this bright summer’s morning, the prospect is at all times enchanting to the lover of history and antiquity, and the interest increases steadily until Kilmallock, the Balbec of Ireland, is reached, though at all times the travel-

ler's regret will be intense that the ruin of all is so complete. In fact, the town is but a mass of ruins where the miserable hovels of the poor prop up what is left of the ancient mansions of a vanished nobility. As we pass through what was once its greatest street we note the remains of stately houses every here and there, but they have evidently been partly pulled down and their materials used to build the wretched structures which now shelter these people. Only the property of the church has been spared and in this case, though the ruin is great, it is the result of the sieges during Elizabeth's and Cromwell's time; the people have let the buildings alone, only that great disbeliever in church or state, time, is for ever at work completing their destruction.

One comes here upon the trails of the most powerful family which Ireland has ever possessed, the Desmonds, whose properties, covering four counties, extended over one hundred miles and contained over five hundred and seventy thousand acres. An ancient family, even at that period, they were made earls in 1329. Their power appears to have been at all times dreaded by the crown and we find one of them of the Kildare branch a prisoner in the Tower in Henry VII.'s time. He it was who burned the cathedral at Cashel, hence we may save our sympathies for a better man, especially as his assurance so affected the King that he was appointed governor of Ireland, as we related in the account of Cashel.



Buttevant Barracks

Photo by W. Leonard

His son, for rebellion, did not fare so well with Henry VIII., as, with five of his uncles, he perished on the scaffold and his family was only saved from extinction by having his youngest brother smuggled over to France to return to home and restored estates when Edward VI. sat on the throne.

Do not, however, for a moment imagine that that family "lived happily for ever after." Certainly not with such blood flowing in their veins and with Elizabeth Tudor wearing the crown, during whose reign the sixteenth Earl of Desmond did all he could to prevent his name from sinking into oblivion. He became conspicuous as an "ingenious rebel" and the Queen speaks of him in one of her letters as "a nobleman not brought up where law and justice had been frequent," by which I presume her Majesty meant that he had forgotten that the words "law" and "justice" meant the royal "will" and "desire" only. We have had some such forgetfulness in our own land of late years. Desmond was of such power that he could raise a company of five hundred men of his own name alone, all of whom and his own life also he lost in three years' time. There is little doubt that he was driven to rebellion by wrong and oppression, as he and his estates were objects of envy to every other chieftain of Ireland. His greatest enemy, the Earl of Ormond, was finally empowered by the crown to crush him and in the end succeeded. Desmond, "trusting no home

or castle," was driven to woods and bogs and finally captured in a ruined hovel where his head was struck off and sent to the Queen "pickled in a pipkin." His executioner, a soldier named "Daniel Kelly," received a pension of twenty pounds from the crown but for some later act was hanged at Tyburn.

With James, the son of this Desmond, the power of the family terminated. He became a Protestant and the only one of his name. It is useless to state that the followers of his ancient house would not tolerate such a lapse and upon his only visit to Kilmallock he was spat upon on his return from church. That drove him to London, where he died.

As I have stated, there is almost nothing to remind the traveller through Kilmallock to-day of its ancient splendour, though he may still trace its walls which once completely surrounded the town. Just outside stands the ruins of the Dominican friary, a stately empty shell.

Leaving it, we roll away southward and upon entering the town of Buttevant are rudely shaken from the contemplation of ancient days to the activity of this twentieth century.

Buttevant is indulging in a horse fair where David Harums congregate from all the land roundabout. As our car rolls through the streets, we are regarded as legitimate prey and have horses of all ages, sizes, and colours,—“Sound? Glory be to God, as sound as yer honour,” shoved

in front of us. (That we pass on without pausing stamps us at once as unworthy of further notice.) One man with absolutely no right has seized upon an adjoining field and after breaking a hole in the wall as a ticket window proceeds to collect a shilling from all who enter, of which there are many. If any refuse to pay he seizes a convenient rock and threatens them. It is useless to state that most of the community imagine that all that is worth seeing in the place is in that field, and as every one crowds in there they are not far wrong. Still, I learn later, the canny ticket collector takes care to vanish at the proper moment. They spend some time looking for him, especially as the owner of the field threatens to have the law on the whole lot for trespass.

Leaving the noise and confusion behind us, we enter the great square of the barracks, and the motor vanishes for a season.

CHAPTER IX

Buttevant Barracks—Army Life—Mess-room Talk—Condition of the Barracks—Balleybeg Abbey—Old Church—Native Wedding—Kilcoman Castle, Spenser's Home—Doneraile Court—Mrs. Aldworth, the only Woman Free Mason—Irish Wit—Regimental Plate—Departure from the Barracks.

IN the barracks at Buttevant are at present quartered a battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers, a regiment which dates back to the days of Charles II., and which has spent most of its years in India. Now this battalion is back home and I doubt not that both officers and men find the cool grey skys and green fields a welcome contrast to the blazing heavens and burnt brown stretches of the Far East. Yet I imagine that there will be certain moments of longing for the land where they have made their home for so many years,—a land which never entirely releases her hold upon those who have dwelt there.

“If a year of life you give her;
If her temples, shrines you enter;
The door is closed, you may not look behind.”

But that state has not arrived with these men yet and they are very contented to be “at home.”



Photo by W. Leonard

Dinner at Buttevant Barracks

These barracks at Buttevant are spacious and, as barracks go, very comfortable. Situated in a good hunting country, one hears horse and hound talk intermingled with the many bugle calls and the stirring sounds of the fife. The campus or compound, a great green square surrounded by the quarters, is constantly a gay spot, often with lawn-tennis and cricket going on in its centre, and there are always the officers' wives and children, giving the scene just that touch and charm which can only come from women's presence.

Orderlies are leading or riding around the drive the hunters recently purchased at the neighbouring horse fair, and constant are the comments upon each nag as it passes,—mingled with much badinage at the expense of the purchasers.

The regimental band of fifty men discourses sweet music. Tea is on in the mess-room—soldiers in khaki and soldiers in scarlet coats are everywhere. Snatches of songs come from the different quarters and life does not seem hard to these soldiers, at least not now, and yet—the call to arms and the chance of a skirmish is always welcome at first, until they realise that “War is Hell” and once entered upon cannot be so easily stopped. There is no thought of war here now and life goes merrily onward.

At seven-thirty the dressing bugle sounds and we are off to reassemble in the officers' mess at eight for that most important function, dinner.

I confess I feel slovenly in my black clothes amongst the scarlet and gold of the officers. The mess dress of the army is very effective, a scarlet jacket fitting closely and showing a generous shirt front, dark blue trousers with scarlet stripes, strapped over patent leather boots bearing spurs,—a dress becoming to any man. Once he knows you, a British officer is always very cordial and agreeable; there are few exceptions to that rule. I am certainly given a cordial welcome amongst them on my first evening.

Dinner announced, we file down to the mess-room where if you imagine things are crude or camp-like you are mistaken. The spacious apartment is adorned with the "colours" old and new of the whole regiment (as this is the headquarters of all its battalions and all such things are here stored), most of them torn with the strife of battle. The table, of Bombay oak (which travels with the regiment wherever it goes), is of great width and as long as the room will permit. For dinner it is decked with magnificent plate in the form of candelabra, cups and fantastic salt-cellars, etc. There are flowers and snowy linen of course, and the room is brilliant with scarlet coats and the mellow light of wax candles. The dinner goes merrily on, while outside the regimental band discourses its best. Towards the end we are brought to our feet with "Gentleman, the King," and so, to the national anthem, drink the health of his Majesty.

(I must compliment this band. It is excellent, and I believe is considered the best in south Ireland.)

After dinner, we adjourn to the smoking-room upstairs, and "bridge" comes in for proper attention.

Not caring for the game, Major Beddoes and I are seated before the fire. The room is a large one and, I am thankful to say, does not possess electric lights; a shaded lamp throws a warm glow downward upon the card tables while the flashes of the firelight bring the scarlet coats and gold braid of the players, and the tattered battle flags beyond them into bold relief now and then.

The air is full of tobacco smoke, but aside from our subdued voices and an occasional remark thrown at me by the players because I neither smoke nor play, the room is very quiet. Outside, the barracks and the town seem to have gone to sleep save for an occasional bugle call or sentry challenge.

There had been some commotion below earlier in the evening because of a young setter pup, which Capt. D. had shut up in his room, having eaten one of the Captain's new walking boots, and Major Beddoes had some words with his man, whom he had discovered wearing one of his, the Major's, best dress shirts. "Sure, Major, 't was n't soiled enough to give to old Mag beyant there to wash, and I jest thought I would give it a wear or so mesell, knowin' ye would n't care."

But those incidents of barracks life have passed on, when I ask the Major what he thinks are the real feelings of the English for Americans,—do you like us?—he is enough like a Yankee to throw the query back at me with the parties reversed; but I came first upon the field and insist upon that advantage. After some moments of quiet pulling at his beloved pipe, he answers, “I think individually, yes,—as a nation, *no*, and you have probably discovered that for yourself, and the feeling on our part may be based on jealousy. You are also aware that the same holds in your own land toward our people. As a general thing we like your women, but not your men, and our opinion of the latter is probably influenced by those of your citizens who have turned their backs upon their own land and settled amongst us. Of these I do not include those who have come amongst us for business reasons,—they always expect to go ‘home,’ and are at all periods of their sojourn here Americans,—but those others who, drawing their entire support from their own country, settle here and become more anti-American than any Englishman ever was. We despise them, and no matter how hard they may work for it, they will never be looked upon otherwise than as strangers,—their children, reared over here, possibly, but never themselves, for whether we like you or not, we do think that one born in America should be proud of that fact and not a cad. Do you agree with me?”



Photo by W. Leonard

Buttevant

"Assuredly, and personally whatever pride in the past I possess is centred in those of my ancestors who helped to make and preserve our great nation,—beyond them, while it is interesting to trace backward into the countries of the old world, it is simply a pastime."

"You certainly send us funny lots of people during the touring months."

"Yes,—but have you ever tried to talk to them?"

"Just recall that lot at Mallow the other day. Could any party on the surface be more unattractive?"

"You are quite correct, but if you had spoken to that most aggressive looking man and his more aggressive looking wife and daughter, you would have discovered well educated and intelligent people, such as form the real backbone of a nation. They have consumed six summers travelling in Norway alone, and thoroughly appreciate that beautiful country. They believe that the world is a better book than any ever enclosed between covers, and they intend to read it, and when the years bring old age upon them, all that world will still be an open volume, its changes and improvements fully appreciated and understood. Can you not excuse much that is unpleasant in people like these? And do they not compare favourably with the masses of English of a certain class found all over Europe."

As for the sentiments of one nation for another,

it is summed up in the words of a recent author, "Moreover, the fine old dislike which Bretons bestow upon everything outside Brittany was hers both by inheritance and careful cultivation." There you have it in a nutshell,—not only as regards the English but all other nations. England certainly holds that feeling towards all the continent and I believe towards America; Boston has it for all the rest of our land. New York has of late years become more liberal, more cosmopolitan, yet I heard but lately a man make the remark in her best club that he had "a perfect horror of the middle West." How does that sound from an educated man in this twentieth century, and of cities which have long since passed their centennial? To be sure, far from being a criterion for the citizens of New York, he was one who had kept his nose down on the books of some counting-house and had never left the confines of the city.

As for California, I have known the dislike of everything outside of that State, especially Eastern, to separate husband and wife and destroy a family; where the wife's hatred of "outsiders" extended from her husband's parents to and including every friend he had in the East,—an impersonal sort of hatred because she was stranger to most of them, yet none the less violent, with the result as stated.

Again, did not such a feeling have something to do with our Civil War? Does not England even to-day believe that the cultivation was

largely in the South, and yet how unjust such an opinion! I am half Southern, my mother's family having been slave-owners for generations, and I think I can speak without prejudice, and I say again "how unjust such an opinion." The cultivation in the South was sprinkled over a sparsely settled country and centred in a few thousands of planters and their families. In the North, it covered all of a densely populated section, and from ocean to ocean it would have been impossible to find a class like the mountaineers of Virginia, so ignorant that many of them not only could not read but did not know what "reading" meant. Furthermore where were, and still are, all the greater universities and seats of learning? In the North. Where did our great poets and essayists come from? The North again. I do not desire to decry the South,—far from it,—but the old idea was an absurdity; the South in her palmiest ante-bellum days sent the majority of her sons north to be educated, but——

Bridge in the meantime is over for to-night and the group before the fire increased thereby. So the talk drifts on and on. I am not given to slang and do not like it, but I happened to use a bit just here, "he monkeyed with a buzz saw." Attracted by the silence which followed I looked up to find every face gazing upon me in puzzled amazement, until finally Major——felt that some explanation must be forthcoming.

“Monkeyed with a buzz saw? Now let me see, let me see. What exactly *is* a ‘buzz saw,’ and what happened to the monkey?”

My laughter forced them all to join in and for the next hour these defenders of the British flag took a lesson in American slang, until upon the soft air outside sounded the notes of the “last post” (or “taps” as we call it), the saddest bit of melody in the world of music, and so “good night,” “good night.” One by one the lights went out and sleep settled upon the living while the moon, turning her attention elsewhere, went off to light the fairies dancing on the river and the witches down in old Ballybeg Abbey.

The following day being Sunday the soldiers of the King go to service in full dress; the grim barracks are brilliant with hundreds of scarlet coats and to the music of *Stars and Stripes Forever* our one time foes move off to pray for peace while prepared for war. I notice that *Hiawatha* is the favourite tune for marching men, and am told that it is not only because it is a most excellent march but because the fife plays an important part in its rendering and the fife is the only instrument which can be heard above the din of battle.

There is a drummer in this band whose movements are simply amazing, and I find myself trying to imitate them with pole and cane to the peril of life and property. How he does swing those great sticks around his head and bring them down upon that huge bass-drum! A drummer



Kilcoman Castle
Spenser's Home
Where he wrote *The Faerie Queene*

surely whose pomposity surpasses anything of its kind within my memory. As the inspiring music grows fainter and fainter and the scarlet coats pass away down the streets of the old town I turn for an inspection of the barracks. On the top of the entrance arch are the offices, on the right the guard-house, and beyond it a large gymnasium. On either side of the green and running at right angles to the entrance are the officers' quarters, while a large barracks for the men forms the fourth side of the square. Back of this is another square surrounded by large barracks, while the married men have a separate building beyond these and the Colonel lives in a retired pleasant house off in one corner. Of that house and the dwellers therein I have some very pleasant memories.

To a looker-on in this twentieth century the disregard of sanitary measures in such a barracks as this is surprising and I doubt not the same holds in all others of the Empire and perhaps in all those of other countries, including my own. Of that I am unable to speak, but the outrage is an outrage all the same. One can understand the lack of such things in far western camps or in war times, but that a great stone place like this with a hundred years to its credit should have no proper baths or toilet-rooms for its officers is "an outrage" most certainly, and one which the nation should insist upon being promptly corrected. There are a few bathrooms with good tubs and

hot and cold water for the men but the officers have nothing save the inconvenient, nasty little tin tubs, and it is practically impossible for a big man to keep himself in proper condition by their use.

These quarters are, as I have stated, massive stone buildings. Each officer has a sitting-room with two small rooms adjoining and so placed that either of the latter could be transformed at small cost into an excellent bathroom with hot and cold water laid on. As it is now, these gentlemen must use a little tin thing with an inch or two of cold water. It's a common saying amongst the officers of the army that nothing is done for *them*. What the government does is all for the rank and file. That the soldiers should receive everything needful is in all ways proper, but are not the men who lead them, the brains of this strength of the nation, entitled to like consideration? They offer their lives upon the slightest cause, and gladly too, yet their government is so far forgetful, not to call it by a harsher term, that it neglects their well-being in this manner. They are willing to put up with *nothing* when it is necessary, and surely are entitled to a *bare something*, and this is nothing more, when it can so easily be done and at such small expense. Cleanliness is certainly more essential to health than many brilliant coats and much silver plate.

There is often scorn expressed for our bathrooms with their modern appliances, but I noticed at P—— that one of the scoffers, who might

have had his little "tub" (so constantly extolled) in his bedroom, waited and almost missed his dinner that he might use the only bathroom in that vast establishment. I do not desire to accuse the officers of uncleanness—very far from it—but they should be better provided for in this respect.

I am also astounded to note the treatment of the common soldiers—"Tommy Atkins"—by the public. In time of war he is worshipped, but in time of peace is scarce considered to be a man, merely a servant to be pushed and shoved about and treated most discourteously, to say the least. I saw this done in a theatre the other night, to a soldier who addressed a simple, civil question to the man next him. The reply he got and the treatment he received would, in America at least, have resulted in a row, and justly too. However, that occurred in Ireland where the "red coats" are not liked.

I understand that the pay per year of the officers in the British army is about as follows:

A Colonel,	£400 Sterling
Lt. Colonel,	300
Major,	240
Captain,	200
Lieutenant,	100

These figures do not seem very large when a man offers his life to his country, but they are in excess of many nations on the Continent, where the officers are forced into beastly poverty by the call

for outside gorgeousness. At a late grand review the eye of a beholder was attracted by an officer quite resplendent in a beautiful white uniform, superb high black boots with glittering spurs, a silver breastplate, and glittering helmet, and mounted on a splendid black charger, his appearance was gorgeousness intensified. After the review the observer, passing the tent of this same officer, saw the entire gorgeousness as to uniform hung up to dry and on the wretched camp bed sat the man *with no socks on*,—"too poor to buy them," all the pay and far more gone in the useless display,—and yet not altogether useless, for without the uniforms these great standing armies would melt away like mist before the sun and many a throne totter to its fall. However, if the splendour must be maintained, and it is certainly beautiful to look at, then those forced to wear it and bear its expense should be better paid, remembering at the same time that the wearers are ready at any moment to stand up to be shot to death in defence of the home where you sit comfortably reading your paper—therefore "PAY, PAY, PAY!"

The officers of these Fusiliers are devoted to their cook. I suggested the other day that his coffee might be improved,—it was wretched, in fact, not coffee at all, while no fault could be found with the rest of the menu. They replied that they knew it, but he had been so devoted in battle, had cooked under a galling Gatling fire,



Doneraile Court, County Cork

had rushed so many times over death spots to bring them hot sausages which he was forced to carry in his hands, that they could not scold him. I drank his coffee with great pleasure after that. The heroes in this world do not always wear the most brilliant uniforms and has it not been proven that it is the commissary which in the end decides the conflict?

There is nothing going on in the barracks this morning which interests me, save perhaps a court-martial, at which I am told that my absence will be very precious. So I stroll off in the soft sunlight through the great gateway, where a sentry holds constant ward and watch, just for appearance sake, I imagine, as it cannot be to keep the boys in or strangers out, for just at yonder corner is a breach in the wall unguarded where any one may come and go at pleasure, and I doubt not many of the boys do go and for pleasure, though there can be little amusement in the sad town which clusters between the barracks and castle. Of young men it seems to hold none, and there are not many children, so that when these few old people pass onward and enter for eternity yonder churchyard, old Buttevant will wither away altogether. Many kindly faces come to the doors to watch me, knowing that I am an American, and their eyes have a questioning look as though to ask for some dear one in the land beyond the sea.

The place is indeed very old and every now and

then as I pass through the streets I come across some vestige of its past greatness and a mile beyond its limits reach the ruins of Ballybeg Abbey, in a smiling meadow down by the river Awbeg. Something of a stately structure in its palmy days, there is little of that left now, but on the whole it is all rather sociable. The river is of that sort, and having loitered downward under its trees and through its grasses murmurs confidential bits of gossip about the castle yonder upon its banks. Yellow buttercups push their heads upward through the turf which climbs to the old grey walls of the abbey, and in the abbot's doorway the white face of a ruminating cow is silhouetted against the inner darkness. "They also serve who only stand and wait," must have been written of Ballybeg and its kind, for it has left no trace upon the pages of history. Yet withal, as I have stated, it's a sociable old place and I spend some time in its company, seated on the parapet of a neighbouring stone bridge where 't is said the fairies dance when the moon is full.

I expected much from the name—Ballybeg—why I can scarcely tell but I cannot say that I am disappointed, though such stately structures as Fountaine and Tintern in Wales would scarce consider Ballybeg to be exactly "in their set."

Wandering up the banks of the Awbeg, I pass beyond the castle. We had tea there last season and a medieval castle which can descend to hav-

ing afternoon tea served within its walls is not worthy of description. It is owned by an irascible old lady who occupies one part and rents out the other and who generally keeps such a strict eye upon her tenants that it results in driving them out. When we visited it the tenants were an officer and his wife, and just that shortly happened, so that on my second visit to Buttevant, the castle stares at me with vacant eyes of windows, and I pass onward up the river to the centre of the town, where the ruins of its Franciscan abbey raise their arches and columns and guard the dead of long ago, and those who come in this later day to sleep beneath its shadows.

If you enter its crypt, you will stand amazed at the vast quantity of human bones piled pell-mell there. Some say that they are but the natural accumulation of departing humanity and others that they all came from the neighbouring battlefield of Knockninoss,—others believe that when in the flesh they all lived yonder in old Ballybeg.

Be that as it may, they are here now, quietly awaiting that day of days, which shall summon them forth once more, and as I stand in the darkness with my foot on a skull, which might have enclosed the brains of an Irish king, downward through a broken casement comes the sound of a voice and the words "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," and I roll the skull gently back into denser shadows, wondering,

wondering, and then, as we all must do, ceasing to wonder, and just continuing to—trust.

Passing upward into the sunshine and forward amidst the long grasses which cover the humbler dead, I find that one more has but now joined this silent company, and those who brought her here are slowly leaving the churchyard. Poor people, all of them,—there does not appear to be any others in this town of Buttevant,—but death seems to hold no terrors for any one of these and many sit round on the tombstones and do not hesitate to discuss the qualities, good and bad, of those asleep beneath them and to admire the inscriptions. Here is one quaint enough surely :

“ Here lies Pat Steele—that ’s very true;

Who was he? What was he? What ’s that to *you* ? ”

Yonder is a cross of wood under discussion at the present moment. It states that “ here lies Kate O’Shea and also her sister Mrs. Mary Buckley,” and that as “ their father died last year, this is the end of the O’Shea family.” That thereby hangs a tale is very evident, and yonder fat old lady on whose head a bit of a black bonnet is poised and round whose shoulders a comfortable shawl is wrapped could and would tell me if there were not so many listeners about, who knowing her love of gossip keep sharp watch and ward, so that of those who are gone I learn nothing, but of what is shortly to happen I hear more. A wedding is to take place in the modern church just



The Room in Doneraile Court where Mrs. Aldworth Hid

here and we sit round on the tombstones, awaiting the coming of the bride. There are hints as to this bride which rouse my curiosity, and I decide to await her coming, which shortly happens. She is a comely looking young woman, modestly dressed in a green gown, and a blue hat with red roses thereon. Her blue eyes do not possess a very happy look as they rest on the fat middle-aged bridegroom, and the old lady on the tombstone next to me heaves a sigh which tells unutterable things. Still, all seems going smoothly and we follow into the church. The ceremony begins, and progresses as usual to that point where the bride is asked if she takes this man to be her wedded husband, when upon the amazed and horrified ears of all falls the reply in sharp tones, "Indade, I won't," followed by a swish of a blue skirt and a flash of red roses down the aisle and out the door and the bride is gone. I leave a description of the hubbub which followed to your imagination.

Getting finally outside, I find myself once more near the old lady of ample proportions, and just in time to hear her remark "and him wid nine illegant fat pigs and sivin suits of clothes *aich one better than the other.*" This entirely destroys my dignity and self-control and I double up with laughter upon a neighbouring tombstone, whereupon the old lady, after one look of grand amaze, gives me "the full of her back" and with her "nose trun in the air" passes majestically away.

I learn later that of that bride they never again heard. Like the bubble on the river she was gone and for ever.

The neighbourhood of Buttevant is full of interest to those who will turn aside from the usual tour of Ireland. To-day we are off through the green lanes for a visit to Kilcoman Castle, the home for some years of the poet Spenser, and where he wrote his *Faerie Queene*. We shall later visit the scenes of that poem.

In 1586 Spenser received some fifteen hundred acres of land from the crown, and on them stood this ancient stronghold of the Desmonds, which he made his home for years. Those were troublous times and he saw much of their misery, and their sadness tinges his great poem.

He received but small acknowledgment for his work from Elizabeth, and even that was objected to by Burleigh,—“What—so much for a song!”

This castle was sacked whilst he occupied it and he fled to London, where he died in poverty.

The ruins rise from the midst of a green meadow some seven miles from Buttevant, and consist of a lonely tower, to the top of which we mounted by its ancient staircase within the walls. The tower chamber still has its roof intact, but at its best the castle must have formed a poor abiding-place even three centuries ago.

The prospect from the top is rather dreary, and we leave the spot without regret.

Doneraile Court, in whose vast park were laid

the scenes of the *Faerie Queene*, is very different. It is now the property of Lord Castletown.

One more fully appreciates the comfort of a motor-car when forced suddenly as we were last night to take a jaunting-car for a ride of nine miles to Doneraile. That distance would be nothing at all in the former vehicle, but is every inch of nine miles in the latter. It's no easy matter to hold one's seat in these cars. If you happen to have a trotting horse it's not so difficult, but if the beast is inclined to canter, as ours was, the wheels of the car will almost leave the ground with every canter, and chances are that you will desert the car altogether. I came near doing so several times last night, and reached the court in a breathless state, which the horse, with a wicked leer in his eye, seemed to enjoy to the full. Tom, the driver, secure on his perch in front, rode most of the way with his back to the horse, which appeared to know whither we were bound, Tom the while discoursing to me upon the charms of hunting in Ireland and showing me several of the favourite jumping places. I did not enthuse; though I have ridden all my life and hunted some, still a jump composed of a stone wall, a hedge, and a deep drop on the far side did not commend itself to me, especially as a man had "broken his neck there but lately." One can scarcely understand such clumsiness on his part as the drop was quite sufficient for horse and rider to turn a complete summersault,

and still come out right side up. However, I shall not try the trick, but that I would hesitate for an instant, for such a reason, to join in the national sport stamps me as unsportsmanlike—as one who will not buy a horse, and that settles my position, in Ireland.

We approached Doneraile Court through the village of that name, which clusters close under its park walls. Doneraile is quite *the* place in this section, and we find it a stately mansion presiding over one of the most beautifully wooded parks in Great Britain.

These houses in Ireland, mostly all dating from the Restoration, are commodious and oftentimes stately structures, and have a beauty all their own and very different from anything in England, hence one cannot compare them. This estate somewhat antedates that period as it was purchased from Spenser's son by William St. Ledger, President of Munster in Charles I.'s reign, and the town gives the title to the family.

Doneraile presents a lofty and attractive front to the park and the attraction abides as one enters the spacious halls filled with the trophies of the chase and with quaint arms gathered from all over the world. In the distance a stately staircase mounts to the upper floors and on the left is a suite of handsome withdrawing-rooms and a library, while the dining-room holds on its walls many interesting family portraits, one of which quite diverts my attention from the



The Hon. Mrs. Aldworth
The only woman Freemason

conversation during dinner. It is that of Mrs. Aldworth, and shows a very strong, determined countenance. The finger on that book indicates that you will believe what she tells you or she will know the reason.

I have another picture of the lady from a painting in Doneraile,—never photographed before,—but it is not so distinct as the one I give, and is merely that of a beautiful woman, a woman of the world before her character has been developed. Certainly none would dare claim—in her presence at least—that the character of the lady in the portrait I do give has not been developed, nor would it be well to cast any aspersions upon that character. You may think you know a thing or two, but if wise you will not dare the owner of that face yonder. Madam, I doubt not but that you were the very best Mason the sun ever shone upon, so let me alone, will you?

She was born in 1695, and her history is told us by Lord Castletown in the room where its great event occurred.

It is the first on your right in front as you enter the mansion, and the interest of the house centres there, for therein was being held in 1725 the Free-masons' lodge when the Hon. Mary St. Ledger, afterwards Mrs. Aldworth, hid herself, some say in the great clock, and upon being discovered was by those present condemned to death, when one man so plead for her that her life was spared and she was made a full-fledged

Mason, the only one in the world's history. What could follow an incident so romantic save a wedding, and it did follow shortly. It is said that she was condemned for ever to wear clocks on her stockings, hence that name for that bit of embroidery. It is also stated that Aldworth at first voted for her death and she married him to pay him out again. Whichever tale is correct it is stated that in later years he more than regretted that he had not voted for her death, but he was probably a degenerate man, for the face in yonder portrait was worth fighting for. In the room where it all occurred are her masonic emblems, a "square" about three inches long, the stone above an amethyst, the rising sun above, gold, and the rays diamonds (or old paste), a greyish stone, and yellow amethyst in alternate rays. A little thing to last when she who wore it and created all this disturbance has been dust and ashes since 1775.

The room is a double or alcoved apartment with bookcases ranged around its walls, and still holds, I believe, the same furniture as upon the eventful night.

The talk drifted onward about her and many other curious persons and things, and the smoke from the cigars grew denser and denser until I dreamed that I saw all sorts of vanished faces in the space around me, and I fear that I was dreaming actually when aroused by Major Beddoes and told that "the ladies are retiring" and so we

lighted their candles for them, and chatting a moment at the foot of the staircase, watched them disappear above.

Burne-Jones must have gotten the idea for his famous picture from such a scene. There is no place where a group of stately, beautifully gowned women show to better advantage than upon a staircase. I was strongly reminded of his painting on this occasion. After all the custom of good night to the ladies with the lighting of candles and its pleasant chat is a pretty one though you may object to their early disappearance and would greatly prefer an hour's more talk with them than with your own sex.

However, it is late to-night, and bidding our host adieu we move off through the glades of the park where Spenser wandered and dreamt so long ago, pausing a moment by the lake where the swans still drift as on a surface of molten silver. The midsummer air is balmy and delightful and a full moon lights up the woods until one almost fancies the Faerie Queene is out in their glades with all her court, or adrift on the lake with the swans.

My stay in the barracks is drawing to a close, and perhaps it is well. Major Beddoes threatens me with arrest, fearing a riot if I am allowed to wander around attending weddings and other functions to which I have not been bidden.

During my sojourn I have employed a boy named Tom who owns a sprightly horse and a

jaunting-car not more than a century old, the latter harnessed to the former by means of strings. We have had many a rare drive between the hawthorn hedges, leaving the motor neglected in a shed: its day will come.

I have been desirous since leaving Achill to hear again that mournful cry for the dead,—“keen-ing,”—and had arranged with Tom to bring two old women into the barracks after dark, to whom I was to give half a crown each and a bottle of—let us say “cologne”; but they did not materialise and when I questioned Tom he replied, “Sure, sor, I had ’em beyant Major Beddoe’s rooms, but he druv ’em away.”

“Certainly I did,” chimed in the Major; “do you want me court-martialled?”

I would not object if it were in a good cause. I think there is also a bit of personal malice in his acts, as I laughed at him the other day. He has lately married a charming wife, and is at present quartered in Mallow, from whence he runs the nine miles in a motor-car of his new father-in-law. When he made his first appearance the other day on the barracks compound, with all the officers and their families assembled to greet him, said motor-car looked as though it had been through the wars, and was as pug-nosed as many of the aborigines of the land, caused by sudden contacts with stone gates and the sides of houses, to say nothing of unexpected excursions through old ladies’ gardens and into gullies not intended



The Lake at Doneraile Park

for motors. I laughed, I could not help it, hence the malice aforesaid, with threats of arrest.

One day we are returning from a jaunt to nowhere in particular, having been out just looking for things to happen,—which they generally did,—when, as we draw near the barracks, we pass a dilapidated old trap with some men inspecting it. One hails our boy with the query, “I say, Tom, is that your family chariot?” Quick as thought comes the reply: “Yes, and I am in want of a mule; are *you* widout occupation?”

After that we find it advisable to order the car into the barracks enclosure when dismissing it—at which time I get a wink from Tom—we shortly find ourselves ensconced before a bright fire in the smoking-room.

The quarters are very comfortable. This room is a large double apartment with easy chairs and lounges, red rugs and carpets, two fire-places for winter use, and books and cards galore. Downstairs there is a billiard-room. The quarters of the officers are cleanly and comfortable, the dwellers therein a healthy, happy looking lot, though they all agree with what I have said about the bathrooms.

The regiment has collected its plate throughout all the years since its foundation, nearly two centuries and a half, and it forms a superb collection, which I examined with great interest.

When in 1661 Charles II. married Catherine of Braganza, Bombay was ceded to England by

Portugal as part of the dower of that princess. This regiment of the Fusiliers was formed at that time and has been in existence ever since. As the years have gone by this plate, now amounting in value to some thousands of pounds, has been collected, and the designs and taste of two and a half centuries are interestingly displayed in the various articles, especially in the smaller pieces, such as salt-cellar, snuff-boxes, etc. There are, of course, the greater pieces, stately candelabra, drinking-cups, and epergnes. One piece especially attracted my attention, a train of silver cars, each holding its crystal decanter for port, sherry, brandy, etc., which after the cloth was removed was rolled around the ancient table. This plate and table go with the regiment at all times. It even went to South Africa.

Captain D. got it all out for my inspection one day and assured me that it was often in use even in war times.

Therein lies the difference between the English and Americans. They live and we spend our lives getting ready to live, and rarely reach the goal. A soldier especially realises that his life is but from day to day, and therefore uses each day, with all he owns, to the full. An American regiment would store such plate and it would be absolutely useless, rarely if ever seeing the light of day,—but throughout its two centuries and a half of existence this plate has had constant usage and shows it.

Ah, well, what, I wonder, will be our manners and customs when our nation, like this, has a thousand years to its credit? What will America be, what will England be then? Let us trust both better and greater and grander than they are now.

While I handle these dainty bits of silver that have outlasted the lives of so many great men, Captain D. pours bits of gossip about army life and the late war into my ears, and I notice that he does not hear very well on one side, and ask why. "Oh, nothing much; a Boer bullet hit me one day and clipped out a bit of my skull under my left eye, coming out behind my ear, and destroying my sight and hearing on that side,—it was not much." No! I suppose all soldiers would say it was merely in the line of their profession, yet life is the best thing given to us, and those who hold it at a nation's disposal should have the best that nation can bestow at all times. I have no doubt but that each nation intends to give all—they are careless, not ungrateful.

After these days of rest in Buttevant barracks, it is pleasant to see again our green car glide round the corner and draw up at the door—not that we have not used it while here. My sojourn with these soldiers of the King has proven a delightful experience which I shall never forget. As we are loaded up and the car is snorting to be off they crowd around us and we make all sorts of appointments for future meetings,

few of which in the usual course of life will ever be carried out, but there is pleasure in the making. With a last handshake, I give the word and the car glides noiselessly forward, turns out through the great archway, and Buttevant Barracks are a thing of the past for us,—really so, as this regiment moves in September to Fermoy.



Photo by W. Leonard

Mallow Castle

CHAPTER X

Route to Killarney—Country Estates—Singular Customs—
Picturesque Squalor—Peace of the Lakes—Innis-
fallen—The Legend of “Abbot Augustine”—His Grave
—“Dinnis” the “Buttons” and his Family Affairs—
Motors in the Gap of Dunloe.

THE route to Killarney lies through Mallow, where it is amusing, at the little hotel, to watch the airs and graces assumed by some dozen Irish-Americans who have returned to their native land for a visit after having made a dollar or so in America. My Jap boy last night ventured the remark that they “treat their own people very nastily,” which is quite true. One is constantly impressed with the changed circumstances of those returning to the old world. On the inward-bound voyage last month I stood near two of the ancient faith who were watching the steerage below us. “Vell,” said one, “that’s the vay I vent over.” “Me, too,” replied his companion, and then complacently caressing heavy gold watch chains stretched across capacious stomachs, they strutted back to the smoking-room and proceeded to abuse the steward for not anticipating their wants. Such is life and progress, I suppose.

But our car has left Mallow far behind and is gliding onward by the side of the Blackwater, whose course we follow for many miles.

This is a beautiful section of the land. There are many fine estates on the hillsides and many ruined and ivy-clad towers by the waters. We have spent pleasant hours at several of the former and rambled over many of the latter. In one of the houses where we were for the "week end," I was amused by rather a singular custom. After dinner, the men having settled to bridge in the smoking-room I found myself, as I do not play cards, in the hall with the ladies, of whom there were several of the household and one visitor. We were enjoying some music and dancing when at nine o'clock in came our host and handing a lighted candle to each dame literally shooed them all off to bed, much to the indignation of the visiting lady and my own astonishment. Paying no attention to me, he returned to his game, and I sat on in the dark hall so convulsed with laughter that I was glad that the one candle left shrouded my mirth by casting many shadows. There were but two things for me to do, go and watch the game, or go to bed, and I did the latter though it was but nine o'clock. It is the custom at all these country homes for the ladies to retire long before the men, but I never before or since have seen them so peremptorily driven off.

I think on the route to the Lakes that the villages and straggling huts must be kept in

the state of squalor in which we found them to the more thoroughly impress the newly arrived tourists; certainly as we near Killarney they are worse than any we have seen before,—rows on rows of squalid, dirty houses through whose open doors pigs or geese wandered, and beyond which gleamed a bit of a fire; white-capped or tozzle-headed women leaned chattering over the low half doorway used to keep both children, pigs, and geese from too freely passing off and away between the high mud-banks with their towering hedges of hawthorn. Drove of geese slip from beneath our flying wheels and scoff at us as we pass; chickens fly, screeching, to the safety of neighbouring dung-heaps, and some ducks get a gait on them that is most astonishing. It would be impossible for them to maintain their balance unless they kept up that furious pace.

As night closes in the clouds lower and finally rain comes down heavily but fortunately not until we have reached our journey's end, and the lights from the quaint Hotel Victoria stream out a welcome. They really act glad to see us and from the proprietor down to "Dinnis" the buttons each and all appear personally interested in our arrival. How different from the magnificent insolence of an American hotel clerk. But we are too tired for further comparisons and are soon off to bed.

To pass from the pomp and splendour of the army and the kaleidoscopic, unrestful, rushing

life of the world to the peaceful shores of Killarney is a grateful change. It is so beautiful here to-day and the world seems so far away that one has no desire to do aught save sit under the waving boughs of the trees and watch the glittering waters of the lake. Off across its mirror-like surface the mountains rise abruptly and over them masses of white clouds hang broodingly, peacefully. Lazily I wander over the grass, and entering one of the many boats drifting in the water allow the boy to row me away upon the glassy surface.

Boyse is still in bed and so I have the boat to myself and also all the lake, for there is no sound or sign of life anywhere as we drift outward. The boy moves the oars lazily, scarcely touching the water with their tips, and we seem to drift halfway between the white clouds overhead and those far beneath us. Lily pads bearing their white and gold chalices wave gently to and fro and a stately white swan with her brood of little ones keeps us company for a space.

I have not told the boy where to go and he has not demanded to know, indeed he scarce seems conscious of my presence, but keeps his dreamy eyes fixed upon his beloved mountains brooding yonder under fleecy clouds. Ahead of us a fairy island floats waving green boughs in greeting and as our boat grounds on its gravelly beach, the boy rolls over and goes to sleep.

This is evidently the haven where we would be,

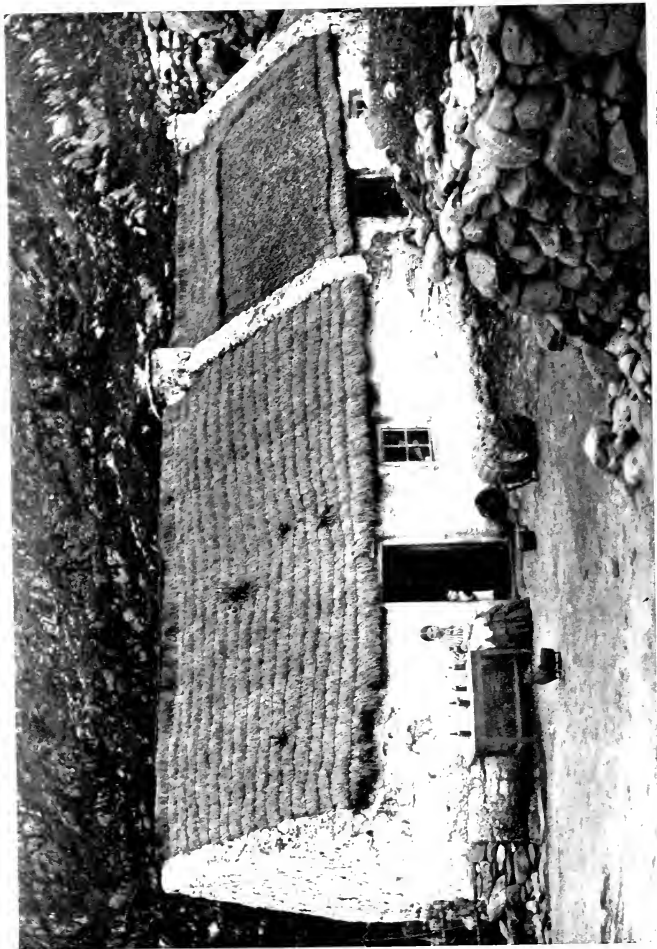


Photo by W. Leonard

Irish Cottage, County Kerry

this holy Isle of Innisfallen, but it is some time before I am willing to break the brooding silence by any movement. The long drooping boughs of the trees trail gently to and fro across the boat and parting now and then give glimpses of the chapel of St. Finian the leper, but it is so in ruins, and it and its saint belongs so to the very long ago, that to-day it is like a thought in a dream.

As I wander off through the underwood shaded by giant ash the spirits of the dead monks seem all around me. The path leads to the grave of the abbot, so long dead that a huge tree growing from his ashes has encircled his tombstone with its very roots. He lived—but let this poem tell his story.

“Augustine, Abbot of Innisfallen, stood
In the abbey gardens at eventide,
And prayed in the hush and solitude
That his spirit might be more sanctified.
He blessed the hills, and fields, and river,
He blessed the shamrock sod;
While he asked the great and glorious giver
For a closer walk with God.
In that twilight hour came tumbling down
The song of a bird, so sweet and clear
That away from the abbey of Innisfallen and town,
The abbot followed, that he might hear;
Followed until, in a dim old wood,
Where the sweetness of song filled all the place
It paused and made glad the solitude,
With its joyous notes of strength and grace,

And the heart of the holy abbot plead
That the world might hear it and understand,
And he turned to the cloister near at hand.

Strange were the voices of prayer and praise,
And the faces were all unknown;

Gone were the monks of the older days,
Augustine, the abbot, stood alone.

'Where is Sacristan Michael, my son?'
In a faltering voice, the abbot asked;

'Is Malachi's *pater noster* done,
Has his strength been overtaken?'

The monks drew near to the aged man,
And told their beads with trembling hands,
As they heard that the stranger worn and wan
Was Augustine head of their house and lands.

'Two hundred years have gone,' they cried,
'Since rent was his temple's veil

Two hundred years since the good man died
And the Saxon rules over Innisfail;

No harp now of his country's weal
Sings loud in the house of O'Conner,

Gone is Tara's hall to the great O'Neill;
There is nothing left but honour.'

'Absolve me,' Augustine softly said,
'For mine hour is close at hand,

To rejoin the brethren who have fled
To the refuge found in a better land.

I soon shall hear the singing
That is clearer and sweeter still
Than the echo of heaven ringing
In the woods beyond the hill.

I shall soon be where a thousand years
Are as a day to the pure and true
To whom life was long with its cares and pains

Though its numbered years were few.
They tell that legend far and wide
From Clonmines to Loch Neagh,
From Holy Cross to Dundalk Tide
From Antrim to Galway."

It is said that Innisfallen may not be put to profane uses, that early in the last century its owner commanded that it be cultivated, but when the work was begun the air at once became filled with millions of white birds, whose beating wings drove the men forth and away, leaving the isle sacred and unprofaned, and the abbot and his brethren to their dreamless slumbers, and so the years glide by.

As I pause to-day by the abbot's grave, its great tree rises above with arms extended, as though in final benediction, the grasses are spangled with millions of daisies, and the warm air is again, as in his day, full of the song of birds, and unless I desire a sleep of centuries it may be as well to return to the world of to-day.

The boy in the boat awakes with a yawn, and smilingly moves the boat off and away farther and farther until the Holy Isle seems to detach itself from the shimmering waters and to float cloudlike slowly heavenward.

How little the casual tourist ever sees of any land, especially of Ireland,—a day or two at Killarney, an hour at Blarney, some time waiting to hear Shandon bells, then a rush to Dublin and the Causeway, and they leave the island with a

shrug of the shoulders and a belief that there is little to see. But wander into the byways, linger in the lost corners and talk to these people, and every moment will be of some sort of interest,—the tears and sadness will pull your very heartstrings one moment and laughter and fun will bubble all around you in a mad frolic an hour later. You may hear the wild songs of the mountains, or the wilder wailing for the dead, and the clouds will drift far overhead, as though in mourning for their sorrows, then the sunlight will follow after, sparkling, as though in laughter. Some of the inns will be neat and comfortable, whilst others will turn out like that horror of a hotel in Galway.

We are welcomed on our return to that at Killarney by "Dinnis." Now "Dinnis" is the "buttons" of the house and stands up to the magnificent altitude of four feet. He looks about fifteen and when I ask him if he goes to school I am about bowled over by his reply,—"I'm a married man, sor." Great heavens! I am told later that the fair bride is near twice Dinnis's height and that his wooing was of such an ardent nature that it nearly created a scandal. Ah, well—we don't live but once and Dinnis believes that if his life is to be as short as his stature, at least it shall be a merry one. I am told also that there are great expectations in his family and as our car glides away I lean out and implore him—if it's a boy—to name it "Mike." Dinnis's



Photo by W. Leonard

Chapel of St. Finian the Leper, Innisfallen

indignation at my intrusion upon his private life is vast but somewhat drowned out by a half-crown and the roars of laughter from the car boys around.

The poor car boys in Ireland, especially at Killarney, are so many that there is not work for all and they have to take certain days for each, that all may have a share. The drivers of jaunting-cars turn gloomy eyes at our auto as we roll by, well knowing that the advent of such means loss to them.

I was strongly tempted to essay the Gap of Dunloe in the motor. The result would probably have been a fight, as one of Cook's waggons was attacked not long since while trying the same thing. According to my recollection of that road, its passage would not be at all difficult for a good car, but once the legend of its impassability save by ponies is done away with the occupation of many hereabouts would be over for all time.

CHAPTER XI

Kenmare and Muckross Demesnes—Old Woman at the Gates—Route to Glengariff—Bantry Bay—Boggeragh Mountains—Duishane Castle—The Carrig-a-pooka and its Legend—Macroom Castle and William Penn—Cork—Imperial Hotel—Ticklesome Car Boy—The Races and my Brown Hat—Route to Fermoy—Breakdown—Clonmel and its “Royal Irish”—Ride to Waterford.

I HAVE never taken a more beautiful drive than that from Killarney to Glengariff, and it is especially delightful in a car, as one is spared a slow and tedious ascent of the mountains. We leave Killarney on a perfect morning; the motor seems to have rested with our stay there, and throbs with a healthy sound. The route takes us through the domains of Kenmare and Muckross. The latter has been sold by its ancient owners, the Herberts, and now belongs to a prosperous brewer of Dublin.

As we enter the domains we are stopped at the gateway by a buxom dame, who demands a shilling a head. I try to bargain with her, offering half price for the Jap, and suggesting that we may meet with a catastrophe which will prevent our getting our money's worth. “It makes no difference phat sort of quare heathen

you have wid yez, or if yez all died ten feet inside the gate, yez will pay a shilling a head before yez come a foot farther," and planting herself directly before the car, she looked it squarely in the eye—wherever that may be—and would have kept her word. So I perforce hand over four shillings, only to be detected in trying to pass off an American quarter. As we roll inward an anathema is hurled after us: "Ho, ho, ha, ha, bad sess to the likes of yez."

How beautiful it is here—how delicious the day! The sun shines hot and the air is laden with the odour of the balsam. The superb roadway winds in and out for miles, now by the lake and here in the deep green of the forest, with enchanting views of the mountains. Bird-like the car skims over ancient stone bridges, or close to the water, and we pause a moment to do homage at the shrine of Muckross, and finally cross the old weir bridge, declining the bog-oak work for sale by the old man who tried to sell us such thirty years ago,—same man and same work, I think.

From here on the road mounts higher and higher, twisting and turning until I am not sure in which direction we are really going, and am reminded of a remark of a dear aunt of mine, while riding on a narrow-gauge railroad near Denver, "Really, I very many times saw the back of my own bonnet."

Here, to-day, while far different from the

rugged grandeur of our western mountains, the vistas are equally charming. There, it is not so much, to my thinking, in the splendour of the hills as in the prospect over the limitless plains. Vast and grandly mysterious, they roll up to the very point where the mountains rise abruptly from their western limits, and as one gazes outward they resemble the ocean itself suddenly calmed into eternal sleep by the mandate of God, "Peace, be *still*," and those western plains are indeed *still*.

This prospect in the old world shows the traveller the entire panorama of Ireland's most beautiful mountains, and far below him nestle the chain of Killarney's enchanted lakes, where the fairies dance nightly and the daisies bloom for ever. But why attempt description? All the world knows Killarney, and to-day I seem to hear her wild echoes as they bear away the love song of Dermot Asthore.

The road from here descends in sweeping curves seaward and our car scarcely seems to touch the ground, as with all power off and the wings out it sails downward, until we come to rest at Glengariff, just as the setting sun tinges her rocks and waters with rose colour.

The Atlantic is at rest far out and sends only whispers inward on the ripples to-night. The surface of the bay is dotted with many white swans floating majestically shoreward. I believe they are native here. At least we are told that



Photo by W. Leonard

Tree over the Abbot's Grave, Innisfallen

these have their nests on the farther rocks and rear their young in freedom; even in winter the weather is mild enough to allow of their being out of doors.

Are these the children of Lir still under enchantment in the shape of swans? One hears of them at Ballycastle, and on the island of Achill, but this is the only place where they have appeared and yonder old gentleman swan has an eye which would indicate knowledge of much that he has no intention of telling us about.

One does not see the outer ocean at all at Glengariff. The whole prospect is that of an enclosed lake, where one might drift for ever without danger from the tempests which howl around this coast at times.

Not until we reach Bantry Bay does the outer ocean show itself. After all, what is there in a name? That of Bantry Bay had always attracted me, and I had expected to find such a spot as Glengariff, but it is far from that in all ways, being tame and unattractive, though evidently a much better harbour for shipping.

Here our route leaves the coast and turning inland passes beneath the shadow of the Boggeragh Mountains, where there are so many ancient towers and castles that to visit or relate the tales of each would be to rewrite the folklore of Ireland.

One of them, however, cannot be passed in silence, or the spirits which inhabit it might

execute dire vengeance for the slight. The gloomy castle of the MacCarthys of Duishane, Carrig-a-pooka, rears its dark towers on a steep rock close to our route, and it is the reputed abode of that spirit of evil, the Pooka, which in all malice and mischief has no equal in the fairy lore of Ireland. He has many forms which he may assume at will,—sometimes a bull, sometimes an eagle, but more often a horse spouting fire, as he tears through the darkness. He does not show his demon qualities until he has secured a rider, but on gloomy nights is met with in the shape of a docile nag, browsing on the highway and almost inviting you to mount and ride,—but do so and at once he changes into the wildest and most terrible charger man ever mounted and fairly flies over castle, lake, and river, into deep valleys and over the highest mountains and even far out over the ocean. What becomes of the rider is not told for he does not return, though 't is said that one Jerry Deasy did get the best of a Pooka and by the means of spur and whip reduced even this “divil” into a quiet trot.

Downward from the mountains our road winds once more through the fair green country in the valley of the Sullane. We pause a moment before Macroom Castle, the ancient fortress of the O'Flynnns, not because of its beauty, which from its mantle of ivy is great, but because it was the birthplace of the father of William Penn, who gave peace to all with whom he came in contact

in life and undoubtedly has found peace in Heaven.

The old castle has seen more of war and its horrors than should fall to the lot of any one spot. It has been destroyed by fire several times, and at one execution nine outlaws were hanged within its court for murder. It is not a place which the superstitious seek, after dark or when winds wake and the chains clank. From Macroom onward the route lies through a smiling valley until finally the silver toned bells of Shandon welcome us to the city of Cork.

The Imperial Hotel in Cork is crowded with people and dirt. I think the latter will prevail, as it is of the mouldy order. The floors seem sinking, and en route to the dining-room one walks as upon the deck of a rolling ship with danger of sharp collision against passing waiters. True Irish gentlemen, who look not upon the wine when it is red but drink straight old Irish whiskey in unlimited quantities, are encountered with the result that between the floors and themselves one has difficulty in navigating and takes to port several times en route to dinner.

This is the week of a cattle and horse show—the viceroy is here and incidentally most of the rest of Ireland, not that the viceroy's presence has anything to do with their coming, they give you to distinctly understand *that*, but that wherever a horse is to be shown, there come the sons of Erin. I think there is something in the profession or

tastes of a man which stamps his face and figure. One could never mistake any man here for other than horsey,—all clean, yet the air is fragrant with the smell of the stalls and aroma of much good whiskey. Where they stow away all the latter is a puzzle to me, for their bodies most certainly cannot carry such amounts of ballast as I have seen poured into them all day long. Not to be horsey completely ostracises a man, but as that gives one an opportunity to escape the drinks and so watch the crowd, it is not to me objectionable.

While Cork is “a place of advanced ideas” and probably less favourable to the powers that be than any other section of Ireland, still she does not approve of change in the city or its manners or customs. This hotel has not had a thing done to it in more than a quarter of a century. I believe it makes money all the time, hence improvements are not necessary, certainly they are not made, as witness those floors. One is still beset by the importunate boys with their “cars” at its doors and all over the town, but the driver of a jaunting-car is a jolly beggar full of laughter and fun and thereby puts many an extra shilling into his pocket.

Rags and tatters many of them, that is as to themselves, but this does not extend to their horses,—he is indeed a poor Irishman and not of pure blood who neglects his horse, and with him it is love me, love my nag. He will meet your

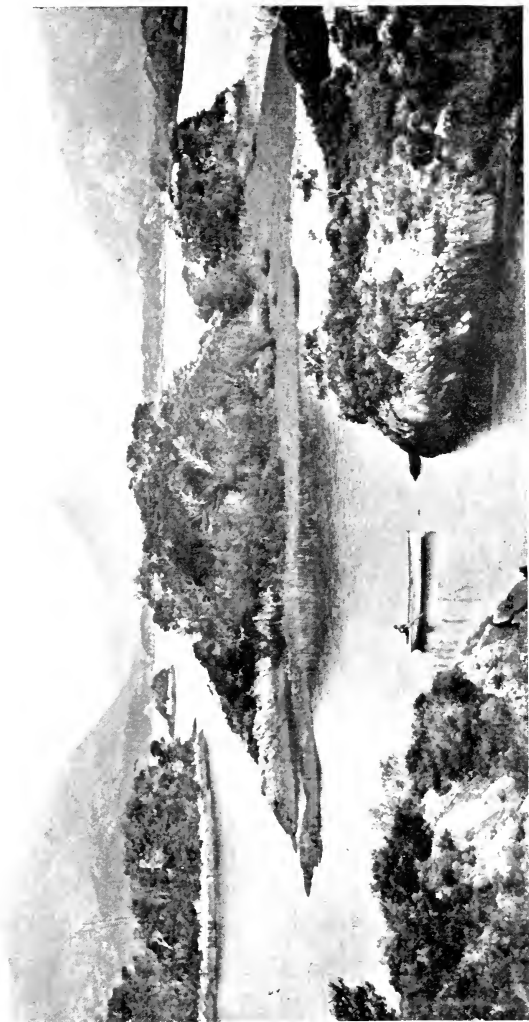


Photo by W. Leonard

Upper Lake, Killarney

smile with one brighter, and kindness to him *does* "butter the parsnips" of the traveller.

Leaving the hotel the other day Boyse summoned a car, but the driver thereof was in such a state of tatters that the lady of the party refused to ride in that car. To the driver of the one chosen she remarked, "That man must be very poor; you should club together and buy him new clothes." "Poor,—not at all, me lady; he's rich, but so ticklesome that not a tailor in town can take his measure."

As we are en route to the fair grounds I discover that Boyse does not approve of my costume, but it is some time before I find out wherein I fall short. It turns out to lie in my hat, a *brown* Derby. At home black hats vanish with warm weather and brown take their place, but here I learn that a brown Derby belongs to the "fast lot which one does not know,"—*hence* Boyse's disgust, but that does not affect me in the least and I insist upon wearing my brown hat. I really think it almost spoiled his pleasure in the horse show, if anything could do that.

The day turns out pleasant and the crowd is large. The viceroy does not come, which certainly detracts not at all from the pleasure of the people, as the real viceroy, the horse, is here in full state. Several of the officers are down from Buttevant and we pass a merry afternoon clouded only by Boyse's feeling about my hat—he sits afar off and does not appear to know me when acquaintances

pass or if an introduction occurs is careful to state that I am an American—what a multitude of sins that covers;—I trust the statement is altogether unnecessary and that I could never be taken for anything else.

We are held a day at Cork for repairs to the car, but, those finished, roll rapidly away in the direction of Fermoy. These roads are very good and the motor glides smoothly and rapidly onward, first by the banks of the Lee and then northeastward towards Fermoy. The day is misty and damp, forcing the hood over our heads, though I would almost rather get wet than have it up. However, one must consider fur robes, etc., so up it goes.

Shortly thereafter I note a clicking sound underneath and an unsatisfactory movement of the motor, which causes the chauffeur to slow down and stop. A lengthy examination mends matters for a time, but the trouble occurs again and then Robert announces that we must return to Cork as the water won't circulate. We are twelve miles out with no place en route for help. We are also about the same distance from Fermoy but in that direction and but three miles away there is a town where cars may be had and help obtained, so onward we move, and wisely, as matters turn out, for we come to a final halt on the confines of the village. Loading the luggage and ourselves upon two cars we drive to Fermoy leaving orders to have the motor towed in by a mule, ignoble

as that may sound. As it turns out even the motor rebels at such disgrace and refuses to move even by the use of two mules. Robert manages, however, to get it over the eight miles to Fermoy by its own power, in some four hours, allowing much oil to run into the water tubes,—not the best thing for the motor but all that could be done. I can see that he is decidedly disgruntled with the car. This is the third time it has been in the shop in two weeks, which certainly should not have been the case with a new car such as I was assured this was. When I state this to the chauffeur, he laughs and replies, “*New!* Yes, as to the body, but the motor is some years old, in fact is the original Panhard motor used by Mr. Harvey du Gros; it has been lengthened and repaired and a new body put upon it.”¹ Fortunately we have each time been where help was at hand save on this occasion. But as it turns out Robert can repair it in this hotel yard as they have a pit to work in. He had thought that the trouble arose from oil and waste getting into and clogging the water pipes, but it proves to have been a broken pin in the wheel of the pump,—“broken through age,” he states. If this accident had occurred in the wilds of Mayo or Sligo far from any assistance our plight would have been a serious one, and I cannot but feel that to send the car out as new, knowing the motor, the only important part, to be old was

¹ A statement denied *in toto* at the garage in Dublin.

scarcely fair,—in fact, far from it. Robert is an excellent chauffeur and thoroughly understands and is able to repair a machine. In this last case, however, we had to buy a new wheel.

The town is a small garrison town and we are delayed there only one night. Still I must acknowledge, as has been so often the case, that its little hotel was far more comfortable than those in most of the large towns and cities of Ireland. Its rooms are cleanly and the food good.

The roads from Fermoy to Clonmel, the depot of the "Royal Irish," B.'s old regiment, are hilly but good, and the auto takes on life once more, though I notice that Robert seems concerned as to the result. However the machinery warms to its work after an hour and we speed onward, breathing more freely as the pulsations settle down into a rhythmical beat, finally rolling into the barracks at Clonmel in good season. There we spend a pleasant hour, lunching with the officers of the mess and having no time for the town itself, which is not of interest.

The roads are fine all of the afternoon, most of them well rolled. Our route is eastward through the valley of the Blackwater, evidently a stream of importance in ancient days, as its course is guarded by towers and castles, now all in ruins and given over to clambering ivy. At Waterford the stream is broad and deep and ocean steamships lie moored at her quays.



"Dinnis"
Hotel Victoria

CHAPTER XII

Ancient Waterford—History—Reginald's Tower—Franciscan Friary—Dunbrody Abbey—New Ross—Bannow House—Its "Grey Lady"—Legend of the Wood Pigeon—Ancient Garden—Buried City of Bannow—Dancing on the Tombs—Donkeys and Old Women—Tintern Abbey and its Occupants—Quaint Rooms and Quainter Stories—Its History and Legends—The Dead Man on the Dinner Table—The Secret of the Walls—The Illuminated Parchment—The Sealed Library—Ruined Chapel—Clothes of the Martyr King—Is History False or True?

THE afternoon sun shines brilliantly as we cross the river Suir and enter Waterford, one of the most ancient towns of the kingdom, yet one which well survives the passing centuries, holding still the bustle and clangour of life in its streets and on its quays, which stretch for a mile and more along the banks of the river and where you will find a good steamship which in eight hours will land you in New Milford,—but we are not to leave Ireland yet, nor have I any desire to do so.

To relate the history of Waterford would be to cover much of that of Ireland, which is not necessary here. Suffice it to say that this south-east end of the island appears to have been the first to attract outside barbarians and we find records of the Danes here back in 853. Reginald

reigned here in the eleventh century, and I find myself blinking up at his round tower which still keeps watch and ward over this river.

There are others in the town if one cares to look for them, but like this of Reginald all have fallen from their high estate. This is but a police station now. Of King John's palace nothing remains. In fact relics of the past are not many in Waterford.

We pause a moment at the Franciscan Friary, which Sir Hugh Purcell built in 1220. It is in ruins, of course, and is quite in the heart of the city, unnoticed save by some wandering spirit. Grass grows thickly under its arches and there are many flat tombstones bearing historic names and those of families well-known to-day.

Not far away stands the cathedral, too entirely renovated, in fact rebuilt, to be of interest, save for some curious monuments. One especially, that of a man named Rice, represents his body as they found it a year after death,—a toad sits on his breast, and we turn away with anything but pleasant thoughts. It seems he commanded that his tomb be opened after a year and his monument made, holding a copy in stone of his body exactly as they should find it,—hence this repulsive statue. There are but few who would care to attain earthly immortality in that manner.

Every road in Wexford will lead one to or near some relic of the past. Seven miles out from

Waterford we find Dunbrody Abbey, standing serene and stately in the midst of a great meadow and near to an arm of the sea. Dunbrody is called the most beautiful ruin in the county and it has been a ruin for nearly four hundred years, having been suppressed by Henry the Eighth. Its abbots and monks have long since gone the way of all flesh and one must now cultivate the good graces of a little old woman in a neighbouring house if one would enter the sacred precincts, for though ancient, if one door in its outer walls be locked, even an enterprising man of the twentieth century may not enter its courts. We tried it and the great central tower seemed to smile down upon us in derision. All the while the little old lady stood afar off, holding the key, which we did not get until we had paid for it.

The world does not come to Dunbrody very often. The tourist world knows nothing of it—in fact, all this most interesting section of Ireland is as yet unexplored by the tide of travel rushing northward from Queenstown. Certainly to-day nothing comes near us and we spend a delightful hour in the warm sunshine high up on the great tower, and then awakening Robert, who in turn starts the motor to life, we roll off through the shady lanes once more.

The day's work is over and these simple people are resting from their labours. We have just passed one comfortable old dame seated on a chair under the bending boughs of the hawthorn. She wore

a great frilled white cap and knitted industriously, while in her lap a white kitten lay asleep. She greeted us with a pleasant smile as we rolled into and out of her life and away toward Bannow House, the home of the Boyse family. I had visited Bannow last year; when leaving the train at New Ross I had expected to find its entrance gateway not more than a mile or two away, and fell back aghast when the boy who met me with the dog-cart quietly remarked that it was a drive of eighteen miles. I must confess that that is farther than I care to live from the railway, and Boyse has acknowledged that that distance home has several times deterred his departure from London—not but what that might have been a mere excuse for London is just London and means much. However, a new railroad is now opened only three miles from Bannow, and to-day our car annihilates the eighteen miles in short order.

Crossing the river at New Ross the road leads towards the sea. There is a fine highway all the distance, winding but well made, and the car appreciates that fact, and makes fair time until we turn into the gates of the home park and roll onward through its avenues of rhododendrons to the entrance. Then the car vanishes around to its quarters for a few days.

I know of no more attractive, peaceful spot than Bannow House. It is a large square stone mansion with some centuries to its credit and stands in the meadow-lands close to the sea in

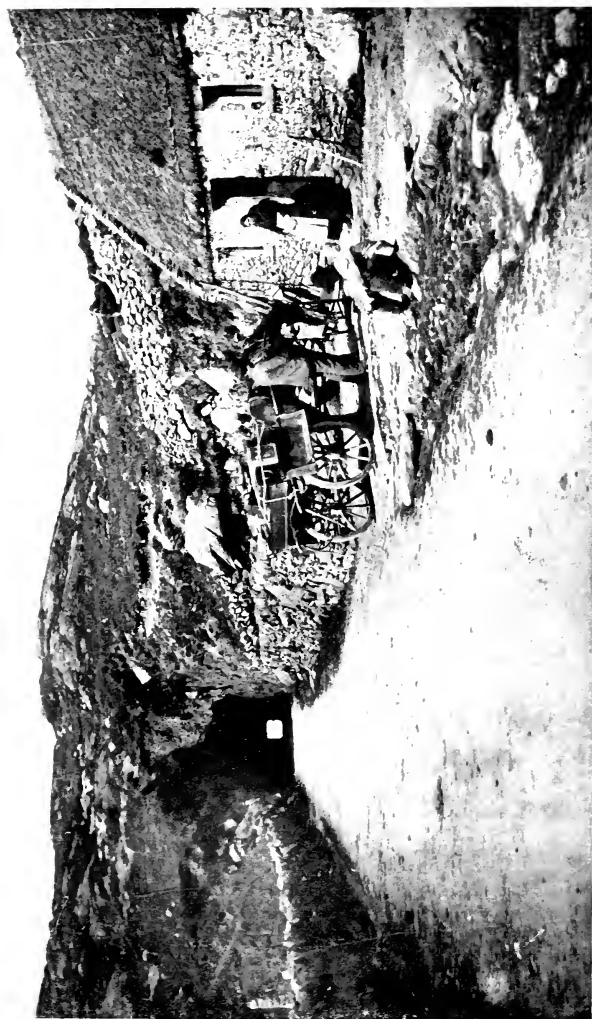


Photo by W. Leonard

The Route to Glengariff

the south-east corner of the county of Wexford and in a park of some eight hundred acres. One hears the murmur of the ocean but the house is secluded by avenues of trees which cut off the view of the sea and also shelter the place from the fury of the winds.

Coming into the possession of the Boyse family with the restoration of Charles II., it has grown until to-day, with its spreading wings, it is an extensive establishment, a typical Irish home. You find many such about the land, all charming places to live in. Springing into existence as the use and need for castles passed away, they are built of stone and in the case of Bannow House the stone portico has its monolith columns,—what they call here “famine work.” In the dreary winter of 1847 the people worked out their debt to the landlord, for food, etc., in this manner. The fine avenue of trees through which we approached the house is also the result of “famine work.”

Entering the house, one finds a large square hall ornamented with spears and shields from Africa and objects from all over the world, gathered throughout the years up to date by its former masters and its present owner.

To one's right is a spacious dining-room, to the left a ball-room, while behind the hall is another square hall holding a stair which ascends on two sides into a gallery above. At the left of this, one enters on the main floor a spacious drawing-room, where I have spent many a pleasant evening.

Bannow is full of the portraits of those who have lived and died here. They face me at the table, peer at me on the staircase from unexpected nooks and corners, and beam down upon me in the mellow lamplight of the drawing-room, each one with a tale of its own, I fancy, and one can trace the passing centuries by the different styles of dress. Yonder damsel with that long neck should have lived in the days of beheading at the block as she would have been a splendid subject; that quaint old gentleman in the corner knew a thing or two and could tell a good story, I doubt not. Yonder lady with the towering wig was a beauty in her day, but, deserted by her husband, who fled to America, she was taken under the patronage of Queen Charlotte. I spend many a moment talking to these old pictures and I think they answer always.

The bedrooms at Bannow range themselves around the gallery,—mine is off at the end of a long passageway and is haunted, so the story runs, by a “grey lady.” Wheels are heard driving furiously now and then up the avenue at midnight and pausing at a walled-up door, then the grey lady flits around the gallery and into this room, where some time since in a hidden niche in the wall an ancient rosary was discovered. The dame of the shadows does not appear to be a malign spirit, certainly she has not disturbed me as I have slept very soundly in her old chamber.

To-night as I lean out the window, the moon

is at the full, flooding the terrace below, and its stone stairs, guarded by vases and stone pine cones yonder, gleam whitely as they mount under the shadows of an old yew tree. The fragrance of sweet grasses fills the air and the night is full of silence save for the brooding calls of some doves in the forest, and I wait and watch for the grey lady but she does not come.

Do you know the legend of the wood pigeon? If not, then the next time you hear one, listen and it will almost tell it without further words from me. Once a man went to steal a cow in the days when cattle-lifting was the proper thing and, when deep in the forest, declared that the wood pigeons, or doves, as we call them, insisted that he should "take two—coos—Paddy," "take two—coos—Paddy," and so he did, and still these birds of the forest will say to you if you listen, "take two—coos—Paddy," and for ever after you will hear the same as you listen to their voices.

Just now there is one on the yew tree by the terrace steps strongly insisting upon a double depredation on my part of the adjoining pasture, and his plaint grows louder and more insistent as I close the window, leaving him to exercise his corrupting influence upon those who may pass in the night.

Wandering the next morning up the stone steps and nearly in the forest I find an ancient garden of great extent enclosed by a lofty wall. I have already seen such at Doneraile Court and

I know that they are charming spots,—something we can never have in America as we have no time for them, our places change hands so constantly. I enter this one at Bannow House through a trellis of white roses embowering a door in the wall and am confronted by a tree fuchsia towering above me and casting its crimson and purple blossoms down on my cap. The enclosure is five acres in size, surrounded by a wall of brick some thirty feet high. Golden and crimson and white roses nod at me from the walls or peer over the top at the deep, cool woods without. Formal beds bordered in privet line the straight walks. Glories of white lilies, purple lilies, scarlet poppies, and nasturtiums throw splotches of colour all around. In the centre stands an old stone sun-dial and passing through an archway, gnarled, squat apple trees and gooseberry bushes are found lining the paths, while to the walls cling plum and pear trees. Flaming hollyhocks light up shadowy corners, and from a distant tool-house an old cat is sedately leading a lot of kittens anything but stately and a great care to their mother. From under a currant bush wanders an old duck, a sad looking dame, acquainted with grief, I doubt not. She recalls to mind when as a child sitting at the feet of my mother I watched the approach of a similar old duck who gravely waddled up and laid close to the hand which had been good to her a fragment of a shell, striking a note of tragedy thereby.



Photo by W. Leonard

Carrig-a-pooka Castle

We had often fed her on her nest by the brook and now she brought this as a token that some vandal had destroyed her home, and so we found it. As I am thinking of her in this garden far enough off from that brook a stray cat wanders out from a hot-house and sits down to regard me, bottle flies buzz in the sunlight, and I wonder whether there is an outside world of rushing unrest.

This morning the pony cart is in requisition and, with one of the ladies, I am off for a visit to the buried city of Bannow. It is sometimes pleasant to banish the auto and jaunt slowly along. The pony understands that to-day we have all the time there is and so takes it leisurely with every now and then a grab at the hawthorn blossoms which bend temptingly toward him in the narrow lanes. He seems to know the way and finally wanders close down by the sea to where at the end of a long grassy lane we are halted by a high-barred gate through which some cattle gaze wonderingly outward. Wending our way through the tall grasses we mount to where Bannow church holds its ruined watch over the dead within and around it and over the city buried in the sands and under the sea. Aside from the sanctuary there is no evidence that man ever lived here, yet back in the days of James I. Bannow was a prosperous town paying the crown rents on two hundred and more houses, but a great storm arose in that same reign and so filled up the entrance to its harbour as to destroy it, and

from that period onward the sentence of death was carried out against the ancient city. Higher and higher rose the sands until they covered all except this ruined church and the dead which lie around it, but,—here comes in a strange law or custom,—though there was absolutely nothing to represent, the place for generations returned two members to Parliament, and for the loss of this privilege the Earl of Ely received fifteen thousand pounds sterling. Certainly those two members were not annoyed by the wishes or opinions of their constituents deep in their graves here.

As I move through the long grasses to enter the ruins I pause a moment to pay tribute at the tomb of one Walter French, a man who passed one hundred and forty years upon the earth and “died in the prime of life.” His last illness was the result of his walking some miles carrying a piece of iron weighing over one hundred weight, and which “somewhat strained the muscles around his heart, and he sickened and died, much to the astonishment of all who knew him.” He has been dead but a short time and there are many now here who remember him well. Peace to his ashes, and here on this breezy down beneath the shadow of this ancient church and with yonder murmuring sea close by it should be peaceful enough even for the dead. The church is one of the oldest in Ireland and long antedates the English invasion.

It is not extensive, but it is quaint and interesting and possesses some curious monuments and one pretentious stone sarcophagus. Who slept there, I wonder?—there is no trace of him now. Bishop or layman, he has vanished, leaving no sign or name; and when he does come again will he pass by here? How strange Bannow church will appear to him then—and where will he search for the mortal part of him? It is certainly not here in this tomb which he vainly imagined would hold his body inviolate throughout all time and to the portals of eternity.

This is a Sunday afternoon of midsummer, a warm balmy day when the waters have gone to sleep and the bees hum drowsily. Over the hills and through the lanes come groups of peasantry, in their Sunday best. The usual number of dogs appear and chase imaginary rabbits through the long grasses, and on yonder flat tombstone a lad and lassie are gaily dancing a jig, and I doubt if the mortal or spiritual part of the sleeper beneath them is at all disturbed by the apparent desecration of his resting-place.

Save on Sunday the living rarely come here but to leave one of their number who has passed the far horizon of life, or sometimes to dance by day as we see them, or in the moonlight, on the great flat tombstones of the Boyse family in the chancel, listening while they rest to the constant advice of the wood doves to “take two coos, Paddy.”

We are favoured with the same admonition, but though those fine red cows are tempting we pass onward, to the increasing indignation of the inhabitants of yonder trees.

As we turn for a last look at Bannow church on its green hill, the roofless gables are sharply silhouetted against the glow of evening, and the lad and lassie are still gaily dancing their jig, and two others on a neighbouring slab are "sittin' familiar."

So leaving them we wander back, to find the pony, after having her fill of daisies and grasses, has lain down in the shafts and gone to sleep. When we reach home there is still much of the evening left, and, deserting the pony—for which it casts reproachful glances upon us—we enter the motor and roll away again.

It is not however an hour for hurry or speed and our car glides slowly along while we enjoy the delicious air.

As we pass by the door of an humble cabin, the turf fire within illuminates the interior, throwing the bright scarlet dress of a girl into bold relief against a dark wall, and lighting up the bent figure of an old man smoking on a bench by the fireplace. In one corner is a bed while in another a huge pig lies asleep. The dark eyes of the girl meet mine for an instant with a pathetic hopeless expression but the old man pays no sort of attention, and we roll away, only to come suddenly just around a corner on a donkey drawing

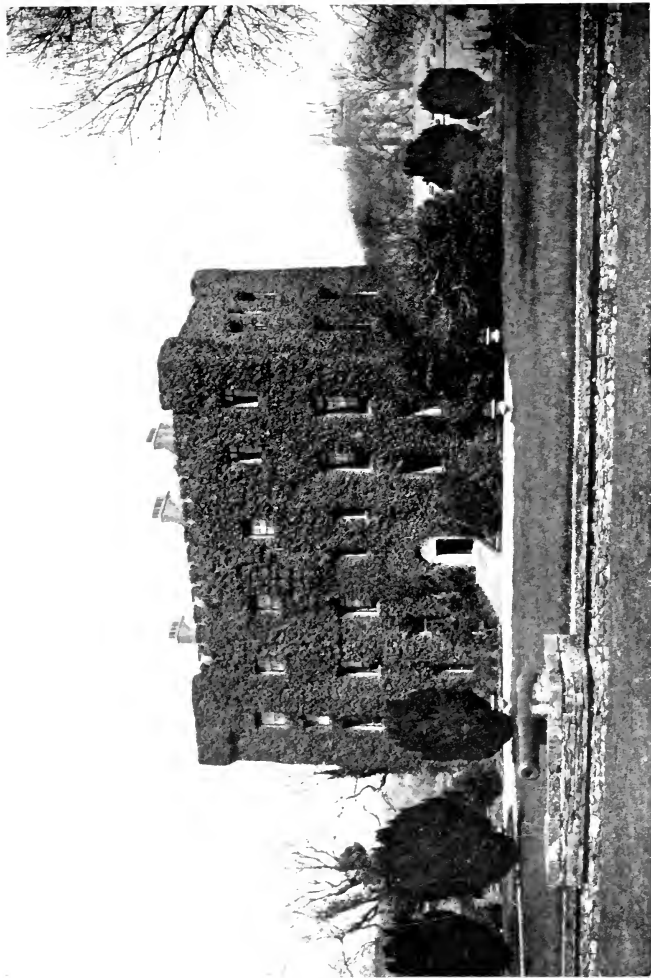


Photo by W. Leonard

Macroom Castle

a cart, upon which is perched a buxom old lady. The beast objects most decidedly to our appearance, and after an instant of inaction, during which he stares in afright with his ears pointed forward, he begins to back, and the old woman to screech, more in indignation than fear, it strikes me, but be that as it may, both keep in action until brought to a standstill under the bending boughs of a gigantic fuchsia, whose purple blossoms are cast downward, and all over the vast white frilled cap of the old lady. Except in plastering the dame against that beautiful tree, no harm was done, and I throw her a kiss as we roll away, while faintly on the air is borne to my ears the anathema, "Ye spalpeen, yez." There is more, but our wings are out by now and it is lost in the distance. However I would not hesitate to apply to that old lady were I in trouble and I know I would not apply in vain, though she might read me a lecture the while and even bestow a clout with her big soft hand which would be more in the nature of a caress than a censure.

How time and people have changed in America during the past forty years ! Then our land was sprinkled with settlements by these Irish, where one could find all the quaint manners and customs of their homeland ; wakes were as strictly carried out there as here, weddings were just the same, and around each humble home clustered a bit of atmosphere of the old world.

Who does not remember the "tin man," gene-

rally named John, who made his rounds with a tin-shop of no mean proportions crowding his red waggon? Then there were the tinkers, but I must state that they were of a better order than those of Wexford to-day. We have just passed a dirty cart and forlorn pony, driven by a man more dirty and wretched-looking, if that be possible. I am told he is the head of the tinkers of Wexford, and that a more disreputable lot of tramps does not exist on this earth. As for morality, they have never heard of such a word, and certainly do not know its meaning. In their slovenly villages, they live in the most promiscuous manner and when the men start on their summer's tramp each takes along some woman who pleases him, regardless of what the degree of consanguinity may be. One must see them on their native heath to comprehend fully the force and meaning of the expression, "I don't care a tinker's dam"—but our motor has stopped before a great iron gate beyond which stretch the glades of a magnificent park. On entering I notice a sign on one of the great trees, "Wards in Chancery," and wonder "what have we here."

I doubt not that many of my readers have visited the great estates of Europe, but unless they have seen Tintern Abbey in Wexford—the quaintest of all abodes in this quaint Ireland—they have still an experience before them.

The history of Tintern dates back to 1200, when the Earl of Pembroke—he who married

the Lady Isabel de Clare, Strongbow's daughter—founded this abbey to the Virgin after being delivered from the sea on the coast near-by. It was named after and peopled by monks from Tintern in Wales, which was founded by the De Clares, and while the cathedral could not have been so extensive as the one there, the entire monastery was quite as large as the older establishment. It must have been a glorious place and is so even now in its ruins, and is one of the most interesting spots in the island. It lifts its towers amidst groves of stately trees in a valley but a short distance from the sea and is embowered in clambering ivy. Its great tower, still preserved as a ruin, is not habitable save in its lower story, which is used as a kitchen. The chancel of the abbey has been turned into a dwelling-place and one of the most curious I have ever inspected. It is late on a brilliant afternoon when our car, rolling down the broad avenue of the park, comes suddenly upon the ancient structure in its secluded valley. At first all appears to be in ruins until we note that some of the arches have been walled up and hold modern windows. There are bits of ruin everywhere,—moss-grown stairs with shattered heads on the rail lead to shadowy terraces over which ancient yew trees extend sheltering arms; ruined arches and ivied towers dot the meadow, and vine-draped pillars standing far apart show the once great extent of the abbey.

Rolling on we round the corner of the main structure and draw up in the great courtyard, which evidently, in the days of the abbey's grandeur, was the cloister. To our pulling an ancient bell makes loud reply off in the tower above us, but for some moments no sign of life is evidenced. Finally the door is opened by a servant who reminds one of Obaldistone in Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. His manner is as grand as though this were the portals of Windsor Castle.

Yes, Mrs. C—— is at home, and will be glad to see us. We are ushered into one of those quaintly interesting rooms to be found only in the old world, a room impressed by each passing owner with some of his or her own personality, individuality, without which no room has any charm. Yonder is a portrait by Sir Peter Lely of a lady evidently lovesick. Here is a bit of some framed fancy work whose faded colours plainly show that it was done by a hand long since still for ever. Ivy peers into the window and taps on the glass and there is a taint of the buried years in the air,—the very sunlight seems to belong to late October.

Bestowed by Elizabeth upon the ancestor of its present owner, Tintern has suffered the fate of most great Irish houses and now lives in the memory of the past. I am shown a parchment holding the family tree, dating backward to 1299, with all its numberless coats of arms done in colour, but evil times came down upon the race in the last



Photo by W. Leonard

Reginald's Tower, Waterford

century. Open house was kept for all who passed. Beggars sat by the scores in its great courtyard sure of their dole. In its entrance hall stood a bowl of small silver coins for general usage, and it was dipped into by all. Its sideboards groaned with a feast on all days,—waste and plenty, plenty and waste,—until finally upon the death of one owner a question arose as to the succession and so in came the law and the Court of Chancery. That suit cost the estate one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and was finally settled by a workman who discovered the necessary missing documents in a hidden receptacle in the wall, but too late to save trouble, and so to-day and each day Tintern is going more and more into ruin, and the voracious ivy climbs ever higher and higher, pointing like the handwriting on the wall to the ending of it all.

In the midst of all these reflections our hostess enters, a typical Irish lady, all hospitality and warm welcome, as cordial to me whom she has never seen before, as to her old friends who have brought me thither. Her hearty laugh drives off the shadows and she is much pleased that we are interested in her old home: old,—yes verily—just think of it, her people have lived right here for three hundred years, and but for the secretion of those documents by some stupid ancestor the domain would be a rich one even yet. But that does not keep laughter out of Tintern. Many's the dance which has been given here, and once,

with that love of humour which laughs at everything sad or mournful, the cards of invitation bore the phrase, "Supper in the charnel house and dancing in the vaults." Rest assured the feast was lively, leaving nothing for any ghosts which might happen along that night, and I doubt their braving the laughter of that merry throng; and yet with it all there must have been sadness for all which had been so uselessly lost.

There are many legends for the cause of the troubles which have come upon the abbey and its owners.

For holding property belonging to the Church they are for ever under its curse of fire and water; then the neighbouring peasantry have a legend that trouble arose because of the murder by Sir Anthony of all the friars he found in the house when he came to take possession, but they rather incline to the belief that he rested under a curse of the fairies because he destroyed an ancient rath, or hill, which they frequented. He was engaged to the lovely heiress of Redmond. Having gone to England, his lady promised to burn a light in her tower of Hook to guide him on his return, and so she did, but the fairies beguiled her to slumber with their music, and put out the light. So her lover was drowned. The disconsolate maiden converted her father's tower into a lighthouse, and so it remains to this day.

It is also stated that the first Colclough was but secretary to the lord who obtained the grant

and was sent by him to England to have it ratified. He so pleased the Virgin Queen that when he returned he found that the deeds conferred the estates upon himself.

I noticed in the drawing-room a framed address or diploma of some sort and asked what it was. It contained the portrait of a handsome man in the prime of life and the emblazonments were many and rich. During the life of the late owner he was master of the hounds, and it was decided to present him with this illuminated address together with a present of one hundred pounds. The event was made the occasion of a great feast, and these old walls rang so loudly with the merriment that the rooks in the ruined tower were startled, and fled shrieking into the forests. The presentation was made with much ceremony, the illuminated parchment greatly admired, also the casket which held the purse with its hundred pounds, but which of course was not opened until the guests had all gone or been carried home. No gentleman would leave such a feast able to walk,—and the flunkies outside knew their duty and did it. Now it seems the recipient of all this owed ninety-eight pounds to the man who had made the presentation speech, and when all had gone and the family had gathered round to examine the purse they found upon opening it two pounds in money and a receipted bill for those ninety-eight pounds. Ah well, 'twas all in a lifetime and life went merrily in those days at

Tintern. But it was a shabby trick, for the neighhours each and all owed very much more in hospitality to Tintern than the amount of that bill.

While I am inspecting the framed address the bell of the castle clangs, the butler throws open the doors, and we pass to the dining-room for tea, the most pleasant meal of the day over here.

When the grandfather of our hostess died, he was laid out, as befitted the head of the house, on this dining table around which we are gathered. I know that the thought of it returns to several of us as we sit here.

There is a vast thickness in the walls of the room and a space not accounted for by any room, in which it is thought some monk or nun was immured when the abbey was a house of God—be that as it may, no investigation has ever been made, and it will probably never be known what, if any, grisly horror is immured there, so near to our gay laughter.

We spend some time discussing tea and the usual assortment of cake. I never could digest the English fruit cake and I feel quite sure the slab pressed upon me here would kill a man if it struck him upon a vital spot. Most of it goes into my pocket, and when we depart I drop it deep down in a bed of blooming plants near the door, an action observed by Boyse, who, until I threaten his life in a gloomy whisper, insists upon examining with the hostess that particular spot, professing a great knowledge of botany, of which his



Photo by W. Leonard

Franciscan Friary
Waterford

ignorance is colossal. Whilst I am guarding my buried cake, our attention is called to what once was the north transept of the abbey and afterwards for centuries the library of those who have lived here. It is still a library and full of books, but for some ungiven reason has been walled up for many, many years,—the books, I am told, mouldering in great heaps on the floor.

My desire to explore is intense but, it is useless to say, unexpressed in this instance.

From this court started the funeral procession of the gentleman who had been laid out on the dining table. The cortège was so immense that it circled away for three miles, though it is not half a mile to the family vault. Every man was provided with hat band and gloves at the expense of the widow. At the feast which followed that great table in the dining hall was decked in the centre with a huge bow of *crêpe*, black of course. The roast fowls had *crêpe* bows tied around their necks and as the old butler served the whiskey he did so with tears streaming down his face. As he carried the bottle, also decked with a *crêpe* bow, he gave utterance to the mournful words, as the whiskey sobbed gurgling forth, “Ah, sor, ’tis this bottle will miss him indade, indade.” But those around were determined that, for the day at least, they would drown its sorrow, and when they went home “there was n’t wan of them knew whether he was going backwards or forwards, and most of them wint sideways.”

Wanderings in Ireland

The chapel on the hill yonder must even then have been roofless and in decay. To-day it is in a choke of brambles and wild roses. Bidding the car to follow, we cross the park and mount to where it stands, an absolute ruin.

We "give Boyse a leg" to a broken casement and he clambers in and down amongst the brambles up to his neck, and making his way towards the high altar reads aloud of Sir Anthony Colclough, who died in 1584, he to whom Queen Elizabeth made the grant.

There are many other tablets embowered in creeping, drooping vines, and almost obliterated by the moss of centuries, while a great tree fuchsia hangs in wildest profusion, shaking its crimson blossoms downward upon the ruined altar. Wandering around, pushing our way through brambles, and stumbling over forgotten graves, we come upon the family vault, underneath and as large as the chapel. The door being open, we wandered in and paused amazed at the spectacle of dead humanity.

Outside the sunlight flickered downward through waving branches, casting long lines of light into the place of the dead, lighting up a sight such as may be seen only in southern Ireland. The entire space was crowded with coffins in all stages of appalling decay and ruin and dating all the way along from the reign of Elizabeth. At our feet lay the ruin of a large coffin, its handles still clinging to its sides. The skeleton within had van-

ished absolutely except the beautiful teeth, evidently a woman's, which gleamed white in the sunlight. The lid, cast to one side, left all open to the light of day and passing of moonlight or storms. Beyond were two still perfect coffins of later date, and yet farther in where the shadows were thicker rose the ruins of coffin on coffin, all tumbling pell-mell into one wild chaos. Pausing in silent dismay for an instant only, we went forth into the sunshine, leaving the dead to their rest.

Only in Ireland may one come upon like scenes, where the doors are not closed even after death. I had often read of such spots, but scarcely believed the tales until to-day when we stumbled quite by accident upon that open door and entered, and certainly I shall never forget the sight. We closed the portal as best we could. One can only hope that the return of dust to dust may be not delayed, and that all that therein is may vanish utterly.

As we roll away the sunlight streams brilliantly aslant, lighting up the ruined chapel and the old abbey, while the great trees stand all about them like Druids deep in thought.

A rapid rush through the mists of Ireland will so drive the cold air into one's system that after dinner it is difficult to keep awake and one is apt to doze off while sitting upright in the drawing-room and to dream dreams and see visions, especially after our afternoon's experience. Here

to-night in the drawing-room my book has fallen upon my knees and I have almost passed to the land of nod when some one suggests that we inspect "King Charles's clothes," and being but half awake I wonder when he arrived and whether he will permit such familiarity, and then the questions "which Charles," and if "the first" of that name, will he bring his head, cause me to come to my full senses just as Boyse is drawing a long wooden case from beneath a sofa. When it is opened all the room is filled with a faint perfume, some fragrance so long forgotten that one cannot give it a name, and yet which calls to mind the frou-frou of silks and the tapping of high-heeled shoes on parquette floors, over which wax lights are shedding a soft radiance while the air resounds to stately music.

Let us transport ourselves mentally backwards to the dark days of 1649. In Penshurst, the ancient seat of the Sidneys, a gift from Edward VI., when the tragedy of Charles Stuart was over and the axe had fallen at Whitehall, his sister the Queen of Bohemia, bowed with sorrow for the past and undoubtedly with fear for the future, divided as precious relics amongst those who had been faithful, the belongings of the late King. These before me she gave to Mr. Spencer, the ancestor of our hostess here in Bannow House. Mr. Spencer was then acting for Algernon Sidney, who was a prisoner in the Tower. The relics came into the possession of the present owner through

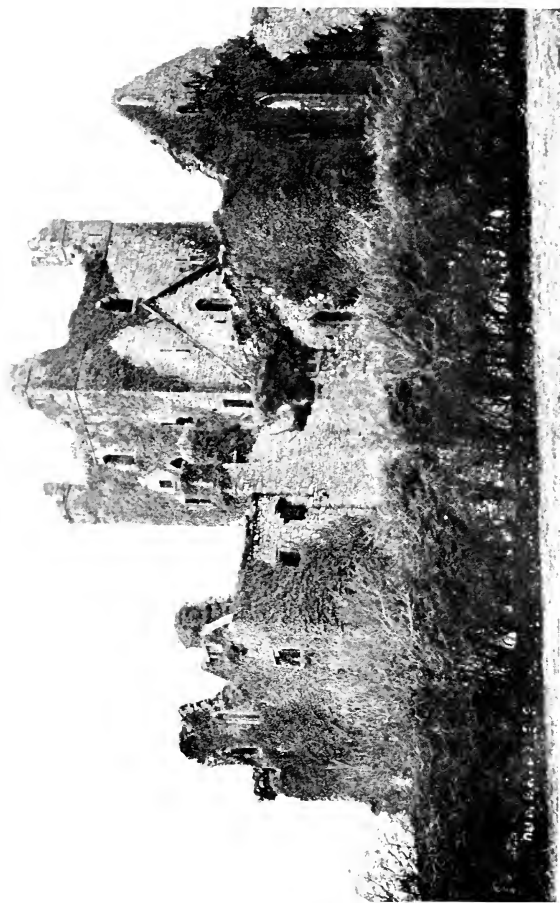


Photo by W. Leonard

Dunbrody Abbey, County Wexford

her father, the Rev. Thos. Harvey of Cowden Rectory, Kent, and as they are drawn forth one by one from their hiding place, I glance involuntarily over my shoulder and out into the misty night, almost expecting to see the shadowy face of the King questioning our right to these things of his, while the faces on the walls about have awakened to life and express a strong desire to come down and join us in the inspection. Here, in a shagreen case, is a huge silver camp watch which has long since ceased to mark the passage of time and the vanity of princes. Yonder is a silk dove-coloured coat and a waistcoat brocaded in rose colour, black, and silver. Here is a pair of breeches in brown figured silk and another of red and white cut velvet. There are some quaint gold embroidered slippers with great bows and high heels and as I stand them on the floor they seem to have been used but yesterday and are expecting to be used again, and I glance once more into the outer shadows. At the bottom of the chest are two long rolls of illuminated vellum illustrating the marriage of the Queen of Bohemia, called the "Queen of Hearts" by the people who loved her well. As I look at the painted procession, my hand rests on a lace ruffle of King Charles, which he may have worn on that occasion.

It was all so very long ago that I think we have in our unconscious thoughts almost arrived at the conclusion that these and many of the famous personages of history are but the fanciful figures

of fiction after all, and it is only when we look upon this frayed doublet which seems but just cast aside by its wearer, or pick up yonder glove which still holds the curve of his palm and shape of his fingers, that the belief is forced upon us that, like ourselves, he once lived and breathed, enjoyed and suffered, was really of flesh and blood.

Yet what was this Charles, warm-hearted and generous, or proud, dictatorial, and utterly unreasonable, holding the divine right of kings so far above the rights of his people that they were forced to lay low his head? Which view is the correct one?—for with him, as with all others of history, there seems a doubt. In fact doubts are being cast upon the pages of history from all sides to-day. Writers make Lucretia and Cæsar Borgia far different from the scribes of a century ago, and possessed of no desire to assist people to a better world. She, for instance, is now held to have been a model wife and loving mother. Also we read that Richard of England was not deformed, either in person or character, but because of the very doubtful legitimacy of the sons of Edward IV. was the real heir to the crown, and so summoned by Parliament,—that he did not murder or have murdered Henry VI., the Duke of Clarence, or the Princes, and that the latter lived at his court many years—in fact that he was no such character as we have been raised to believe; and, more marvellous to relate, that the real villain of that period was Henry VII. of

blessed memory,—that he and he alone imported historians from Italy who at the royal bidding wrote history as it has been read for so many centuries, that he was the murderer of both King and Princes and of the Duke of Clarence. Surely we shall shortly have the Jew of Venice made a generous character, possessing deep love for all Christians, whilst the eighth Henry will repose in a glorious effulgency as a model husband as Froude would have us believe. But they are all of the so very long ago that they appear to us like figures in a painted window, brilliant or sombre, as the sunshine or shadows of history illumine or cast them into shade, and it is only when we see such a thing as this glove of Charles or a half-worn shoe of the Scottish Queen that they walk out upon us and take their places as real men and women.

And so one feels near the presence of that unfortunate Stuart King, as these belongings of his lie spread out before us. What a small man he was! These things might be worn by a boy of fifteen,—a delicate boy of slight frame. They are of great value as such things go, which reminds one that the world holds much of great value of its dead kings and queens. It is estimated that the relics of Mary Stuart collected together at the tercentenary in Peterborough in 1887 amounted in value to sixty thousand pounds sterling, three hundred thousand dollars of our money, and yet she was often forced to write imploring letters to

her "brother of France" for her revenues from her fair duchy of Touraine, in order that she might keep out the cold in her English prisons, and whilst she was the guest of her "good sister Elizabeth."

Did her grandson wear these silks and velvets during those sad days at St. James's Palace? He would almost require the attendance of a body servant to carry that watch and surely no man who appeared in such ruffles and high-heeled fancy shoes to-day could induce an army to fight for him, be he the anointed of God or not,—but then, that clothes do not make the man was certainly proven in his case, when "a man was a man for a' that," the Puritans to the contrary notwithstanding. I doubt if he thought much of his fuss and feathers or paid as much attention to them as said Puritans did to their sober browns, or some rulers of the Europe of to-day do to their gaudy plumage. If Charles was vain, it was with a vanity we can pardon, and far different from that which floods the world with a string of portraits in different uniforms and poses—but it is late and even the shades of royalty cannot keep us awake longer; still as we take our candles and move upwards through the shadowy hallway I seem to hear the stealthy fall of following footsteps and turn suddenly, wondering—wondering.



Photo by W. Leonard

Bannow House

CHAPTER XIII

Return to Ireland—Illness—Conditions on the Great Liners—
The Quay at Cork “of a Saturday Evening”—En Route
Once more—The Old Lady and the Donkey—Barracks
at Fermoy—Killshening House, Abandoned Seat of the
Roche Family—Fethard—Quaint Customs—The Man
in the Coffin—“Curraghmore House”—Its great Kennels
—Its Legends and Ghosts and History—Lady Water-
ford—Oliver Cromwell at the Castle—The Marquis in
the Dungeon.

A YEAR has rolled away since I wrote my last line about this Emerald Isle,—a year of sickness and suffering, brought about, most seem to think, by the bubbling springs and cool wells of this same island; at least B., who drank whiskey and soda, passed scathless, while typhoid for the second time seized upon my system and worked its will for months and months. But that is over and gone, and for another year at least I am immune. Still I think that during this visit I shall hold to soda and some whiskey, at least I am so advised by a last telegram as my ship moves out to sea.

If the Board of Trade knew of the state of affairs on the great liners they would scarcely permit it. Think of one hundred and sometimes

one hundred and fifty stewards crowded into a confined space below the saloon with *one* bath-room only. They are only allowed on deck way back amongst the emigrants, and from there they come to the main saloon to wait on the first-class passengers, running the risk of carrying all sorts of contagious diseases; no air, no ventilation to speak of. The deck stewards are somewhat better off, being only six in a room, but no better ventilated than the pen referred to. If things are so on an English ship, what must they not be upon an Italian!

It blew great guns, and rained in torrents as we landed at Queenstown. The *Campania* came in just behind the *Baltic* and between the two nearly two thousand passengers were landed. The accommodations both in tenders and at the custom house are in every way inadequate, and the confusion was appalling.

However, all was passed and done at last, and ten P. M. finds me at the Imperial in Cork, which is in this rainy weather even more mouldy than last year, but where B. and a whiskey and soda make matters assume a more cheerful tone. However as the house is crowded to suffocation an excursion into the outer darkness has its attractions. On our way out we remark to the barmaid that it is rather stupid here to-night, and she suggests that this being Saturday evening if we will go down to the quay we may find some diversion. Knowing that she would be correct

in her surmise as to other towns on that night and at such places we conclude to try it in Cork and sally forth, only to fall into the clutches of a car boy, who absolutely refuses either to be left behind or to allow us to walk. Hence we are shortly mounted on that characteristic Irish vehicle, a jaunting-car, and en route for wherever its owner may see fit to take us.

Our suggestion of "the quay" evidently meets with his approbation, and with a twinkle in his eye and a blow for his horse, we set forth. The pace is one which causes us to clutch the swinging car for safety. That the streets are crowded matters not at all to our jehu, and many is the anathema hurled at our heads from the scattering populace—until finally the crowd becomes so dense that our pace is reduced perforce to a walk, and at last we stop altogether. Just before us is a half-grown boy celebrating the approach of the day of rest to the best of his ability, and an odder figure I have never seen. His tattered trousers are rolled up above a pair of brogans which would fit the Cardiff giant, the tails of what once was a black coat of great size trail on the ground behind him, while his dirty mug of a face has the stump of a pipe fixed somewhere in the middle—I can see no mouth—and is crowned by what was once a silk hat, now by numerous blows and whacks more resembling an opera hat semi-collapsed. In his hand he twirls a shillalah, and as he croons a ditty he wheels ever and anon to attack any

one who treads on the tails of his coat. Before we have fully appreciated all of his good points our attention is attracted by increased shouts and the rush of the crowd down the quay, where evidently Pat and Dinnis are at it hard and fast.

How the hats fly! You can hear the whacks of the shillalabs even from here. The dancing, jeering, hooting, and howling crowd takes first one side and then the other, "fightin aich uther fur konciliation and hatin aich uther fur the love o' God." Just about this time we think best to retire, as good hats are too attractive in free fights.

It has turned stormy again and the wind blows in great gusts up the river from the sea. Shortly after we start homeward a fishwife carrying her loaded basket comes out from a doorway and up a few steps onto the pavement, when the wind taking her broadside blows her over backwards, her legs sticking up in the air like two great light-houses. Of course the contents of her basket are attacked by every gamin in sight, but the old woman gets all the fish but one and she has a firm hold on one end of that, while a sturdy boy holds tight on to the tail. Then begins a tug of war, resulting in an upset for the boy with half the fish clutched in his fist. Quick as lightning she seizes him and thoroughly washes his face with the other half. The last glimpse I have of them as we roll away she has turned him over her knees



The Terrace, Bannow House
County Wexford

and there is no indication of "konciliation" on her face.

Verily—there is "something doing on the quay at Cork of a Saturday evening."

Nine o'clock next morning brings our motor to the hotel door. It is soon packed and, the word given, is rolling away through the streets of the city, which one moment laugh with sunshine and the next weep with downpouring rain,—but bless you, no one minds the rain in Ireland, certainly not in Cork.

The music of the Bells of Shandon follows us far out into the green lanes and winding highways and the motor hums and sings in response as we roll under the grand old trees with their curtains of quivering ivy. Almost at once, things begin to happen, and, as usual, an ancient dame is the cause of war.

At the end of a long lane, over which the ivy draped trees form a perfect archway, a donkey cart driven by an old lady approaches us, and as usual we produce consternation. With each leg pointed towards one of the points of the compass and with great ears slanting towards us, the little beast is prepared against all attacks, and to run in any direction, but he reckons without his mistress. She does not propose that there shall be any run at all, and quickly slides to the ground from her perch in the cart—and in her progress shows us that aside from her waist and woollen skirt she is not encumbered with clothing. The

situation requires prompt action, and seizing her skirt in both hands she rushes at the donkey and claps it over his head. His surprise is intense and deprives him of action. What he thinks I know not, but as we roll by we distinctly hear a suppressed "he-haw."

The distance to Fermoy is quickly covered, and we pass in triumph the spot where last year we broke down and were forced to take to jaunting-cars.

The Fusiliers who then were at Buttevant are in Fermoy now, and we dine in the Mess.

The barracks are much alike in the two places, but while this has no "green" for cricket and croquet, Fermoy is quite a contrast to the wretched town of Buttevant. Still all that sinks into nothingness when it is stated that *that* is "a better hunting country."

As of old, the officers endeavour to induce me to spend a winter in that sport. Twenty years ago I might have done so, but it's too late now, though I have no doubt that if I lived here I should try it regardless of the flight of years. I have no doubt but that I could if necessary buy hunters from each and all of them,—and I have also no doubt but that they would loan me all they have or may have if I would accept, which I would not do.

This is Sunday morning, and his Majesty's soldiers are going to church. The Church of Rome claims the larger number and there are

some hundreds of scarlet coats marching past the hotel now to the ever favourite and inspiring tune of *Hiawatha*. How the fifes do seize upon and rip out those notes and what joy there is in every whack given by that great bass drummer! My admiration of last year is intensified.

The officer in charge is a man I know very well and I try my best to attract his attention, but without success; discipline must be maintained, and not a glance comes in my direction from under his towering "bear skin," though I know that he sees me. He owes me a grudge because, his mother being an American, I tell him his coat should be blue.

The streets have ceased to glitter with crimson and gold, and the air has lost the tones of martial music as we roll away,—only the murmur of the river and the solemn music of the organ from an ivy-clad church yonder breaks the stillness of this sunny Sunday morning.

Not far from Fermoy stands a mansion which is of interest to many in America, Killshening House, one of the seats of Lord Fermoy. That title will in time pass to an American boy, or man as he will be then, though I doubt his ever assuming it—certainly he will never occupy this house. The present owner lives in a place belonging to his wife, and as we enter the gates of Killshening, we see at once that it is and has been long deserted.

These abandoned houses greet the traveller all

over Ireland. This one has not been lived in for some generations by the family. It does not pay to keep up the house, and renting the land out as pasturage brings more income than in any other way. Still it is sad to find a stately mansion in such a reduced state. The rusty gates have long ceased to perform their function and stand deeply imbedded in the grass-grown drive which stretches inward toward the house. The trees have grown wild at will and stretch their branches almost across the drive. The grass is rank but still thick and velvety and some sheep stare at our intrusion and then scuttle away to a safe distance where they stop huddled together and stare again. Hawthorn hedges white with bloom enclose the place almost like the palace of the sleeping beauty and one wonders whether man has entered yonder silent house for the last hundred years. It certainly has not that appearance. Its windows have a sightless, unoccupied look and its doors swing open to the summer breezes. Except for the sheep there is no sign of life anywhere and we enter and roam at will through the deserted rooms. In its exterior it is of the usual type of such houses in Ireland, a stately rectangular structure, probably of some two centuries of age. Its portals are never closed, and passing inward, one enters a large square hallway, whose fine ceiling is supported by four stately columns. Surrounding this are numerous living-rooms, reception- and dining-rooms, and in several the



Corner of the Rose Garden, Bannow House
County Wexford

ceilings show much beauty even through the mould and dirt of years of neglect.

Of those who made this place a home all have long since passed beneath the "low green tent whose curtains never outward swing" and those who own it now have other houses more to their taste, so this stands tenantless, the silence both without and within broken only by the sound of our footfalls as we explore the empty, echoing spaces.

The park around is fine, but as we pass away we note that nearly all the great timber has been cut down.

It's a sad place, and even our motor seems anxious to leave it.

Our car this year is a 16-20 Clement and on its top speed runs as noiselessly as an electric. It is not an especially good hill climber, though that may be but a temporary fault, as sometimes it sails up an incline with ease, while at others balks at much lesser grades. On the whole I like the car very much, and though two years old and having had hard usage, with but small expense it could be made as good as new. It is certainly to be preferred to the Panhard of last year and is more agreeable to ride in than the sixty horse-power Mercedes of the Duke of M. In those high power cars, unless at full speed, which is impossible on most Irish roads, one is disagreeably conscious of the power beneath one, and rather dreads a breaking away with its ensuing

destruction. Certainly but few of these Irish roads are suited to a speed of sixty miles per hour. This car comes from Wayte Bros., of Dublin, and costs twenty pounds per month less than that of last season.

Our onward route lies over the hills to Fethard through Clonmel and across the river Moyle. As we enter, we encounter a funeral, and I notice that they are carrying the corpse round and round what is certainly the town pump. Later I learn that a cross once stood there, also that through the gate by which Cromwell entered the town the dead are never carried.

Boyse has a sister living here, and we pass the night in her home.

Fethard is one of those quaint Irish places which the world, unless it hunts the fox, never comes near,—but the Irish world does hunt the fox and hence everybody that is anybody comes to Fethard.

As I wandered out into the meadows behind the mews, I came upon a pile of coffins under a shed,—new and awaiting occupants. Evidently they are bought by the wholesale here and of assorted sizes against emergencies. Near-by stood the village hearse, and backed up against a hayrick the remains of the worn-out one which had ceased from its labors. My remark that the “coffins were cheap and thin” brought out the rejoinder, “Ah, they’re good enough, give the worms a chance.” So wears the world away. The reply came from

an old man smoking a stump of a pipe, and calmly reposing the while in a pine box, the future use of which could not be a matter of doubt.

Leaving him to his repose I enter the motor and with my host and hostess and B. roll off through Clonmel to the superb estate of the Marquis of W., "Curraghmore House," the location of which at once strikes the beholder as very superb. Lofty hills, rich dales, and almost impenetrable woods surround him in all directions. The home park alone holds some twenty-seven hundred acres, entirely enclosed by a high stone wall.

As we approach the gates we see on a distant hill a lofty tower erected in memory of one of the heirs, who as a boy broke his neck while attempting to jump his horse over the gate just before us, and which is to-day opened to our sounding horn by a smiling old lady, who curtsies deeply as we pass her.

Three gates are encountered before we enter the court of Curraghmore House, where we hear that "His Lordship is down at the kennels," and so roll away again through the aisles of such trees as only these ancestral places can show, save in California or a primeval forest where the vandal, man, has not had his way. How beautiful it is! The wide white avenues roll and twist away over the deep rich grass. Yonder valley is a mass of blossoming rhododendrons,—tree fuchsias bloom on the other hand,—and across the river the

green hills mount away, dotted with sheep, to a fair blue sky.

We cross an ancient bridge of stone with the water gurgling deliciously beneath as it flows off down a lane brilliant with the lilac of the rhododendrons.

The kennels are probably the most extensive in Ireland and resemble a large carnivora house in some zoölogical garden,—even to the iron cages for summer use.

Here, amidst more than a hundred hounds, we find our host. Of an ancient Irish family, tall, very fair, with close cropped yellow hair and blue eyes, and clad in a long white linen coat, his appearance is very English, which remark would not please him at all I am told. He is making a register of his hounds for the dog show at Peterborough next month.

Each hound is presented, passed upon, and has her name duly entered on the list. I am told that the dog does not make a good hunter in Ireland, and hence all of the one hundred and twelve animals here are bitches. [Perhaps that is always the case, if so you will discover that I am not a sportsman.] If you were to stumble and fall while near them they would promptly tear you to pieces, though they are friendly enough and almost every one, as she passes through the cage, pokes her nose into our hands.

These dogs actually seem to know what is being said about them. When they passed muster



Photo by W. Leonard

Bannow Church
County Wexford

they jumped away like a boy through with his examinations,—but there were two or three which did not pass, and the look of reproach cast upon their keeper as he told of their failings was almost human.

The registering done with, they are let out in two lots on the hillside, and crowd around us, still friendly apparently, but as we turn to leave—the hounds having been caged again—I drop my stick, and when I stoop to pick it up the whole pack spring at the bars in a wild attempt to get at me. I do not regret the protecting iron.

These kennels are beautifully kept, and the oatmeal cakes on the shelves of the feed house would taste very good, I fancy. In fact I am bidden to try one.

We motor back through the domain to the grounds back of the house and walk across them to enter the mansion. They are beautifully laid off, but I think the huge bronze fountain in the centre is a mistake,—a simple stone basin with a majestic geyser of water would be more in keeping with the age of the place and the simple and severe outlines of the house. Like most of the great fountains there is too much bronze and too little water.

Curraghmore House was built about 1700, around the remains of a very ancient castle. From this side the building somewhat resembles Chatsworth, but on the other one sees the great square tower which dates from the twelfth cent-

ury. It has been, of course, much changed and is now outwardly made to conform to the rest of the mansion,—but upon entering you at once notice the great thickness of the walls which prove its age. They are adorned with trophies of the chase of much interest.

Mounting a staircase of gradual ascent one enters another square hall around which are the living-rooms, some very rich in ornamentation, especially in the painted ceilings. Many portraits gaze questioningly at me from the walls, some so dark with age that only the eyes are visible, eyes in a pallid face and all else lost in the shadow,—faces whose owners have come and gone like the shadows of a dream, and whose very names are now forgotten;—living, I fancy, their lives out in these old halls, with as little thought for the inevitable forgetfulness of time, as we have to-day, and we have none at all, but pass the time in a happy fashion over tea in the Library.

Some of us wander off to the billiard hall up in the great tower, and descending stop a moment in a room which it is claimed is visited by such a ghostly caller as Scott tells of in his “Tapestried chamber,”—one which will wake you and jibe at you. Here is a portrait of a lady, with a band on her wrist. She and a brother lived long ago and were both atheists. The brother became converted to a belief in God but not this sister, and he promised that when he died if there was a God and a hereafter, he would return, which he did,

and seizing his sister by the wrist left a mark which necessitated the wearing of this band. There it is in that portrait over the mantel in the ghost's room.

There are other phantoms which haunt this mansion of Curraghmore, but let this suffice. I should like to have slept in that room, and after we departed I was told that we had all been asked to "stay the night," but the ladies of the party objected as Lady W. was absent.

Many years ago en route from Calcutta to Ceylon we had on board a poor sick man en route to colder climes in the hope of prolonging his life—a vain one as it proved. He was brought out daily and laid on the deck and naturally became an object of interest and sympathy to all of the passengers. One elderly lady was especially kind to him and I held many long conversations with her. She told me that he had been in the employ of the government in the Indian Islands, and, stricken with fever, had been ordered home, leaving a wife and a newly born child behind him. As I left the ship at Colombo I saw her standing by his side fanning him. Poor man—he was buried at sea near Aden and to-day I find *her* portrait looking down upon me from these walls. She was Lady Waterford, the grandmother of our host, a woman who believed in seeing the world and, as I know, doing good as she passed along. I believe she was considered rather eccentric—interesting people generally are so,—and it is

stated that she discarded all the family jewels in favour of one made of foxes' teeth. Although eighteen years had elapsed since that sea trip hers was not a face to be forgotten, and I knew it at once. I believe she has long since passed away.

There is a story told of the castle in Cromwell's day which, while it proves that there is a woman at the bottom of most incidents in this world, shows that here her wits were the salvation of the house. Knowing that her father would die rather than surrender to the king-killer, she seduced the lord of the manor into one of his own dungeons and promptly locked him up. Into Cromwell's hands she then delivered the keys of the castle, assuring him that though forced to be absent on this auspicious occasion her father was nevertheless well disposed to the cause of Parliament and willing to give such proof as the Protector might demand. In consequence Curraghmore remained unimpaired in the possession of its owner, securely locked up the while in his own dungeon.

Taking it all in all it is a most interesting place, yet when all is said, to my thinking, the greatest beauty lies in the superb trees of the park, and its wonderful stretches of grassland.



Photo by W. Leonard

Tombs in Bannow Church
County Wexford

CHAPTER XIV

Departure from Fethard—The Dead Horse and a Lawsuit—
Approach to Dublin—Estate of Kilruddery—The Swan
as a Fighter—Glendalough, its Ruins and History—Tom
Moore and his Tree in Avoca—Advantages of Motor
Travel—Superstition of the Magpie—A Boy, a Cart, and
a Black Sheep—The Goose and the Motor.

THE next day opens nasty and wet. Leaving our benediction and thanks with Mr. and Mrs. P. we roll off through the drops of rain over the muddy roadways. It is not especially pleasant and conversation lags, but it must be a bad day indeed to suppress all chances for excitement in Ireland, as we shortly discover.

Turning a bend of the road we see, coming towards us, a jaunting-car, hauled by a bay horse and driven by an old man. The nag gives evidence of fright and our motor is stopped instantly at some three hundred feet from her. The old man succeeds in turning her around and at our suggestion unwinds himself from his lap-robe and gets down to hold her. All the time our car is at a standstill and making no sound. Whether the old chap got tangled in the reins or stumbles, I know not, but the nag plunges, knocking him

down, then plunges again and falls against a stone wall, breaking a shaft. B. gets out of our car and suggests that I go back to the town just behind and bring a policeman as there will surely be claims for damages. I cannot see how, as we have not been in motion for the past fifteen minutes and certainly have an equal right upon the highroads. However, I roll away, and en route I notice a travelling circus with a nigger in charge who grins at me. The policeman secured and brought back in the car, we find to our amazement that the horse is dead, and the nigger and owner are already haggling over the sale of its carcass. The latter wants a sovereign and the former offers half a crown.

What killed the beast is unknown to us to this day; it certainly did not break its neck as it kicked and plunged a lot after it was down. However, it is dead, and there is trouble in consequence. Of course we are "entirely to blame" though the accident did not occur until we had been stationary for some fifteen minutes, and until the old man had had ample time to argue with the horse and then to turn her around and move away from us before he got down, at which time she was perfectly quiet. It's my opinion that he became tangled in the reins and fell against her. Fact remains that she neither scared nor plunged until he got down from the car and made for her head, and as I have stated before, I have often noticed that horses are more frightened by their owner's

sudden grabs at the bridle than by the motor car.

I had once a saddle horse which could never be induced to pass a piece of paper be it ever so small without violent shying, and I could at any instant, by pressing my knee suddenly into the saddle, cause him to look round for such objects and shy violently in advance.

So it is with most car horses,—let alone they would stand quietly; grabbed at by the driver they plunge and shy. As far as our car is concerned it always comes at once to a dead halt if there is the smallest evidence of trouble. We did so, as I have stated, in this case, yet I have no doubt damage or blackmail will have to be paid. If this were not done and B. ever wanted to hunt over this country he would come to dire disaster, as our names and addresses were taken down by the policeman, and will never be forgotten but stored away to be remembered either in blessing or malediction according as we pay or not.

This being a rented car the owners assume all such risks, and on reaching Dublin we learn that a claim for twenty-five pounds has already been presented, the value of the beast having increased by leaps and bounds, and I doubt not before the year is out will have passed that of the winner of the Derby.

I should like to have been at the trial if it came to that, if only to count the witnesses that would have sprung up by the dozens, undoubtedly prov-

ing in the end that the old man was driving two horses to that jaunting-car and that our appearance killed them both.

The day after that occurrence the driver of a cow deliberately placed her in our pathway in hopes that we would kill her, but he reckoned without our brakes, which stopped the car not a foot from the cow. Her owner laughed in a stupid, leering fashion as we rolled away.

After the death of the poor old horse, which no one could have regretted more than we did, nothing occurred during the ride to Dublin.

As we approach the city, the highways are of greater width and in better condition, though most of the Irish roads are good. There are motor-cars flying in all directions now and ours catching the disease skims along like a bird, and quite as noiselessly, until the pavements and narrower streets of the city force a reduction of speed, and even then the rate is more rapid than I like.

Dublin is in the throes of an exposition, and there is "no room in the inn." Not to be forced to sleep in a manger we direct our course to Bray Head, and in her very comfortable hotel of that name are at rest for a few days. While there are no real mountains in this section of Ireland the hills and headlands are very bold and beautifully outlined. The roads are fine and there are many points of interest hereabouts. To-day we have been rambling over Kilruddery, the fine estate of the Earl of Meath. The house, while modern,

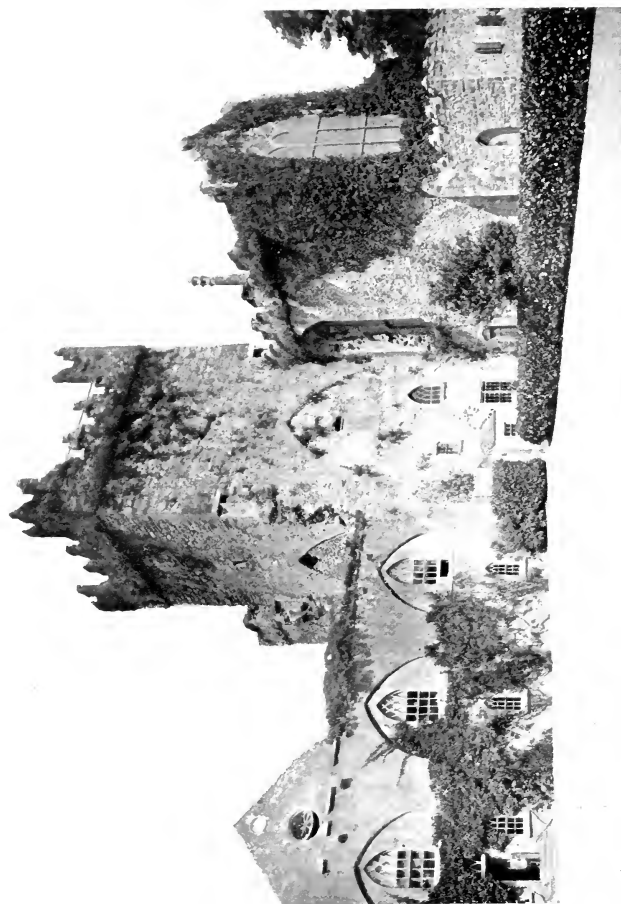


Photo by W. Leonard

Tintern Abbey

has not that appearance, and at first I thought it must date at least from the days of the good Queen Bess during whose reign the property passed into the hands of this family. It is of that period in its architecture, but the great glory lies all around it. These grounds are justly famous. I have never seen more beautiful, stately hedges even at Versailles, and one rather feels that one should be dressed in the fashion of the Grand Monarque to pace these grassy lanes. At one point the hedges, thirty feet high, spread off like the spokes of a wheel, and the legend runs that in ancient days the abbot had his cell in that centre from where the brethren living down the aisles could be easily watched, and being human, even if saintly, I doubt not that they needed watching now and then.

In front of the mansion two oblong lakes nestle in the velvety grass like great mirrors and on their waters numerous swans are floating. One old general mounts the bank and with arched neck and spreading wings advances to attack us, but we do not risk the battle. Those male birds can strike hard, and while it might be possible to seize and stretch their necks, the Lord of the Manor does not like that to be done. So we take refuge in the flower garden, a perfect glory of bloom and colour.

Later on, as we are at tea in the "long drawing-room before my lady's picture," the old swan raises his head just outside in watchful ward lest we dare to come out.

I think Dickens must have visited Kilruddery about the time he wrote *Bleak House*, though he placed the scene of his great work in Lincolnshire. Here are the long drawing-rooms with my lady's picture over the mantle before which Sir Leicester sat in such grandeur; yonder is the window through which the moonlight streamed upon my lady seated at the open casement, and just here between my lord and my lady Mr. Tulkinghorn must have paced as he "told my story to so many people." Just outside runs the Ghost Walk where upon that fatal night the step grew louder and louder, and above one can doubtless find Mr. Tulkinghorn's chamber opening out upon the leads, and where he met and cowed my lady. This may not be the place which the great writer had in mind, but it might well have been.

I confess to an intense envy when I visit these superb estates, not so much as to the houses, unless they are very ancient, but certainly as to the parks. It is perhaps well that our country cannot know such,—it certainly never will unless the law of primogeniture is established, which God forbid. And yet here the younger members of a family seem to think it but right and just that everything should pass to but one of them, that they, who may love and appreciate their lifelong home as perhaps the heir never will, should be turned out, often with nothing, while, as often, he proceeds to pile debt on debt until the old home goes by the board and passes to strangers or the

great trees are cut down to pay gambling debts. All this may be gall and wormwood to some of them but if so they are loyal to the rules of their order and murmur not at all.

It is necessary for B. to return to Bannow for a day as he is a magistrate there and has some business in consequence. So we are off in the forenoon and shall run the hundred miles by tea-time with several stops thrown in. We enter amongst the hills on starting and are amongst them all day save for sudden dips into some valley or down to the sea.

As we speed up the mountains the prospects behind are enchanting. The valleys are deep and very green while on the other side of one amphitheatre the vast mansion of "Powers Court House," where we shall spend the week-end, stands half way up the hillside in a most beautiful location. From here it appears to be a stone structure of several stories, with long wings on either hand, and even at this distance one can see that the garden and park are very extensive.

Our route southward to Bannow lies through the mountains of Wicklow, which here resemble Arthur's Seat and other hills around Edinburgh. Fortunately the day is fine and the roads dry without dust, but one never suffers from the dust of one's own car and we do not meet any others, hence the ride is exhilarating and beautiful, especially as we approach Glendalough, where the scenery is almost Alpine.

That ancient place lies in a deep valley with mountains towering all around it. Its ruined churches are presided over by one of the tallest and most perfect round towers in Ireland.

Wherever one sees those strange structures they are objects of interest and this one, rising in stately watch and ward over the dead who sleep all around it, is unusually so. It stands in an enclosure so choked with graves that one must walk over the dead to reach it. Two, lately buried I should say, seem to have used the old tower as their especial monument, so closely are their heads placed against its ancient base. A little wooden cross between the graves protests that those who sleep beneath are of the faith of the Nazarene and not of that of the long-dead heathens who, some claim, erected this and all other similar towers in this land, a false idea of course.

Glendalough is very ancient, and dates its foundation back in 618 A.D. St. Kevin of the royal house of Leinster died here at a great age, having lived for years in a hollow tree near the lake and in a cave, to which there was no access save by a boat. His memory has been honored for centuries, and in the peculiar manner of much drinking and many free fights here on the spot where he died, a custom stopped by the parish priest who emptied the whiskey into the stream and burned the shillalahs, after which he forced these people who had been enemies for centuries to embrace over Kevin's grave. He lived to the

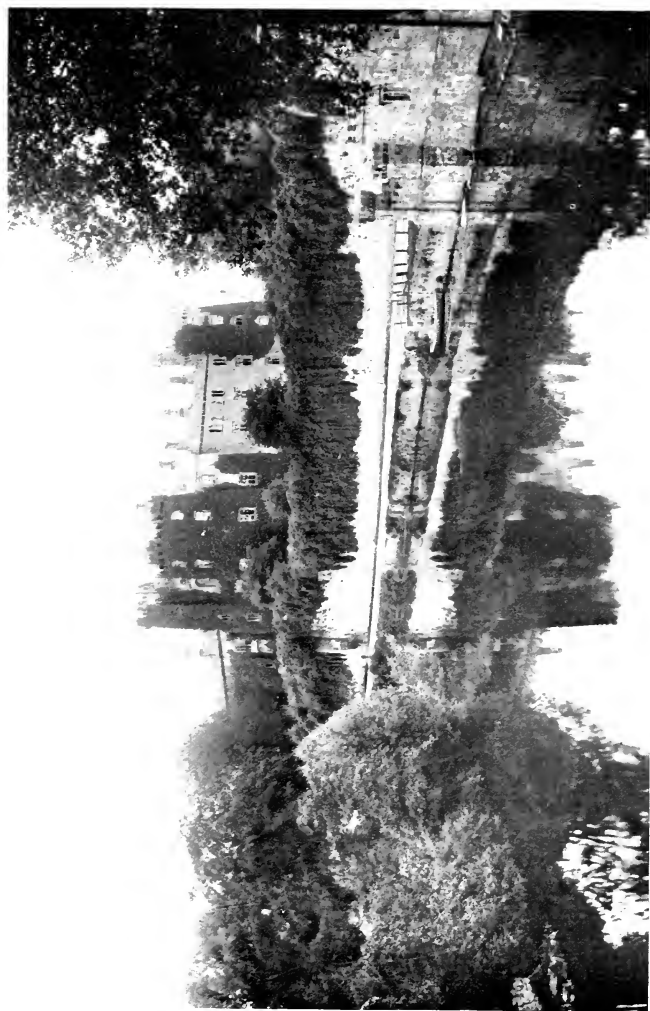


Photo by W. Leonard

Kilkenny Castle

age of one hundred and twenty years, founding here what became a crowded city, with schools, colleges, sanctuaries for the saintly, and asylums for the poor and sick.

Glendalough began to decline more than six centuries ago, and to-day holds nothing save a few ruined churches, the stately round tower, and many graves deep down in its vale, guarded by the brooding mountains. Its silence is rarely broken except when one more is added to the quiet company which lies around, or when some wanderer from the outer world remembers that Glendalough has been and pauses a moment to offer devotions at her crumbling shrines.

How completely one's thoughts shift from the ancient heathen history of this island to gentler times and songs, waving trees, sunlight, and the music of waters as the car rolls through the Vale of Ovoca, where gentle Tom Moore's spirit still seems to be singing of its bubbling streams.

Stop at the old stone bridge and lean a while upon its parapets and you will be just over the tree, now a gaunt dead skeleton with all its glory gone, where he wrote the poems so dear to all of us. Beneath you murmurs one of the streams, and, just beyond, it rushes joyously to its meeting with the other, and the old tree stands on a point at the meeting place. The waters splash and sing and dance away and away, the years have rolled by, and the poet is gone, but his verses live on for

ever, and pilgrims from all over the world come to this spot which he found beautiful.

To-day as we roll up there are a party of women all from my own land, I should judge, and each takes her seat for a moment under the great skeleton where Moore sat and wrote his songs for mankind.

The east and west sides of Ireland are very different. On the latter lies all the grandeur and ruggedness, as though nature had been carved and hewn by the tremendous blows of the North Atlantic's winds and waves, and all the music is wild and weird; while on the eastern side all is like a beautiful park, pastoral and full of sunshine and flowers. Moore's melodies sound all around one and if a lad or lassie sings in passing it will be of Robin Adair or Aileen Aroon. The former lived just back there in Hollybrook House and the latter dwells all over the mountains and down in every vale.

The entire ride from Bray to Bannow is over fine roads and affords constant panoramas of sunlight, seas, and stretches of woodlands and grass-lands, with here and there a stately mansion keeping ward over a beautiful park and with many gushing, bubbling rivers and brooks. The air is laden with the perfume of the sweet grasses, and the way is bordered by blossoming hawthorns and wild roses. Quaint villages and ancient cities nestle by the sea, whose waters murmur peacefully, forgetful that storms have ever been.

With the rapid flight of the motor, new life rushes through one's veins, and surely some years must drop away.

It is an error to imagine that an automobile tour means merely a rapid flight through the country. It may be made just that, and no doubt often is, but on the other hand it will be found that those who love to travel, love antiquities, are students of history, will see far more by the use of a car than would have been possible with stage-coach or by rail. By the former, progress was slow, and so tedious often that many points of great interest were given up because of the bodily weariness necessary in reaching them. With rail I know, from personal experience, that I allowed years to pass without visiting points which I greatly longed to see, because it necessitated change of trains and weary waiting in dirty stations. With a motor one is possessed almost of Aladdin's lamp. Make your wish, turn a crank, glide over the earth almost as rapidly as the owner of the lamp did through the air, and behold you have your heart's desire, and so you have many desires of the heart and spy out the land as you never would have done in days gone by,—days which seem so long gone by, though but a few years have passed since those old modes of transit were the only ones known. You may go as slowly as you desire in a motor, you cannot in a train. You are able also to glide rapidly over long, tedious roads of no interest, where with

horses hours of wearisome journey would be necessary.

So, my dear critic, don't condemn a book of notes written from a motor until you have tried that method of locomotion and found it wanting, which, to my thinking, will never occur. This journey to Bannow, but better still my inspection of the island of Achill is a case in point. Not satisfied with my first visit, I determined to return. I was then in Wexford, quite on the other side of the island, but that was, with a motor, no barrier. I simply crossed the island in a day's run, spent another day in Achill, and returned to Wexford.

Had the time been twenty years or ten years ago, the trouble of a second visit would have destroyed all chances of making it.

It is very dreamy and poetic to sigh over the old dead days, but it's all bosh. The modern appliances of the twentieth century enable the traveller to see more and at his leisure in one summer than he would ever have dreamed of seeing in those "dear old dead days."

The time will come when these machines will be made for the people and general utility. I venture to quote here an article from *Harper's Weekly* as to the future of this great invention.

"When a man takes hold of the knob of his office door he knows that, year in and year out, the knob will perform its proper function. When the housewife sits down to her sewing-machine she knows that hardly once in a thousand times will it fail to do its



Deserted Killshening House
Fermoy

work, and do it well. Unreliable is an indictment to which our cars must too often plead guilty. In America we have done a lot of foolish things in motor-car building, but we are approaching saner methods and more correct lines. The car of the future, either for business or pleasure, has not yet been laid down. He would be a bold, perhaps a rash, prophet who would undertake any detailed description of this car. Nevertheless, reasoning *a priori*, there are some features we may prognosticate. In the first place, it will be built of better steel than we have been accustomed to use. In the next place, the cars will become standardized, and when standardized they will be built by machinery in enormous quantities at an exceedingly low cost. The wheels will be large, built of wood and of the artillery type. Hard rubber or some enduring substance will take the place of the present high-priced unsatisfactory pneumatic tires. The car will be light, simple, strong, and easily kept in repair. Mr. Edison once said the automobile will never be wholly practical until it is fool-proof and the ordinary repairs can be made on the highway by a darky with a monkey-wrench. The present highly unsatisfactory system of change-speed gears will be supplanted by a variable speed device. There are not wanting good judges who believe that the problem will be solved by a system of hydraulic transmission. The fuel of the future will be kerosene or grain alcohol. Thirty-five per cent. of the population of America are farmers. The farmer will be the chief automobile owner and user. The maximum speed of his car may be only twenty miles per hour, but that is twice as fast as his present mode of travel. The car will be an invaluable adjunct to his work on

the farm. The adjustment of a belt, the turn of a crank, and the automobile engine furnishes power to thresh his grain, cut his wood, chop his feed, and pump his water. After being in constant use all the day, the car is ready to take the entire family to the social gathering in the village at night, or to church services on Sunday morning. The farmer will use the automobile as will the butcher, the baker, and the storekeeper—when he can in no other way get the same amount of work done at so low a cost; and when the business man can deliver his goods more quickly and more economically than he can by using the horse he will do so.

“There will always be motor-cars de luxe for the rich, but they will be merely the fringe of the garment of a great industry. The countless millions of tons of freight now slowly and painfully drawn over country roads and through city streets by poor dumb brutes will go spinning along, the motors of the heavily laden trucks humming a tune of rich content, and all the thousand tongues of commerce will sing the praises of the motor-car.

“Let me suggest a few practical things that the tireless horse of the future will accomplish:

“1. It will solve the problem of the over congestion of traffic in our city streets.

“2. It will free the horse from his burdens. A few years ago, in the city of New Orleans, an old darky came in from the country and for the first time saw the electric street cars, which had taken the place of the mule-drawn car. The old darky threw up his hands, and looking up to heaven said, ‘Bless de Lord, de white man freed de nigger, now he done freed the mule.’

“ 3. The automobile will furnish relief to the tenement house districts.

“ 4. It will stimulate the good roads movement throughout the United States.

“ 5. It will save time and space and become invaluable to many classes of citizens.

“ 6. It will tend to break down class distinction, because one touch of automobilism makes the whole world kin.”

The motor has come to stay—rest assured of that. It has an equal right upon the highway under the law of the land, with all other vehicles or animals, so spare yourselves your curses and your ill temper, which only injure yourselves.—A stoppage for luncheon allowed me time to bring in all that, but we are miles onward by now.

In addition to song and story, superstition, perhaps of a harmless sort, certainly reigns in Ireland, at least in the southern parts. Even B. never sees a magpie that he does not cast his eyes and hands aloft in supplication, to exorcise the evil results of the encounter. I have always understood that the legends of that famous bird ran “one for luck, two for joy, three for a wedding, and four for a boy.” But B. insists that the appearance of one means misfortune; however “maggies” are eminently domestic and travel in pairs. Marriage is not a failure with them.

While B. is stoutly maintaining his belief in the ill luck sure to follow the appearance of a bird just now flirting his tail at us from a tree near-by,

the car comes to a sudden halt and Robert's face plainly indicates something wrong. With an "I told you so" B. gets out to inspect. Knowing nothing and caring less about machinery I stay where I am; the seat is comfortable and paid for, whether in motion or not; if they want to get down on their backs in that mud they can do so, I wont. While the work is in progress I question B. on the matter of superstition and am told that no real Irishman would, in case of death in his house, go after the coffin *alone*,—that "must never be done." Many even in these days will place a lighted candle in the hands of the dying to light them to Heaven, and at a wake there is always a plate of snuff on the corpse.

Not long since, a stranger desiring to attend one of these weird affairs was conducted to the house of a man who—it was stated—had just died. The deceased was laid out in the little cabin with candles at his head and feet, and the usual number of mourners around him. Now every one smokes at a wake, and the visitor, lighted cigar in his mouth, stood solemnly regarding the placid dead, when some motion caused his cigar ash to fall upon the placid face, whereupon the dead sneezed and the wake broke up in "Konfusion." So at least runs the tale.

An incident of the later afternoon is also attributed to "a beast of a bird" which flew over our heads shortly before its occurrence. It certainly was a most amazing escape from a serious smash-

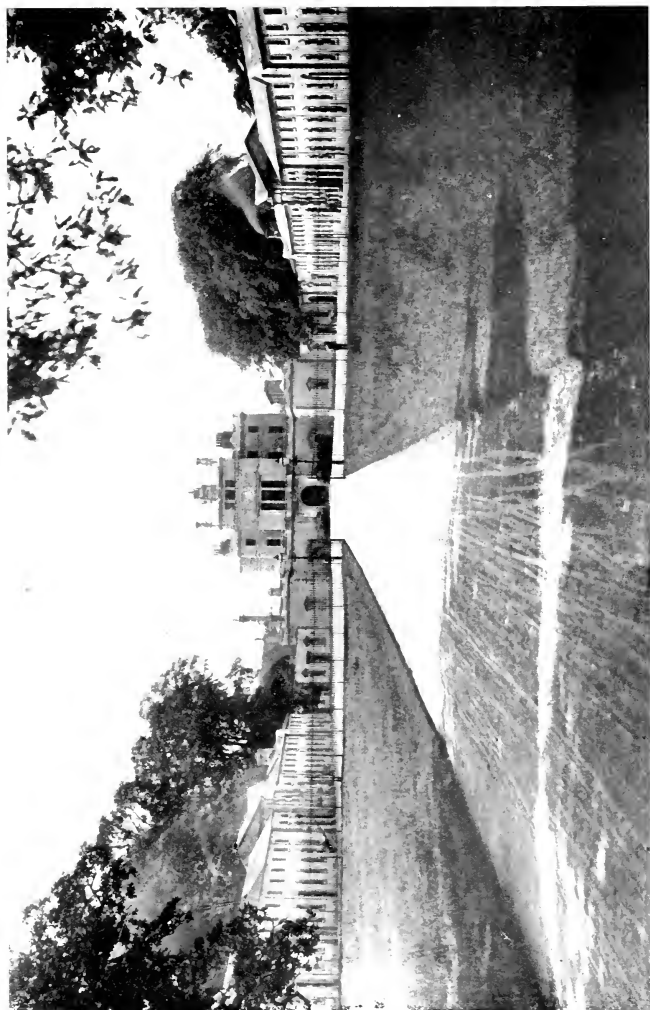


Photo by W. Leonard

Curraghmore House
Marquis of Waterford

up, and only the steering ability of the chauffeur saved us and the car. About to take a side road running at right angles to the one we were on, and hidden by a tall hedge, we came suddenly upon a boy asleep in a cart drawn by an old white horse, also apparently asleep. They were not twenty feet off; to pass was impossible, and our man shot his car forward, turned it almost on its axis and under the nose of the old horse so closely that I thought the shaft would strike me and dodged down into the car; then another sharp turn down into a ditch, fortunately grassy and not dangerously deep, and up on to the road, and away as though nothing had happened and all so quickly done that the horse and boy stood stock still in dumb amazement. It was a very close shave, and proved that these cars can be turned completely around in a much smaller space than one would believe possible. We are not courting such experiences, especially as news of the dreadful deaths of the Trevor brothers in Cincinnati has just been published. Our man is a superb driver and thoroughly understands his machine; also he does not lose his head for an instant, or on this occasion it would have meant destruction all round.

Shortly afterwards a black sheep—"horror of horrors," I heard B. exclaim—crossed our pathway at tremendous speed, and having great faith in the strength of its skull and in its butting powers tried conclusions with a closed iron gate-

way,—the result being intense astonishment and dire destruction to itself, the gate holding fast. Earlier in the day we ran over for the first time a goose, apparently without injury thereto, as the last I saw it was chasing us down the road with outstretched neck squawking loudly.

Our orders are strict as to avoiding all living things if by so doing we do not endanger our own safety and several times we have done so by sudden swerves to save an old hen or chicken.

Taking it all together to-day's ride has not been without excitement, and we almost decline to get out when the car stops at Bannow House; but I think the driver has had his fill of work for one day, so it is ended, fortunately with no injury to any one.

CHAPTER XV

The Lunatic—Insanity and its Causes in Ireland—The Usual Old Lady and Donkey—Sunshine and Shadow—Clonmines and its Seven Churches—The Crosses around the Holy Tree—Baginbun and the Landing of the English—The Bull of Pope Adrian—Letter of Pope Alexander—Protest of the Irish Princes—Legends—Death of Henry II.

“TO some men God hath given laughter, and tears to some men he hath given.”

To-day it is tears and sadness for one poor woman.

B. is a magistrate here and last night at dinner a warrant for his signature was brought to the house. It was for the commitment of a poor woman to an asylum for the insane and this morning we roll away to the village to conclude the matter. The “Court” awaits our arrival, but I have no mind for such scenes; indeed I do not think it right that mere lookers-on should be permitted, any more than curiosity seekers should be allowed to stare at men in prison. So I stay out in the car while B., followed by the “Court,” which has been sunning itself outside, passes within.

However, I am not to escape in all ways, as, turning my eyes towards a window to the left, I

see the poor woman staring out at me, the sadness and misery of her expression passing description,—life is so absolutely over for her, with nothing save the horror of increasing insanity to look forward to throughout all the years which may remain of existence. Her mother died in an asylum and her fate is certain. The curse of intermarriage has pronounced her doom as it does for so many in Ireland. It is also claimed that much of the insanity so prevalent here is caused by excessive use of tea, and *such* tea. Placed on the stove and allowed to simmer and stew all day, it acquires a strength that would destroy in time the strongest of nerves.

This poor woman goes to the asylum by her own wish, and is glad to go, knowing the hopelessness of it all for her. Ah, the pity of it, and one is so absolutely powerless to do aught to help! The law is soon complied with and leaving her sad face still at the window we roll away.

The day is especially brilliant and the air like wine, laden with the fragrance of the hawthorn and wild grasses; while the hedgerows bordering the lanes are a mass of blossoms, and the world is beautiful,—all the more beautiful by contrast with that glimpse of sadness we have just left.

Our car goes rushing and singing along until we round a bend of the road and are immediately involved in wild confusion. An old lady—as usual—seated on the smallest of carts, drawn by a most diminutive donkey,—Ireland is full of old ladies,

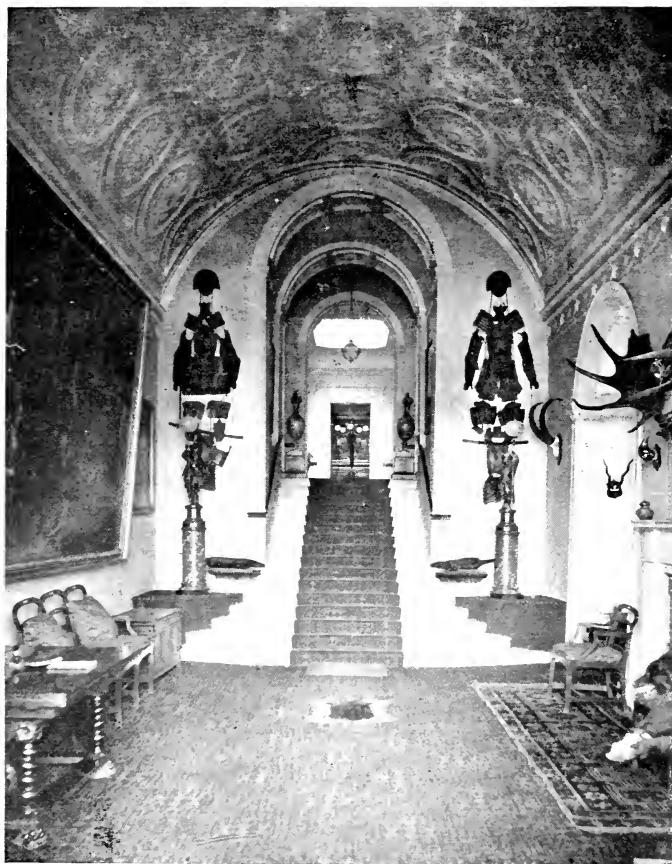


Photo by W. Leonard

Hallway, Curraghmore House

in carts, in fact one rarely sees any others in them,—is vainly trying to stop the wild circles it is describing, cart and all, in fright at our appearance. It whirls her around at least a half-dozen times before a passing postman seizing the bridle leads it by us, while the ancient dame, the flowers on her much awry bonnet trembling with her indignation, hurls curses at us. “Blarst yer sowls” comes back at us as she is borne away.

Truly sunshine and shadow, laughter and sadness chase each other closely in this Isle of Erin. Don’t for a moment imagine, though you may seem to be in the densest solitude of the country, that there is nobody about; any instant a sudden turn may find you in the midst of shrieking women, flying chicks, quacking ducks, and scoffing geese, where clatter and confusion and curses reign supreme, but again those curses imply nothing generally here, they are only a form of salutation, and rarely mean what is said.

We pass down long stretches of road with the sparkling sea spread out before us until we draw up near the ruins of the seven churches of Clonmines, close down by the placid waters of the river.

Of the churches there is little left, save a few ruined towers. In the centre of one where the sunshine falls warmest and many flowers grow, the late priest of the parish has found his resting-place.

After all there seems to have been close con-

nection between the far east and this Emerald Isle. At these seven churches of Clonmines, there was once held a Moorish slave market, and one cannot but think that that keening for the dead must have come from the chant which one may still hear amongst the followers of the prophet.

Clonmines, which is named from the silver mines near-by, was "a very ancient corporation but quite ruined" even in 1684 when we find it so described in an old manuscript of Wexford. In the time of the Danes it possessed a mint for silver coining and was surrounded by a fosse. On the shores of its river or tide inlet, called the Pill, the descendants of the first English conquerors still lived in the days of Elizabeth, in fact we find yet living in one of these ancient towers, the descendant of the man, Sir Roger de Sutton, who built it *seven centuries ago*—a love of home which passes understanding, for that abode to-day could not be considered as agreeable under any circumstances.

This little river was considered of such importance in the days of Henry VI. that an act of Parliament was passed for the building of towers upon its banks "that none shall break the fortifications or strength of the waters of Bannow."

Even in Henry IV.'s time one John Neville was appointed keeper of this water, and the feudal tenure by which the Hore family held their manor of Pole was for the keeping of a passage over the Pill when the Sessions were held at Wexford.

But King and noble reckoned without the storms of winter, which year after year drove the sands of the sea inward, filling the harbour and finally destroying all the towns on its banks. One of them, Old Bannow, we have already visited, and we leave this of Clonmines, to-day a ruin past all redemption, inhabited by that one family whose members have watched the years go by just here for seven centuries.

As we glide off through the winding lanes, the birds are talking to themselves in the hedgerows, and could tell us much about it all I doubt not, while far away on the soft air sounds the throbbing and the sobbing of the sea.

Close by the roadside we come upon an evidence of one of the quaint customs still to be met with in this section. There is a certain tree—why so selected does not appear—which is regarded as holy, and every funeral which passes leaves a small cross at its base, so that to-day the pile of rude wooden emblems of our faith reaches half way up its trunk. There are no shrines around the place or any other evidence that it is regarded as sacred or used as a point for devotion, simply that mass of plain wooden crosses mounting high around its trunk, and numbering many thousands, each one representing the passing of some poor soul out of this earthly sunshine and into the shadow of the grave.

Our day is not over yet. This section of Ireland so abounds in points of interest that fearing we

may pass any of them the speed of the car is reduced to that of a donkey-cart, in fact, several of the latter pass us with great show of speed and scornful glances cast by ancient dames at our crawling monster, while the donkey kicks dust in our faces—whether from contempt of us or a desire to get home to supper he takes no time to state, but the fact remains.

Our way leads down by the sea, and leaving the car to puff itself to sleep, we pass through the downs on the cliffs and out on to the point of Baginbun. If you are not versed in Irish history, you will wonder why you are brought here—it is pretty, yes, certainly, but you have seen other places far more so. There is a little cove just under you where the waters murmur and whisper, but what of that? Well, that is Baginbun and just there, though time and tide have long since obliterated the marks of their ships' prows, landed the English for the first time in Ireland. Fitzstephens and his band of adventurers in May, 1169, landed there and doubtless climbed this hill where we stand knee deep in the grass to day. What that meant to Ireland is told in the history of all the ensuing years down to this latter day. How many readers are aware of the Bull of Pope Adrian IV. handing Ireland body and soul over to Henry II. of England,—Let us quote a bit of it just here.

“Adrian, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved son in Christ, the illustrious King of the English, health and apostolical benediction.

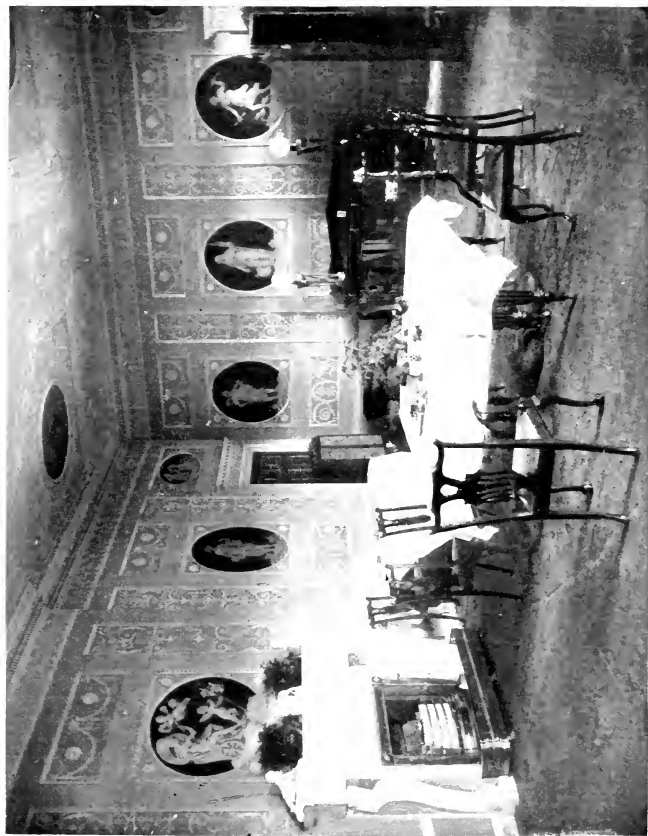


Photo by W. Leonard

Dining-room, Curraghmore House
Seat of the Marquis of Waterford

“ Your highness is contemplating the laudable and profitable work of gaining a glorious fame on earth, and augmenting the recompense of bliss that awaits you in heaven, by turning your thoughts, in the proper spirit of a Catholic Prince, to the object of widening the boundaries of the Church, explaining the true Christian faith to those ignorant and uncivilised tribes, and exterminating the nurseries of vices from the Lord's inheritance. In which matter, observing as we do the maturity of deliberation and the soundness of judgment exhibited in your mode of proceeding, we cannot but hope that proportionate success will, with the Divine permission, attend your exertions.

“ Certainly there is no doubt but that Ireland and all the Islands upon which Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, hath shined, and which have received instruction in the Christian faith, do belong of right to St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church, as your grace also admits. For which reason we are the more disposed to introduce into them a faithful plantation and to engraft among them a stock acceptable in the sight of God, in proportion as we are convinced from conscientious motives that such efforts are made incumbent on us by the urgent claims of duty.

“ You have signified to us, son, well-beloved in Christ, your desire to enter the island of Ireland in order to bring that people into subjection to laws, and to exterminate the nurseries of vices from the country; and that you are willing to pay to St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for every house there, and to preserve the ecclesiastical rights of that land uninjured and inviolate. We, therefore, meeting your pious and laudable desire with the favour which it

deserves, and graciously according to your petition, express our will and pleasure that, in order to widen the bounds of the Church, to check the spread of vice, to reform the state of morals and promote the inculcation of virtuous dispositions, you shall enter that island and execute therein what shall be for the honour of God and the welfare of the country. And let the people of that land receive you in honourable style and respect you as their Lord. Provided always that ecclesiastical rights be uninjured and inviolate, and the annual payment of one penny for every house be secured for St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church.

“ If then, you shall be minded to carry into execution the plan which you have devised in your mind, use your endeavour diligently to improve that nation by the inculcation of good morals; and exert yourself, both personally and by means of such agents as you employ (whose faith, life, and conversation you shall have found suitable for such an undertaking), that the Church may be adorned there, that the religious influence of the Christian faith may be planted and grow there; and that all that pertains to the honour of God and the salvation of souls may, by you, be ordered in such a way as that you may be counted worthy to obtain from God a higher degree of recompense in eternity, and at the same time succeed in gaining upon earth a name of glory throughout all generations.”

In such words this island, which had been faithful to the Church of Rome for centuries, was handed over by its head to bloodshed and murder.

That the progress of the King was watched and

approved of is amply set forth in the letter of Pope Alexander III.:

“ Alexander, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to our well beloved son in Christ, Henry, the illustrious King of the English, greeting and apostolical benediction.

“It is not without very lively sensations of satisfaction that we have learned, from the loud voice of public report, as well as from the authentic statements of particular individuals, of the expedition which you have made in the true spirit of a pious King and magnificent prince against that nation of the Irish (who, in utter disregard of the fear of God, are wandering with unbridled licentiousness into every downward course of crime, and who have cast away the restraints of the Christian religion and of morality, and are destroying one another with mutual slaughter), and of the magnificent and astonishing triumph which you have gained over a realm into which, as we are given to understand, the Princes of Rome, the triumphant conquerors of the world, never, in the days of their glory, pushed their arms, a success to be attributed to the ordering of the Lord, by whose guidance, as we undoubtedly do believe, your serene highness was led to direct the power of your arms against that uncivilised and lawless people.”

There exists to-day the complaint of the Irish Princes to Pope John XXII. in answer to a letter from him to the Irish prelates empowering them to launch the thunders of the Church against all, whether lay or ecclesiastical, who were guilty of

disaffection to the ruling powers. This from their holy head in favour of the English was felt very keenly all over the land and called forth the document referred to above.

“In the name of Donald O’Neill, King of Ulster, and rightful hereditary successor to the throne of all Ireland, as well as Princes and Nobles of the same realm with the Irish people in general present their humble salutations approaching with kisses of devout homage to his sacred feet.”

They lay before him, “with loud and imploring cry,” the treatment they have received, and also an account of their descent from Milesius, the *Spaniard*, through a line of one hundred and thirty-six kings unto the time of St. Patrick, A.D. 435. From that saint’s day until 1170 sixty-one kings had ruled who acknowledged no superior, in things temporal, and by whom the Irish Church was endowed.

“‘At length,’ say the Princes, ‘your predecessor, Pope Adrian, an Englishman—although not so completely in his origin as in his feelings and connections,—in the year of our Lord 1155, upon the representation, false and full of iniquity, which was made to him by Henry, King of England—the monarch under whom, and perhaps at whose instigation, St. Thomas, of Canterbury, in the same year, suffered death, as you are aware, in defence of Justice and of the Church,—made over the dominion of this realm of ours in a certain set form of words to that Prince, whom, for the

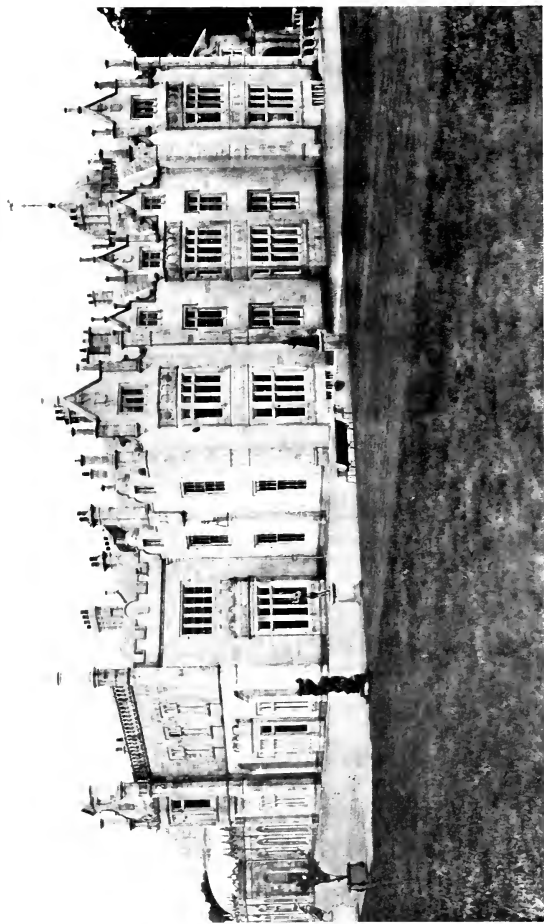


Photo by W. Leonard

Kilruddery House
Earl of Meath

crime here mentioned, he ought rather to have been deprived of his own kingdom; presenting him *de facto* with what he had no right to bestow, while the question touching the justice of the proceeding was utterly disregarded, Anglican prejudices, lamentable to say, blinding the vision of that eminent Pontiff. And thus despoiling us of our royal honour, without any offence of ours, he handed us over to be lacerated by teeth more cruel than those of any wild beasts. For, ever since the time when the English, upon occasion of the grant aforesaid, and under the mask of a sort of outward sanctity and religion, made their unprincipled aggression upon the territories of our realm, they have been endeavouring, with all their might, and with every art which perfidy could employ, completely to exterminate, and utterly to eradicate our people from the country . . . and have compelled us to repair, in the hope of saving our lives, to mountainous, woody and swampy and barren spots, and to the caves of the rocks also, and in these, like beasts, to take up our dwelling for a length of time.'

"The Princes enclosed a copy of Pope Adrian's Bull, along with their Complaint, to Pope John, which Bull the latter Pope forwarded to King Edward. . . .

"The part which the *Church of Rome* has taken, not only in the bringing of *Ireland* under *English* rule in the first instance, but in the *maintenance* of that rule, has *never been understood by the Irish people in general*.

"Dr. Lanigan, whose history of Ireland is expensive and scarce, says of Pope Adrian that 'love of his country, his wish to gratify Henry, and some other not very becoming reasons, prevailed over every other consideration, and the condescending Pope,

with great cheerfulness and alacrity, took upon himself to make over to Henry all Ireland, and got a letter, or Bull, drawn up to that effect and directed to him, in which, among other queer things, he wishes him success in his undertaking, and expresses the hope that it will conduce, not only to his glory in this world, but likewise to his eternal happiness in the next.¹

“Adrian’s old master was one Marianus, an Irishman, for whom he had great regard, yet, says Dr. Lanigan, ‘he was concerned in hatching a plot against that good man’s country, and in laying the foundation of the destruction of the independence of Ireland.’²

“This is strong language from an Irish Roman Catholic clergyman, who enjoys the fullest confidence of his country, with regard to a former Pope, and it must be remembered that the statement was not made in a platform speech, when momentary excitement might impel a speaker into the use of words which he would afterwards regret, but that it was calmly and deliberately penned in the quietness of the study, and, probably, read and re-read, and finally corrected, before it was committed to print.

“The Rev. M. J. Brennan, O. S. F., who is not at all so unprejudiced as Dr. Lanigan, states that ‘Adrian, anxious for the aggrandisement of his country,’ or, as Cardinal Pole expresses it, ‘induced by the love of his country, lost no time in complying with the agent’s request.’³ The agent referred to was John of Salisbury, who had been sent by King Henry in 1155 to ask for the Pope’s sanction for the invasion of Ireland, and who states that the invasion was delayed

¹ King’s *Eccles. Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iv., p. 159.

² *Ib.*, p. 158.

³ *Eccles. Hist. of Ireland*, vol. i., p. 305.

until 1171 by the restraining influence of the King's mother, the Empress Matilda. With this statement Dr. Lanigan agrees.¹

"It is a mistake to suppose that the Conquest of Ireland is due to the appeal made in 1168 by Dermot MacMurrough for King Henry's aid. That event merely afforded to the King and the Pope a convenient excuse for carrying out a long-determined plan.

"Attempts have been made on various grounds to justify Pope Adrian's action. Edmund Campion, the famous English Jesuit, alleges that the Spanish ancestors of the Irish were subject '376 years ere Christ was born' to one Gurguntius, from whom King Henry was descended, and that, consequently, the Pope only helped to restore to Henry his rightful authority.² But this notion is too far-fetched to deserve consideration.

"A more plausible excuse is that about a century previous to the Conquest the Irish handed over to the Pope of that time—Urban II.—the sovereignty of this country. This theory was advocated by the Rev. Geoffrey Keatinge, D.D.

"But a still more popular excuse is, that all the Christian Islands of the Ocean were conferred on the Popes by the first Christian Emperor, Constantine.

¹ It is interesting to notice that the Bull was issued in the year 1155, that is sixteen years before the invasion took place. This was one of the earliest transactions in the pope-dominion of Adrian and the kingship of Henry, as it was only in December of the previous year, 1154, they were elevated to their respective thrones. In 1155 the proposal to seize Ireland was considered at the Parliament of Winchester. (King's *Eccles. Hist. of Ireland*, p. 492.)

² *History of Ireland*, p. 71.

"Dr. Lanigan brushes aside all these fanciful ideas with one sweep. 'This nonsense' he says, 'of the Pope's being the head owner of all Christian Islands had been partially announced to the world in a Bull of Urban II., dated 1091, in which, on disposing of the Island of Corsica, he said that the Emperor Constantine had given the Islands to St. Peter and his vicars. But Constantine could not give what did not belong to him, and accordingly, as Keatinge argues, could not have transferred the sovereignty of Ireland to any Pope.'¹

"As to Keatinge's own idea, namely, that the Irish had transferred their crown to the Pope, Dr. Lanigan writes: 'Neither in any of the Irish annals, nor in the ecclesiastical documents of those times, whether Roman or Irish, is there a trace to be found of a transfer of Ireland to Urban II., or to any Pope, by either the Irish Kings or Irish nobility, although the sly Italian, Polydore Virgil, who has been followed by two Englishmen, Campion and Sanders (both Jesuits), and also by some Irish writers, has told some big lies on this subject. These stories were patched up in spite of Chronology, or of any authority whatsoever, and Keatinge swallowed them as he did many others.'"²

There is much more to be read on the subject and those who are interested in the question cannot do better than examine that very excellent little work of John Roche Ardill, *Forgotten Facts of Irish History*,³ from which the foregoing pages are a quotation.

¹ *Eccles. Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iv., p. 160.

² *Ib.*, p. 161.

³ Hodges, Figgis & Co., 1905.



Photo by W. Leonard

Glendalough

A very recent writer (Thomas Addis Emmet) states that

"It would be inconsistent with the truth were we to attribute the piteous condition of Ireland to any other cause than that the great majority of the Irish people belong to the Catholic faith. Had the Irish been willing to cast aside, for temporal benefit, the faith which they have unflinchingly maintained for over twelve centuries, their country would have received every aid to advance prosperity, which would, with their greater advantages of soil and climate, have been far greater than that attained by Scotland." ¹

What has Mr. Emmet to say of the treatment of the Irish people by the English *Romanists* from Henry II. down to and including the reign of Mary the First? He will scarcely find that the students of Irish history will agree with his statement.

There is another tale, legend or fact, in which, of course, a woman and her abduction from her husband, O'Rourke, Prince of Breffin, by Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, with her own consent many think, was the cause of the interposition of the English, and she is called the Irish Helen. Dermot fled to England and laid his case before the King, craving protection and swearing allegiance. Henry was too busily en-

¹¹ *Ireland under English Rule, or a Plea for the Plaintiff*, by Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D.

gaged in France to attend, but he did issue an edict offering his protection to all who might aid his trusted *subject*, Dermot, King of Leinster.

This aroused Richard, Earl of Chepstow, called "Strongbow," who for his assistance was to receive the hand of Dermot's daughter in marriage, and a settlement of all of that Irish King's property upon them and their children (a contract which was fulfilled), but Strongbow being tardy was anticipated by Robert Fitzstephens, who agreed to assist Dermot, and was to receive in payment the town of Wexford and adjoining lands, and he it was whose boats landed on this little beach, where the water murmurs so quietly to-night.

Dermot in his castle yonder at Ferns awaited the coming of these invaders, and promptly sent his natural son Donald with five hundred horse to join them, and so the game was played, and his throne restored to him.

Then came Strongbow, then Henry II. with his armies, and the English were here to stay.

Whatever the facts of the case are, it is certain that just here landed the first of the English, and from here spread their rule,—whether for good or ill is the great question of to-day in this island. There are no relics of the event, though there appear to be some earthworks which are thought of Celtic origin.

The leagues are not many which separate this cliff from Cardiganshire in Wales, and a friendly

intercourse was kept up until Pope and King came together in solemn conclave.

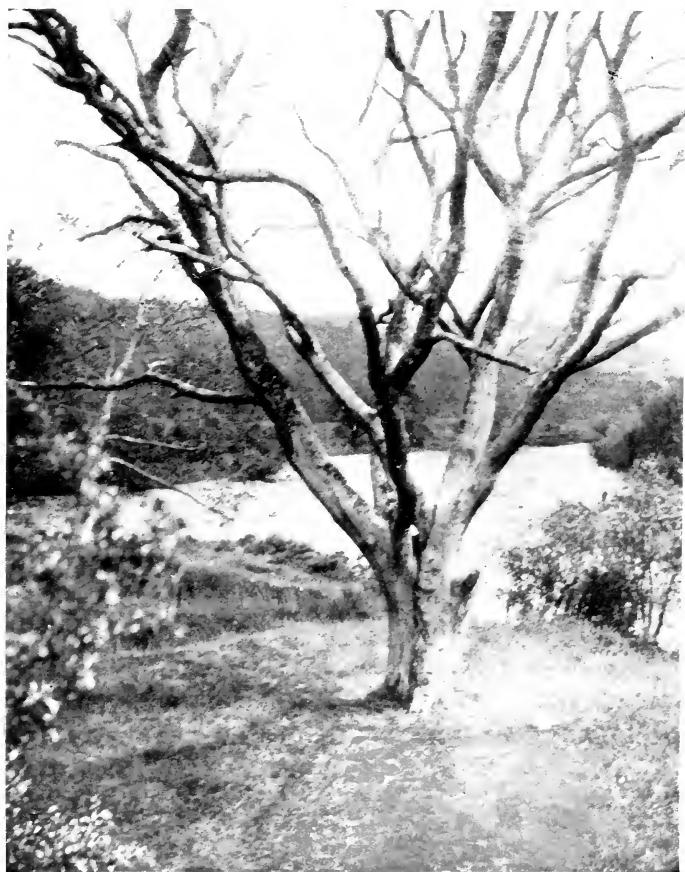
One of that King's first acts was the bestowal of Dublin upon the "good citizens of my town of Bristol." The capital of a kingdom bestowed upon the *traders* of Bristol! The original of this gift is in the Record Office of Dublin castle.

Would it have been any satisfaction to those of the land which he had so oppressed to have known of the ending of this "Great King"? Dying at Chinon in a rage so terrible that even death could not smooth out the traces from his face, Henry II.'s body was plundered like the Conqueror's, and, like his, left stark naked. Shrouded at last in some cast-off garments, it was placed in its coffin, a rust-broken sceptre stuck in its hand, an old and meaningless ring of no value on its finger, while the crown on its brow was composed of a piece of gold fringe torn from a discarded robe of some court dame, who doubtless had curtsied to the ground many times before the living monarch. In such state, Henry II. was buried in the stately abbey of Fontevrault and promptly forgotten, though the wrongs he did Ireland lived on and on.

CHAPTER XVI

Wild Times in Ireland—Landlord and Tenant—Evictions—
Boycott at Bannow House—The Parson and the Legacy
—The Priest and the Whipping—Burial in Cement—
Departure from Bannow House—Kilkenny and her Cats
—The Mountains of Wicklow—Powers Court and a
Week End—Run to Dublin and an Encounter by the
Way—The Irish Constabulary—Motor Runs in the
Mountains—Lord H.

IRELAND has seen strange wild times, and no section of it more than this remote County Wexford. As I have stated, this estate of Bannow is eighteen miles from a railroad station now, but in another month a new line three miles away opens for traffic, and though a good thing for the property of all in the county, it will sound the knell of probably all the quaint and curious customs still in vogue here. If that railway company is wise it will build a seaside hotel in this neighbourhood. The climate is for most of the year delightful and is rarely subject to the howling tempests which so constantly sweep the west coast for half the year. Wexford abounds in beautiful scenery and almost every valley holds a charming home while quaint towns crowd the



Tom Moore's Tree
Vale of Ovoca

river banks and ruined towers crown the hills on either side.

The maintenance of many of these Irish estates becomes each year more and more difficult unless the whole is strictly entailed. This is especially the case with places of small income, say two or three thousand pounds sterling. In the days when rents were good and five per cent. obtained it was well enough, but to-day when three per cent. is all that can be hoped for and yet the old charges for dowers and legacies must be paid, the owner is perforce a poor man. At present the landlord seems to have no rights. His tenants may and do absolutely refuse to pay him rent and he is reduced to poverty. There is a case I know of where the tenants are amply able to pay him, but they simply *won't*. His only resource is eviction, which is slow, expensive, and brings down wrath upon his head. So he is forced to give up his home and retire to a cottage, while his tenants laugh at him.

In the case of the peasants, eviction is not only expensive but useless. No man will rent the hut of those turned out, no matter how many years drift by, and some landlords are reinstating their evicted tenants. Better them than empty farms.

With the new Land Act the tenants dictate that they will buy or nothing. Of course there have arisen the usual number of scoundrels who get behind these peasants, buy out their rights, and in the end get the land for a song. There are

several instances where such men who at one time broke stones on the highway are now landowners of considerable extent. I heard of one the other day who was just adding a billiard-room to his "mansion."

There is much said over here about the corruption of our city governments, especially those of Chicago and New York, but I also hear that that of the city of Dublin is to say the very least nothing to boast of, and that graft has even penetrated London itself.

Home rule for the peasants of Ireland, so it is stated here, would be about as sensible as a rule of the blacks in America. When the leaders in Parliament found they could make no more money by the disturbances, they called them off, and one of the members of that august body was kicked all the way down this peaceful avenue before me here and out yonder gate for abuse of the late Queen.

During the boycott, Bannow House was in a state of siege and its owner forced to start a store on the lawn for his own workmen, who could not purchase anywhere. These provisions were brought from London under guard.

After his death—in 1881—his grave, guarded by policemen for twenty-four hours—until the concrete in which his coffin had been buried had set,—was surrounded all the time by a howling mob who would have promptly "had him out" otherwise.

He hated the parson and so left the church's legacy of two thousand pounds to the "next incumbent," or rather the interest thereof, but the parson was equal to the occasion, and, resigning, got himself re-elected, and so became the "next incumbent" and secured the interest.

There was another instance here where the holy man, this time a priest, did not fare so well. He had attacked a member of his parish from the pulpit, and thereby aroused the ire of the wife. She was about six feet tall, and following the priest into the vestry-room flogged him soundly. It was a foolish thing to do, as it roused the whole country round about and she and her household almost starved from the boycott which promptly followed. On her death it was necessary to bury her also in cement, to prevent desecration, every man at the funeral carrying a gun.

Fortunately those days are gone by, let us hope for all time, but with a people so ignorant and superstitious anything may happen and if that cattle driving does not cease old times will come again.

It is quiet enough here this morning; the peace of the country is intense, yet to me it is never a solitude, never lonely, and it is delicious to awake in the early light and feel the cool, damp air blow in upon one through the open window, while even at this hour of dawn yonder old reprobate of a wood pigeon is earnestly entreating Paddy to follow the way of the transgressor,—"*two* coos,

Paddy," "two coos." One can almost hear the stealthy rustle of the departing beasts and the soft footfall of Paddy. Far beyond the trees where the pigeons hide, the fair blue of heaven has been rain-washed during the night, and white clouds drift lazily off towards the sea murmuring in the distance.

To-day brings my stay at Bannow House to a close, I trust not for all time. After luncheon, bidding our hostess farewell, we roll away through the avenue of rhododendrons, over the meadows, through the forest, where the insistent birds try for the last time to corrupt my honesty, and so out on the highway and off to the north.

Our route takes us past the site of Scullaboyne House, a spot sadly famous.

In the dark days of the rebellion of 1798, New Ross and this vicinity of Bannow suffered horribly. Indeed the battle at the former town was the most sanguinary of that period, and an event which followed it here too horrible to be passed over without notice even at this late date. Scullaboyne House, but lately deserted by its owner, Capt. King, and seized by the rebels, was in use as a prison. In the house itself were confined some thirty-seven men and women and in the adjoining barn were over one hundred men, women, and children, chiefly, but not exclusively, Protestants. After their defeat at New Ross the rebels sent word to destroy these prisoners. Those in the house were called one



One of the Seven Churches of Clonmines
County Wexford

by one to the door and shot down, but a worse fate awaited those in the barn, where firebrands thrown into and upon its roof soon turned the whole into a red hot furnace. Children were tossed out of the windows to save them, but only to be impaled upon the pikes of the outlaws. Some authorities claim that two hundred and thirty persons met their deaths in Scullaboyne. Certainly the French Revolution can show nothing more horrible.

There is little left here now to recall the event save a few blackened fragments, which the rich grass and creeping vines are daily covering more and more each passing year.

It is claimed by the insurgent party that they had nothing to do with the slaughter—that it was the act of outlaws, such as are always to be found dogging the footsteps of contending forces. However that may be, the result was absolute ruin to the cause of the rebels. Be it recorded to the credit of the intelligent priests of the day that they at all times did what they could to prevent like occurrences and save human life and that amongst the sixty-six persons executed in Wexford, after that period, for murder and rebellion, only one was a priest.

But let us hasten away from all this.

The roadways are superb all over this section of Ireland, and indeed I have so far encountered none which could be called bad the (worst were better than we have around most of our cities),

and we are at the extreme south, having circled the island.

To-day we meet but few motors. Others are not so fortunate, as we discover by a disturbed roadbed and some fragments of cars lying around.

The other day, Lord Blank and a friend of his, driving their cars here on roads running at right angles and shaded by tall hedges,—the noise of each motor drowned in that of the other,—came together, “sociable like,” at the junction. Result, two cars gone to smash, but bless you that’s “all in a lifetime” in this blessed isle.

Bicyclists also appear to meet with trouble now and then, as we have just passed an inn bearing the sign “Broken down cyclists rest free.”

The road from Bannow via New Ross to Kilkenny passes through Inistiogey, Thomastown, and Bennett’s Bridge, and is fine all the way and through lovely scenery, most of the time by the banks of the Barrow.

We reach Kilkenny about three p. m., two hours and five minutes out, about fifty miles, which is good time on Irish routes, because of their narrowness and the frequent stoppages rendered necessary through stubborn donkeys and young cattle.

The approach to Kilkenny is marked, as is most appropriate, by an increase in the number of cats, sorry looking specimens, most of them. I must congratulate the town upon her very clean and comfortable Club Hotel.

Kilkenny Castle is not of interest save its stately appearance from the bridge. It has been modernised into a comfortable dwelling-place, prosaic in the extreme.

I find in Ireland that the interesting abodes are of two classes only, the very ancient castle or the square manor-house; the latter, while appearing modern, have some centuries to their credit and are characteristic of the country. I certainly have never seen them elsewhere. Castles such as Kilkenny and Lismore (the Duke of Devonshire's), while holding somewhere in their vastness remnants of the ancient strongholds, have, as I have stated, been brought up to date and out of all interest.

The same holds with the cathedral here. Even the round tower looks new. Rolling onward we pass again through the Vale of Ovoca, but have no time now for more than a glance as the day wanes and rain threatens.

Entering amongst the mountains of Wicklow, our car balks once or twice at the grades, but finally makes up its mind to go ahead and so puffs and pulls and stews with less noise than most motors would be guilty of, until finally, with a last effort, the highest point is reached, and the vale beyond is open to our view, with the demesne of Powerscourt nestling on its farther side. There are few more enchanting prospects in the British Isles. It would seem from here to be a great bowl, so completely enclosed in the mountains as to be

accessible only by wings. The billowy foliage is broken at one point by a waterfall some three hundred feet high, which plunges down into the celebrated glen, "the Dargle."

Half-way up the mountain stands the huge mansion of Powerscourt House, as though it were the royal box in this vast opera-house of nature. Dublin has many beautiful points in her neighbourhood, more in fact I think than any other city of Europe, but none so beautiful as this before us.

The temptation to linger is strong, but it is late, and there are miles yet to go. The route drops rapidly downward and then upward until barred by the gates of the home park, which we are allowed to enter once it is certain that we are "going to the house" and are not tourists.

When we reach there every one is abroad in motors, and it is too late for tea, but not too late for a whiskey and soda, which, being assured that we are expected,—hosts have been known to forget their invitations,—is accepted and thoroughly enjoyed.

Powerscourt, the seat of Viscount Powerscourt came into possession of the family during the reign of Elizabeth, and is one of the largest estates in Ireland, having some twenty-six thousand acres within its bounds. Probably its scenery is more varied and beautiful than that of any other estate in the kingdom.

One enters a hallway of large dimensions, whose walls and ceilings are laden with trophies of the



Funeral Crosses by the Wayside
County Wexford

chase from all over the world. Skins of every description cover walls and floors, while chandeliers formed of antlers hang by the dozens from the ceilings.

Doffing our coats and rugs on its great table and trying to appear like white men after our hundred-mile run through rain and mud, we pass into the morning room and so out on to the terrace beyond, which on this side of the house stretches along the entire front, while below terrace after terrace drops downward to a stone balustrade overlooking the lake, beyond which the land rises tier after tier until the higher mountains outline against the sky.

The rain has ceased and the setting sun is casting long shafts of light into the quivering forests whose leaves are thicker than ever they were in Vallombrosa.

But it is chilly and we hunt out the smoking-room where a bright fire works its will with the winds driven through us all day and we are found half asleep when host and hostess return.

These Irish places are not so gorgeous as many in England but an Irish welcome is something one does not meet with either in England or any other land, and to-day holds no exception to that rule. They are glad to see us and the usual stiffness of an entry in a strange house and amongst strange people is altogether lacking. The time passes so quickly that the dressing gong sounds all too soon.

As I mount the stair portraits of the former

owners look down upon me, from those long dead to that of the present owner, presented by his tenants upon his coming of age, which by the way must have occurred very lately, as he is the youngest looking man to be the father of two children that I have ever seen.

There is another portrait in yonder corner of a man who looks as though *he* would like a whiskey and soda on this damp evening, but he must long since have passed to the land where such things are not.

At the head of this main stairway, one enters a vast hall supported by columns. George the Fourth strutted through here in all his gorgeousness in 1821. As far as Royalty is concerned, that monarch and his successor certainly marked its lowest stage—the latter the worse of the two, as he was common. The rebound since then has been so tremendous that one feels as though gazing from the top of a mountain downward upon the marshes by the sea.

One of the late owners of Powerscourt evidently felt great interest in the house as he placed tablets in many of the rooms indicating what they were and had been. I am told to go where I like and examine the whole, but of course I do not penetrate behind closed doors where evidently there is much of interest. But I do get lost actually as far as the body is concerned and mentally in a picture of a lady in the dark corner of a distant gallery, and have to be hunted out

when the gong sounds for dinner. In the dining-room my eye is attracted by a portrait on the opposite wall. It proves to be one of Lady Jane Grey when a child of eight or nine years of age, but has a very Dutch appearance and the original could never have developed into the graceful greyhound-like creature so familiar to all in the later portraits.

The living-rooms in these European country houses are so homelike and comfortable that similar rooms in our Newport houses must strike a foreigner as very stiff and new, and generally they are just that, for with few exceptions they are but temporary abiding-places for a few weeks in summer.

The drawing-room in Powerscourt is a wide, sunny apartment; in the daytime its windows, giving on to the terrace, hold a marvellous panorama framed for one's benefit, but to-night the curtains are dropped and a bright fire blazes on the hearth around which runs a rail topped with a broad leather cushion, which forms a most comfortable perch promptly appropriated by the men, while the ladies are on low seats.

The walls are covered by pictures of great value and there is much else of interest around one, yet it is all so homelike and comfortable that one scarcely remembers any of the details but simply a charming picture of the whole; and so the time passes until the ladies having vanished we are again in the smoking-room, where Boyse starts in to talk and would have kept it up until grey dawn,

but I for one am sleepy and detect the same symptoms in our host, so we suppress Boyse and go to bed. He may talk to the fire if he likes, but not to us.

The next day being Sunday I wanted to go to church, but it is intimated that my presence is not desired. So Boyse and I roll off to Dublin for letters and en route back break down and nearly miss luncheon in consequence.

On our return we encountered one of the rare cases of hatred, pure and simple, for those of the upper ranks which I have noted in Ireland. The avenues between Bray and the city were crowded with Sunday excursionists, and at one point, a van having stopped, the occupants covered all the roadway and two men stood facing us exactly in the centre of our only course. Moving at a snail's pace, we trumpeted constantly and finally stopped directly in front of these men. I have never noted more malignant snarls on human countenances than these bore as they grudgingly gave way. "Do ye think ye own the whole shop?" The fact that we appeared unconscious of their existence only enraged them the more, and had they dared strike they would have done so, but one is always sure of the presence of some of those splendid specimens of men, the Irish constabulary, than whom the world holds of their kind none better. All over six feet in stature, they are not merely policemen, ignorant or not as the case may be, but men of education and who must keep up

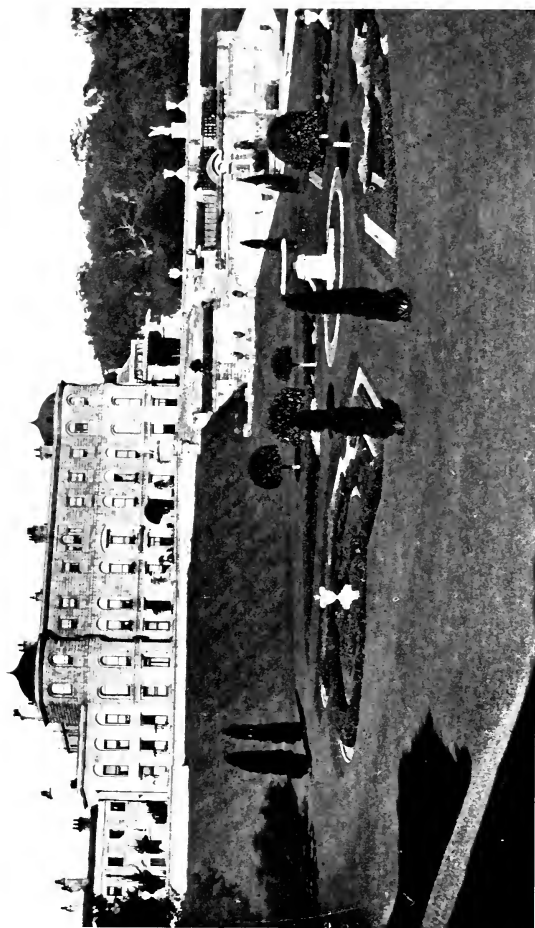


Photo by W. Leonard

Powerscourt House
Seat of Viscount Powerscourt

that education by further study for higher examinations, which unpassed will cost them their positions. There are three here to-day, hence those lowering brows and clenched hands disappear. However, we have encountered but little of that state of feeling in Ireland, the instances have been few and far between,—a contrast indeed to France, where a well-dressed man is often impressed with the belief that those around him would like to erect a guillotine for his express enjoyment and would do so upon the smallest provocation.

All the afternoon is spent out of doors. Other guests have arrived, one with three motors and another with one. Lord P. has several and ours has been polished up to look its best, but we finally leave it behind, and stowed away in the others the whole cavalcades spend the afternoon in wild flights over the hills and mountains. In the rushes through the valleys we are well together, but in climbing the ascents which around here are very steep the cars of greater power vanish in the distance and we do not see them again and only know of their passage by the general state of wild confusion reigning amongst dogs, geese, and chickens, which knowing there must be more of us have not as yet returned to the centre of the highways; except the geese—it takes more than a motor to keep those doughty birds off the road.

Those are wonderful fowls. They measure the

width of an approaching car to a nicety, and retreat just beyond that. So near in fact that we have been struck by their indignant wings several times.

To-day I am in an enclosed car belonging to Mr. G. Whilst very comfortable, especially for ladies in a city, I do not think that they are pleasant to ride in. The constant rumble and roar becomes very unpleasant, something one never experiences in an open car; also one loses entirely that sensation of flying so delicious in an open car. This one makes my head ache, and it is not a matter of regret when, the ride over, I am out on the lake with Lord H., attempting to tug a duck house out of the mud. I am quite convinced that I did most of the work, but I believe he denies that fact.

I cannot but regret as I look at this young man, certainly not more than twenty-five years of age, that we have not something like a school for the study of diplomacy. We might even have such scholarships, now that we have decided to become a world power in which diplomats are so necessary. I asked what was the future of this man in question and was told, "Oh, he will be an ambassador some day, that is what he is working for," and working for that means the attainment of perfection in all things necessary for an educated man,—perfection in everything, not a mere smattering in a few things. This man speaks all the modern languages of Europe with equal facility. If music

is necessary for his career he has it at his fingers' ends. He is wealthy, but his money will be used to further his progress, not to kill it. Nothing will interfere with that.

I cannot but contrast him with one I know of whose prospects appeared equally bright, though his education was not at all the equal of this man's. However, he might have done much with his life, but marrying a rich wife he promptly resigned and "sat down to good dinners," amounting now to absolutely nothing, his career ended.

Abandoning the rescue of the duck house together with graver questions, we adjourn to the gardens and consume half an hour, and also a lot of the biggest strawberries I have ever eaten.

Time flies. Tea on the terrace, to which more motors have brought other guests, dinner, and the night are over and gone, and we have rolled away, waving thanks to our host and hostess for the pleasant "week end" at Powerscourt House.

CHAPTER XVII

Dublin—Derby Day and the Rush to the Curragh—An Irish Crowd—The Kildare Street Club and Club Life—Jigginstown House and its History—The Cowardice of a King—The Old Woman on the Tram Car—Parnell—The Grave of Daniel O'Connell.

GIVEN the capital of Ireland, a bright day in the midsummer of an exposition year, with the King almost here, and above all the Derby at hand, and if you are looking for peace and quiet you should go elsewhere. All Dublin is in an uproar this morning and there is not a jaunting-car which will look at you for less than double the tariff. Stately equipages move slowly along, motors of all descriptions pass like the wind. The beggars are out in full force and if you have a heart in your bosom you will reach the race-track with not a shilling left you. Our motor dashes around the corner and up to the door as though it were new instead of some years of age. The spirit of the races seems to have gotten into its old bones and it shrieks and snorts and rushes off with us at an appalling pace notwithstanding the crowded streets and stone pavements. Out

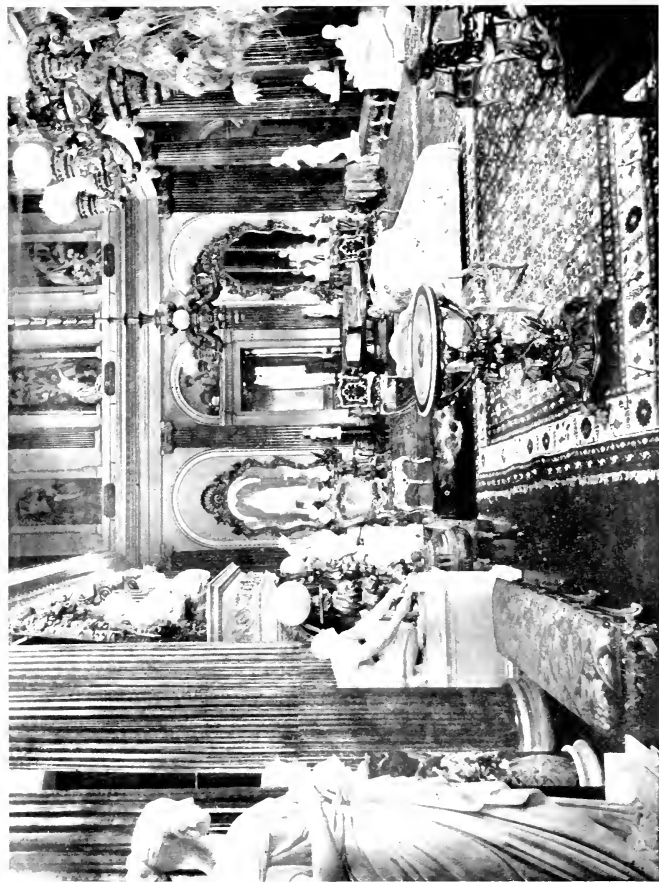


Photo by W. Leonard

Great Salon, Powerscourt House

on to the broad highway to the south in company with the whole town we roll onward past the ruins of Jigginstown House.

Of the thousands who come this way to-day, few give thought to the house or its history. They have little time for the past as just a few miles beyond is the famous Curragh of Kildare, a stretch of the most marvellous grass-lands in the world, where the turf is of greatest richness and elasticity. Not for this, and yet because of this, the people flock four times a year in tens of thousands to worship there at the altar of the noble horse. The Curragh holds Ireland's greatest race-course, and has held it for two thousand years. The winner of the last English Derby is to be on hand and to race to-day and nearly all Ireland is en route to be present.

So there is no time for dead Earls and ruined houses on such a day, and we are swept on and away, for once forgetting our caution and bidding the chauffeur beat every other motor on the road if he can, and to our amazement this old "Clement" comes near to doing it, and there are some very smart cars going down to-day. How the wind does sing around us—if a cap is lost we do not stop to get it—it would not be possible or safe to do so with this onrushing crowd behind us. Dogs and chickens get out of the way in wildest terror, and it seems to me that we take several turns on two wheels only. It is dangerous work and we know that a break means destruction most complete,

but we cannot help it. Curragh air had gotten into our heads and go we must.

After all is said, I think the desire for a race is in every man of us, inborn and irresistible. Such is the case to-day and our record is good, though every now and then a sullen rumble and roar and many blasts of a horn warn us that some car of great power is coming to which we must give place, and though going at full speed we seem to stand still as it rushes by us, and here comes in one of the greatest dangers of the road. The clouds of dust in the wake of such a car are appalling and impenetrable to sight, yet through this our own car rushes on, trusting to Providence to keep the way clear. It is a relief to me at least when it mounts in safety to the downy stretches of the Curragh where there is no dust, and I find on calling the roll that none of our party is missing.

What a beautiful sight! The downs of deep grass stretch away on all sides crossed and re-crossed by the wide highways. Off to the left lies the great military camp, while in front stretches the race-course, towards which what seems the whole of Dublin is moving and in every imaginable manner, from the foot passenger and funny little donkey to the tally-ho coaches and the gorgeous motor-cars, while over and around it all rings the Irish laughter, as it has rung around this race-course of Curragh for two thousand years,—its very name "*Cuir reach*" implying "race-course." It must mean that to-day at all

events, but I should think that if any sort of a race could disappoint an Irishman that to-day, the Irish Derby, would do so. It was a foregone conclusion that the winner of that race in England would be first here,—but to my thinking it proves no race at all, that horse and another of the same owner simply running round the course with no show for any other, and with apparently no speed exerted on their own parts.

However, it is the changing panorama of the people and not the race which interests me, and that is not in any degree a disappointment.

The return to Dublin and on to Bray was the same wild flight as when going down and a feeling of relief came to me at least when we got safely back to our hotel, or rather to the exposition grounds where we dined. What time we reach the hotel and bed I have no memory. Boyse never got there at all.

The following day being rainy, I am not disposed to go to the races, and also learn that our car is in need of attention. However, another must be forthcoming if desired, and one does come, in which Boyse and a friend of his, “Copper,” are most comfortably packed, and evidently bound for the Curragh, being Irish. Now, though that is my car, my absence is evidently very precious to its occupants; still Boyse *does* ask kindly whether I “would like to go.” What a pressing invitation that!—much like a blast from the North Atlantic. For an instant I am tempted to say yes, just to

watch their discomfort, but I much prefer not to go and so state, when—whiz—they vanish like smoke around the corner, evidently with no intention of allowing any reconsideration on my part.

Laughing, I summon a jaunting-car and go to buy my ticket homeward. The usual tariff for short distances is a sixpence and I hand it over on descending at the ticket office. The driver evidently has exposition extortions in his head for, regarding me sourly for an instant, he remarks, "Ye could 'ave saved five ov thim if ye'd come in the tram." However, his anger is short lived, and when I laugh he laughs. God bless you, Pat,—may you succeed in "doing" the next man you carry.

Many of our evenings have been passed at the Kildare Street Club, of which Boyse is a member. While they do not give a stranger a week's card as we do, a member seems to be at liberty to take him there as often as that member desires, and so the result is the same, if not better. Certainly at this, the best club in the Irish capital, I was made to feel as much at home as in my own in America. I shall always remember it and the men I met there with pleasure.

There are clubs in London, notably the Army and Navy, where one is treated in the same manner. That club has been growing more and more liberal of late years. At one period a short while ago, a stranger could go only to one room

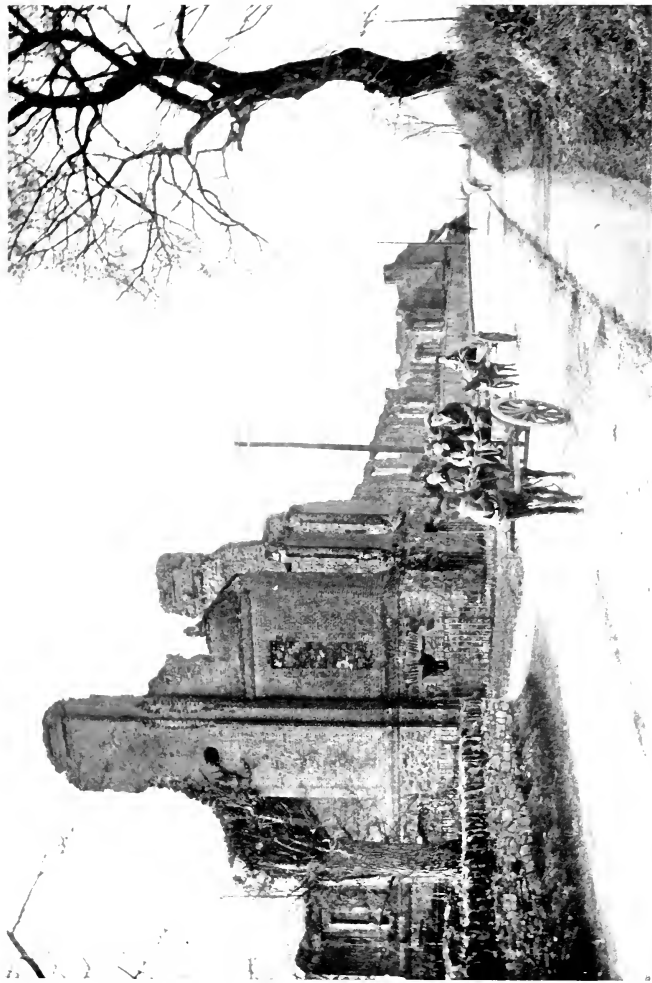


Photo by W. Leonard

Ruins of Jigginstown House

and one dining-room. Now in company with a member the whole club is open to him. There are other London clubs where he may not even pass the portals, but this is the twentieth century, an age of reform, and all that will change in time. What homelike and yet what heartless things clubs are! A man may make his home in one for years, may have his own particular corner and be the very life and soul of the house; many would declare that the place could not get on without his jests and merry laugh, and that they would miss him for ever. How many would do so? Coming in some day they would note the flag at half mast and his name on a black bordered card near the door. Most who passed would not be able to recall his features whilst remembering that they had drank with him often, and the majority would forget him promptly. For those who did remember, it would be sad to think that

“ PERIN has gone; and we who loved him best
Can't think of him as

‘entered into rest.’

But he has gone; has left the morning street,
The clubs no longer echo to his feet;
Nor shall we see him lift his yellow wine
To pledge the random host—the purple vine.

At doors of other men his horses wait,
His whining dogs scent false their master's fate;
His chafing yacht at harbour mooring lies;
‘Owner ashore’ her idle pennant flies.
Perin has gone—

Forsook the jovial ways
Of Winter nights—his well-loved plays,
The dreams and schemes and deeds of busy brain,
And pensive habitations built in Spain.
Gone, with his ruddy hopes! And we who knew him
best

Can't think of him as 'entered into rest.'

So when the talk dies out or lights burn dim
We often ponder what is keeping him—
What destiny that all-subduing will,
That golden wit, that love of life, fulfil?
For we who silent smoke, who loved him best,
Can't fancy Perin 'entered into rest.' ”

The touring is almost over, and I fancy for ever, in Ireland. Our last day's journey was one of the most pleasant and interesting of the lot. Having gone to Bray Head to escape the heat of the city, we rolled off at nine A.M. and passing through town in a rush fled southwards towards the military camp at Curragh. The day was brilliant and the motor fairly flew over the highway which to-day we have all to ourselves.

Passing again the unfinished palace of the Earl of Stratford we paused to inspect it and to learn its history.

“Jigginstown” was built by Sir Thomas Wentworth, created Earl of Stratford by Charles I., who made him Deputy of Ireland and regarded him at the time as his chief minister and counsellor. In his early years he was certainly a character of doubtful virtue, as before this appoint-

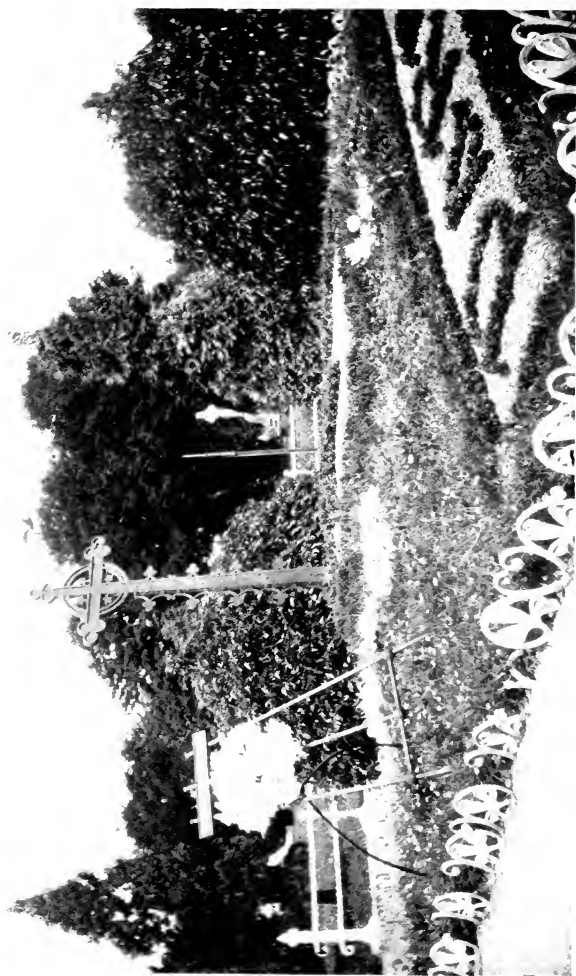
ment he was as strongly counter to the King as he was for him after he had received it. The King was subject to a violent outcry for using a Papist to murder his subjects. Wentworth laboured under the severe hatred of the English, Scotch, and Irish. He secured from the Irish Parliament large sums which he used to engage an army against Scotland. His rule here lasted eight years, and while active and prudent he was most unpopular. When his fall occurred the Irish Parliament used every expedient to aggravate the charge against him. Envy and jealousy both here and in England were the prime causes of his ruin.

Knowing the power and deadly hatred of his enemies he implored the King to excuse him from attending Parliament, but Charles promised that not a hair of his head should be injured; but his enemies arose in such might, that no voice was raised in his defence and he was accused of high treason. The whole affair was a gigantic conspiracy of the leaders of the Parliament against one man, of whom they could prove no wrong save that he served the King, and who they were well aware possessed knowledge of their own treason. "Unprotected by power, without counsel, discountenanced by authority, what hope had he? yet such was the capacity, genius, and presence of mind displayed by this magnanimous statesman that while argument, reason, and law held any place he obtained the victory and he perished by the open violence of his enemies."

(There is a strong resemblance between this trial and that of the Queen of Scots in Fotheringay the preceding century.) His government of Ireland was promotive of the King's interests and of the people commended to his charge. He introduced industries and the arts of peace and augmented the shipping of the kingdom a hundred fold. The customs were tripled upon the same rates, the exports doubled in value that of the imports, and he introduced the manufacture of linen;—that stands his monument to-day, but,—he was a friend of the King and so must die.

That is one side of the picture. His enemies claim that whether guilty of the crime named at the trial or not, he deserved death for his treatment of the Irish. They state that his project was to subvert the titles to every estate in Connaught, also that he had sent Lord Ely to prison to force him (Ely) to settle his estates according to the wishes of his daughter-in-law, whom Strafford had seduced. The House, on his condemnation, nobly excluded his children from the legal consequences of his sentence.

It is stated that the King was deeply grieved but he certainly did consent to the deed, though by appointing a commission of four noblemen to give the royal assent in his name, he flattered himself that neither his will consented to the deed nor his hand engaged in it. The exclamation of the doomed man, "Put not your trust in princes," told how he felt, and so he died in his forty-ninth



Parnell's Grave
Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin

year, one of the most eminent personages that has appeared in English history.

His great unfinished palace rears its walls now close by the highway and of all the thousands who rush by here to Curragh Camp or races, how many give it a thought or know who built it? I was told that it was a monastery whose bricks were passed from hand to hand all the way from Dublin; others stated that it was an unfinished cotton factory, and it looks like such.

It is of red brick, two stories in height, and of great length. Its arches and brickwork are of the finest, but the whole stands a melancholy monument to the downfall of human greatness, to the cowardice of a King.

From whom did Charles I. inherit such a streak? Certainly not from his Danish mother, or from his royal grandmother. The worst enemies of the Stuart Queen never could accuse her of the desertion of her friends. She was faithful unto death and should deserve the crown of life for that reason if for none other. But Lord Darnley was never faithful to anything throughout his entire life, and from that source surely came this taint in the Stuart kings of England—the degeneracy of James I., and the cowardice of his son Charles.

Leaving melancholy Jigginstown behind, we moved on to the Curragh, but this time to the camp, which, by the way, is one of the largest in the empire.

En route, we chased through a drove of cattle, one of which, after racing with us for some distance, decided finally to take our right-of-way, and our guard sliding under her hind leg, lifted it high off the ground, causing her to plunge wildly and the air to be filled with distant oaths and curses from her owner. She was not hurt at all, and as the car slid forward and away, clouds of dust hid our number and defeated all chances of a claim for damages.

Luncheon with the officers in the mess-tent being over, we started again citywards, as my days in the land were growing few indeed, to my regret, and there were some shrines which must be visited or my journey would be incomplete.

En route to the tomb of a great statesman we paused to pay our homage at that of a great divine, Dean Swift, who sleeps in the Cathedral of St. Patrick under a simple tablet. There, upon an important occasion, when the cathedral was crowded, he delivered himself of those famous words, "The Lord loves them that give to the poor, and if you believe in the security, dump down the dust,"—the shortest sermon ever delivered in St. Patrick's, and the most effective, for "the dust" came in clouds.

St. Patrick's blessing must be passing from Ireland at last, as the papers describe the capture of a brown snake three feet long in a garden at Ranelagh.

As we approach the stately cathedral I ask our boy :

“Is that a Catholic church, Dennis ?”

“No, sor.”

“A Protestant?”

“No, sor.”

“What then?”

“A Church of England, sor.”

While these people will generally enter whole-souled into jest or gibe they will not, it is said, do so with the English, and some of the encounters with the latter people are amusing in the extreme.

The other day on the top of a tram car, some Englishwomen were enlarging upon the not at all times cleanly inhabitants surrounding them. One remarked that they were all horrid and she should go to Wales where she would not meet any of “these dirty Irish.” An old woman across the tram could no longer restrain herself, but rising in her wrath, confronted the Englishwoman with flashing eyes, and “I would not go to Wales ma’am wur I yez, for yez will find plinty of Irish there; but take my advice and go to Hell, ye ’ll find no Irish there.”

A man, killed near Dublin not long since, had been shot through the forehead, death resulting instantly. The usual crowd gathered, amongst them an old woman, who for a moment intently regarded the poor fellow, dead as Pharoah, then, raising her hands and eyes, she ejaculated “Wus n’t it a blessin’ of God he wus n’t shot in the eye!”

What difference that could have made to him she disdained to explain.

The last resting place of Daniel O'Connell is in Prospect Cemetery, some four miles from Dublin. There Parnell also sleeps under the shadow of a simple iron cross.

The passing years have called a halt on both of those men. How little we are conscious of the flight of time until suddenly we find our thoughts, which before have all been towards the future, have unconsciously to us turned towards the past, and we are looking backward and not forward. Then we realize with a sinking heart that for us youth is over and done with, that for us there is no future save beyond the far horizon.

The memorial to O'Connell, appropriate in every respect, rears itself in the stately form of an ancient round tower. Simple and dignified, one cannot imagine a more appropriate monument to the man who sleeps beneath it. The tower is of grey stone smoothly polished and rises from a circle under which is the vault of O'Connell. Around this runs a broad, stone walk which in its turn is encircled by a rampart, holding many vaults whose doors open upon the walk, and being all unlocked you may enter where you will once you pass the outer gate of the circle, generally locked. To-day, however, the workmen are re-decorating the O'Connell vault and we are allowed to enter.

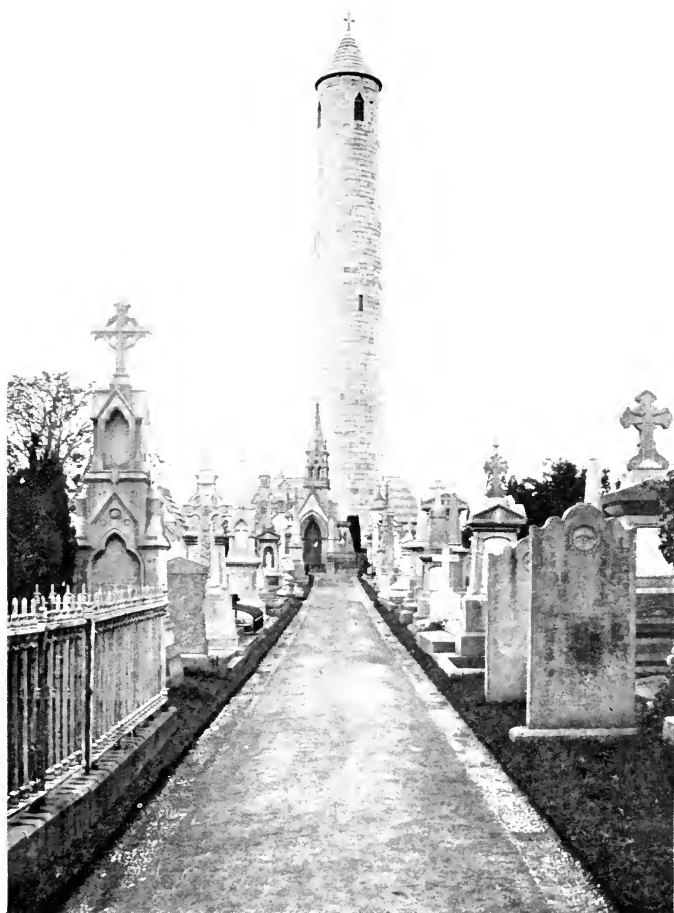


Photo by W. Leonard

Daniel O'Connell's Monument
Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin

Passing down a broad flight of steps and through an iron grill we find confronting us, across the circular stone pathway, another grill closing the centre vault, over whose door is the name "O'-Connell." The great Irishman sleeps alone in the centre of this vault in an altar-like tomb, through the stone quarterfoils of which you may see and touch his oaken coffin. The inscription is on a brass frieze around the top. In an adjoining catacomb are the coffins of several members of his family. I think such mausoleums are always more impressive when the stone walls and ceilings are unadorned, but such is not the taste here and the ceilings and walls were being painted in gorgeous colours.

It is a useless expense, as with the arches and walls covered with moisture, the work will be undone very shortly. The plain stone would be infinitely more impressive and dignified, surely, like the tower above, more in keeping with the character of the illustrious dead.

As we leave the cemetery I turned for a last look at the shrine of Ireland. I have seen, I think, the final resting places of all the illustrious dead of the earth, and I know of none which has more profoundly impressed me than this stately tomb of Daniel O'Connell, with whose name let us close these sketches of the land he loved so well—Ireland.

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